Collier's

MAY 24, 1947

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T'S THE HUSBAND WHO REALLY PAYS • By Ral

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"TRIUMPH" is the pen of *personal* preference—the pen that fits your writing to a "T"—regardless of your penmanship style! Its hand-crafted *Lifetime** POINT of 14-K gold is available in all the various types for different styles of penmanship—yours, his, hers! No pen can be more versatile—more suited to individual writing personalities. Any test—any comparison of quality and value—will convince you that Sheaffer's "TRIUMPH" is the finest of all writing instruments—to give or to own!

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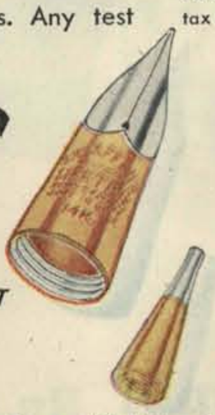

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SLEEVE TIP○
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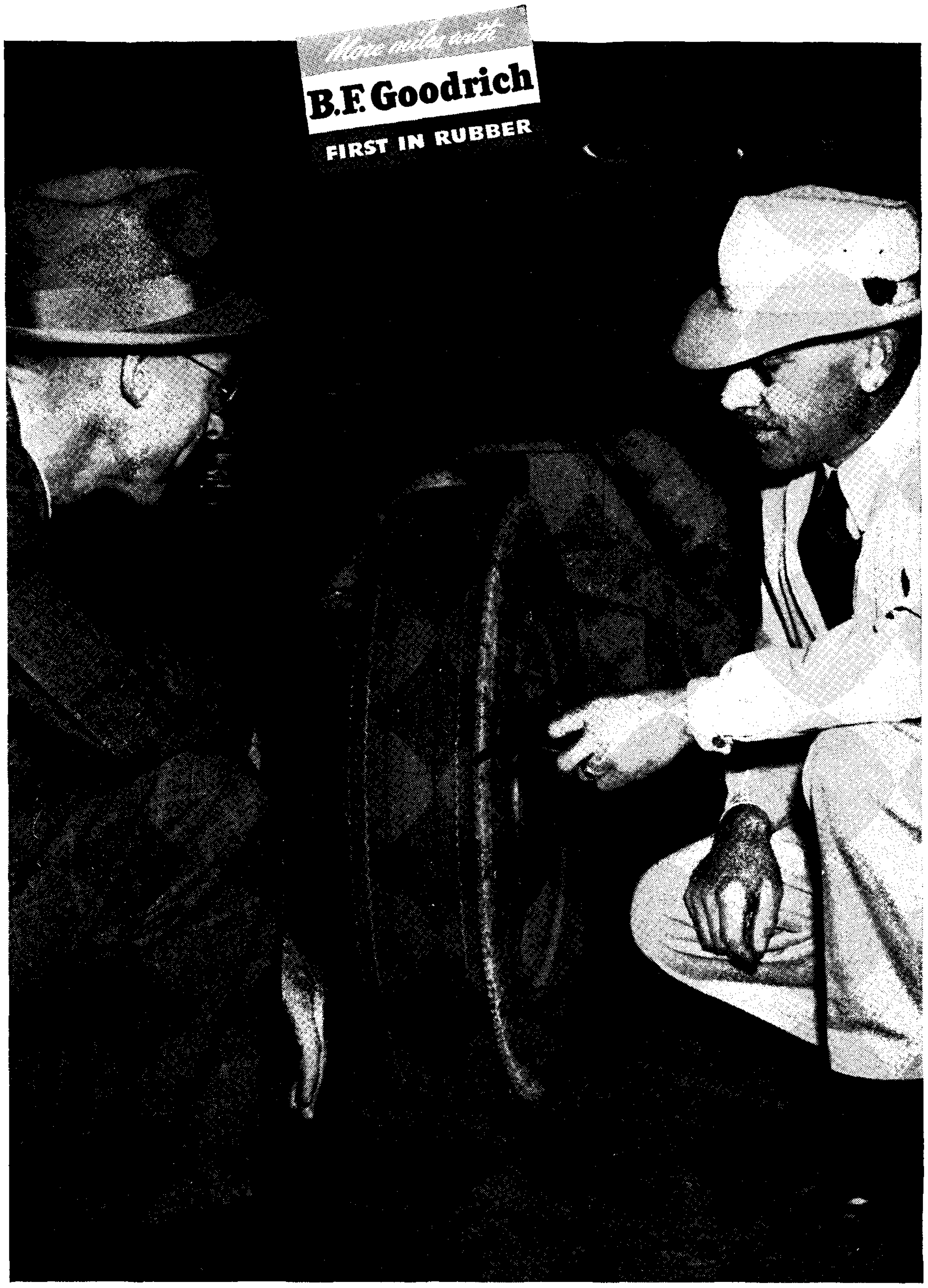


Typical example: the B. F. Goodrich tire that outwears prewar tires

THERE'S always a chance that any tire, of any make, will roll up an impressive mileage if all factors are just right. But it's more than chance when *all four* of the tires on a car used for hauling on gravel roads deliver over 30,000 miles each—and are still going strong.

Let Bill Hamilton, who drives for the Pacific Guano Company, Berkeley, California, tell the story in his own words:

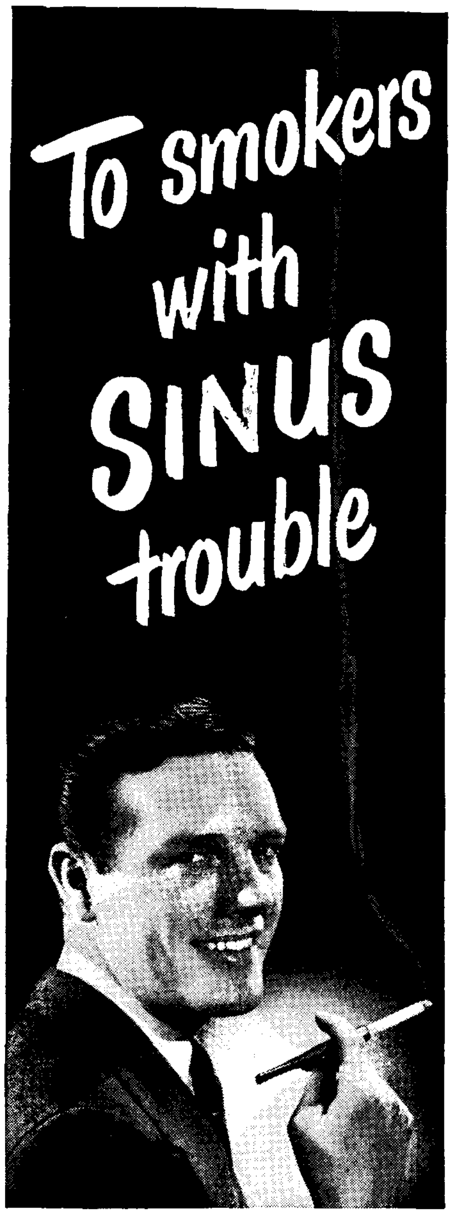
"My territory was in a farming area. Many of my miles were over gravel and dirt roads. My four B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tires took an awful beating, for I traveled better than 1,000 miles a week, hauling a sack loader behind the car. Despite these conditions, my B. F. Goodrich tires have covered over 30,000 miles each. There still remains enough tread for several thousand miles more, but since the weather is wet, I will take no chances and will recap them now."

Pipe in hand, Mr. Hamilton appears above, pointing to one of these 30,000-mile tires. He concludes, "I have received nearly half again as much mileage from these tires as I did from prewar tires."

One reason B. F. Goodrich tires outwear prewar tires is that the tread is *wider* and *flatter*. This improved tread supports the weight more evenly, spreads the wear, absorbs the pounding of rough roads. Today we are receiving letter after letter from pleased B. F. Goodrich owners telling us that this wider tread works out as well in practice as it does in theory—gives more miles of service than any prewar tire they ever owned.

If you need tires, it's probably good news to you to know that your B. F. Goodrich dealer now has most sizes right in stock. You can probably get tires right off his rack without waiting. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER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Filter that smoke

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You can see it happen!

Before use, crystal filter is white

After use, filter turns dark as it absorbs nicotine and tars

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Crystal Filter Cigarette Holder

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COLLIER'S
May 24, 1947

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

JOHN BULL-BAITING

DEAR SIR: Quoting Herbert L. Matthews' article, John Bull Sees Red, White and Blue (Apr. 12th): "Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin never tires of calling attention to the fact that there was a period when Britain fought alone."

The people of England also forget very quickly. Canadians are fed up hearing about England standing *alone* in 1940 and part of '41. Canada declared war the first week of September, 1939, and sent her First Division to England a few months later. The other Dominions did likewise.

L. SMITH, Montreal, Que.

. . . Since left-wingers never admit responsibility for unpleasant situations in which they become involved, maybe the British left-wing government is deliberately fanning hatred against capitalistic "Uncle Sugar" in an effort to take the heat off itself.

LOUIS BENEDICT, Dubuque, Iowa.

. . . If we'd lost our homes, earning facilities, empire and world position, I think we might feel a little bitter about things, too.

GEORGE H. HILTEBITTEL, Westport, Conn.

. . . Egad, sir, the Europeans are right: Civilization can only be saved if the Russian Mongols and the Yankee mongrels exterminate each other.

COLONEL BLIMP, Archimedes Club, N. Y.

WATER BOYS

DEAR SIRS: Mike Peppe (Little Man, Big Splash, Mar. 29th) is certainly deserving of a very big hand, but I, and many thousands of Elis, don't think that he rates any more, or even as much, praise and commendation as Bob Kiphuth (Yale swimming coach).

F. W. MCCORMICK, JR.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

HERO'S HERO

DEAR SIRS: Joseph Wechsberg's article on Jimmy Stewart (Apr. 5th) was interesting to me because I was in Colonel Stewart's 2d Division.

It was an everyday sight to see Colonel Stewart in fatigues on the flight line. He was a regular guy. He took care of his men. He knew where the flak was and did a nice job of leading us through.

It was amusing to see some young lieutenant trying to make an impression on a nurse or girl friend by forcing an introduction with "Jimmy."

Colonel Stewart would oblige, red-faced, and politely try to ease back to his former position which was generally talking with the boys.

GEORGE G. REVELLE, Newburgh, N. Y.

(Continued on page 96)

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Remarkable life policy meets changing insurance needs all through life

State Farm's revolutionary "All-in-One" Policy is tailor made for any man who wants life insurance that will fit changing needs. It's perfect for men under thirty who want to be sure the protection they buy so economically today is right for future needs . . . ideal, too, for older men who later will want to adapt life insurance to meet changing income and responsibilities.

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2. *Straight Life?* For greatest protection at least cost, you can change to the "All-in-One" policy's straight life agreement.
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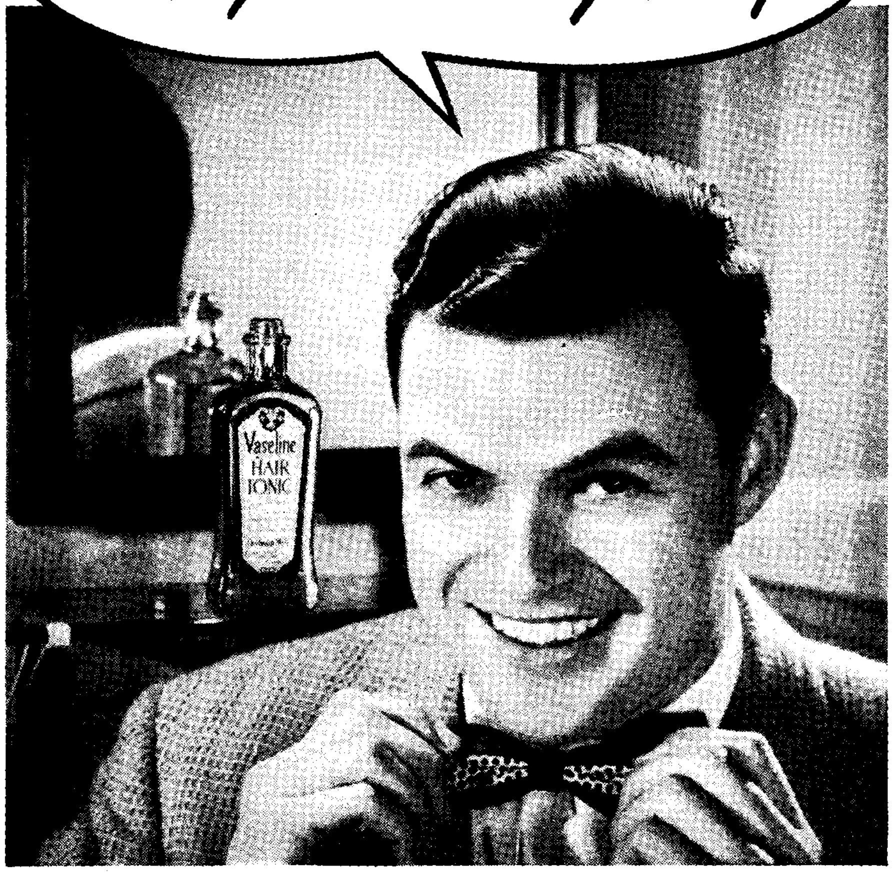
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"**. . . SUN AND WIND** sure do wreck a man's hair! Look at that mop! It's all dried out . . . dull-looking . . . and full of loose dandruff, too. It's Dry Scalp, all right! Buddy, you'd better get wise and try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp



NO MORE DULL-LOOKING hair, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops a day help. See the difference . . . hair looks well-groomed, and stays that way all day long . . . checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's economical, too.

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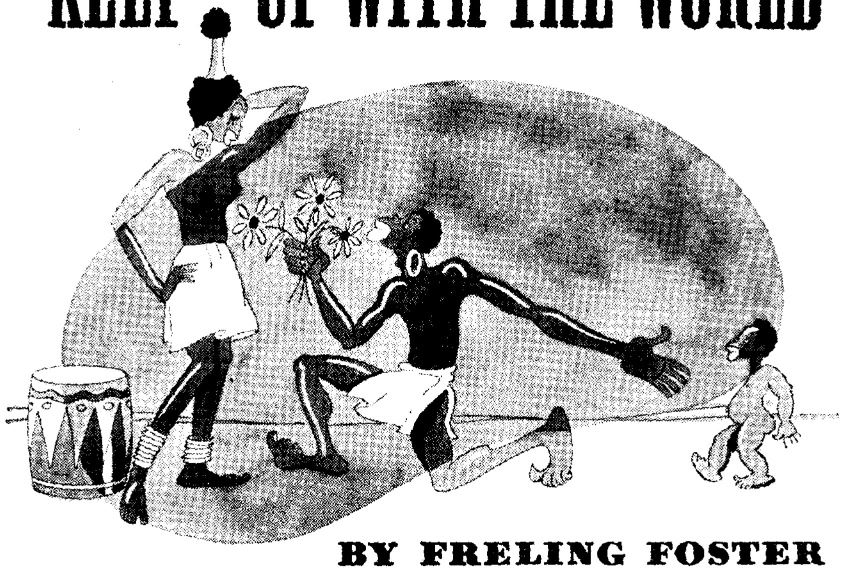
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

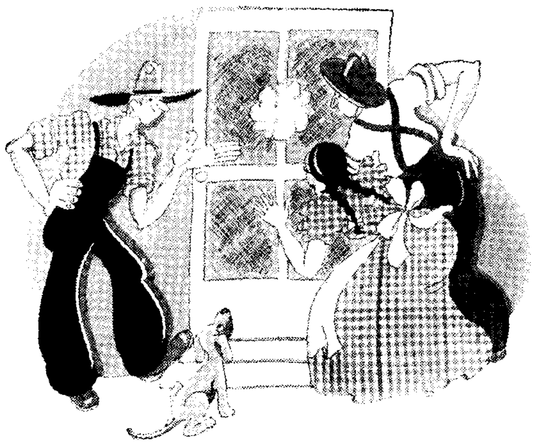
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



BY FRELING FOSTER

Among the Habé, a Negro tribe of French West Africa, a girl is never sought in marriage by the eligible young men in her village until she has proved that she is capable of reproduction by giving birth to a baby which is raised for her by her mother and father.

A curious instrument dating from the 18th century is the indoor wind dial, a large clocklike dial marked with the 32 points of the compass and installed usually over a fireplace. It indicates the direction of the wind by means of a pointer connected with a wind vane on the roof. Of the four still known to exist, three are in London—one each in Kensington Palace, the Admiralty and the British Museum—and the fourth is in the St. Magnus Monastery in Füssen, Germany.



In June, 1945, someone in southern Indiana tied a fluff of cotton to his screen door as a joke and told his neighbors that it would frighten away flies. Since then, this absurd superstition has spread throughout that state, even to Indianapolis. Last summer in one small town, these fluffs were seen not only on the doors of most homes but also on those of 40 shops and restaurants.

A recent survey made to determine the prestige carried by certain occupations ranks physicians first and bankers and lawyers second as compared with a similar survey made in 1925 in which bankers ranked first, physicians second and lawyers third. The biggest changes occurred among insurance agents who rose from 14th to 10th place, farmers who fell from 9th to 12th place, and traveling salesmen who fell from 11th to 16th place.

The rarest type of staircase is the double spiral which is found today in only two buildings—the Museum in Vatican City and the Château Chambord near Blois, France. This staircase is in two sections, each starting on the ground floor on opposite sides of the stair well. But one rises quickly and directly above the other and thus they continue one above the other to the top floor. As the staircase in Chambord encircles and is supported by a giant stone column, a person using one section cannot see a person using the other.

Courses in American Literature and History are given in but three European universities — the Sorbonne in France, Upsala University in Sweden and Charles University in Czechoslovakia.

Since the end of the war, drifting mines have damaged or sunk a ship and caused the death of 123 persons on an average of every 57 hours.—*By Frank J. Eurs, W. Lafayette, Ind.*

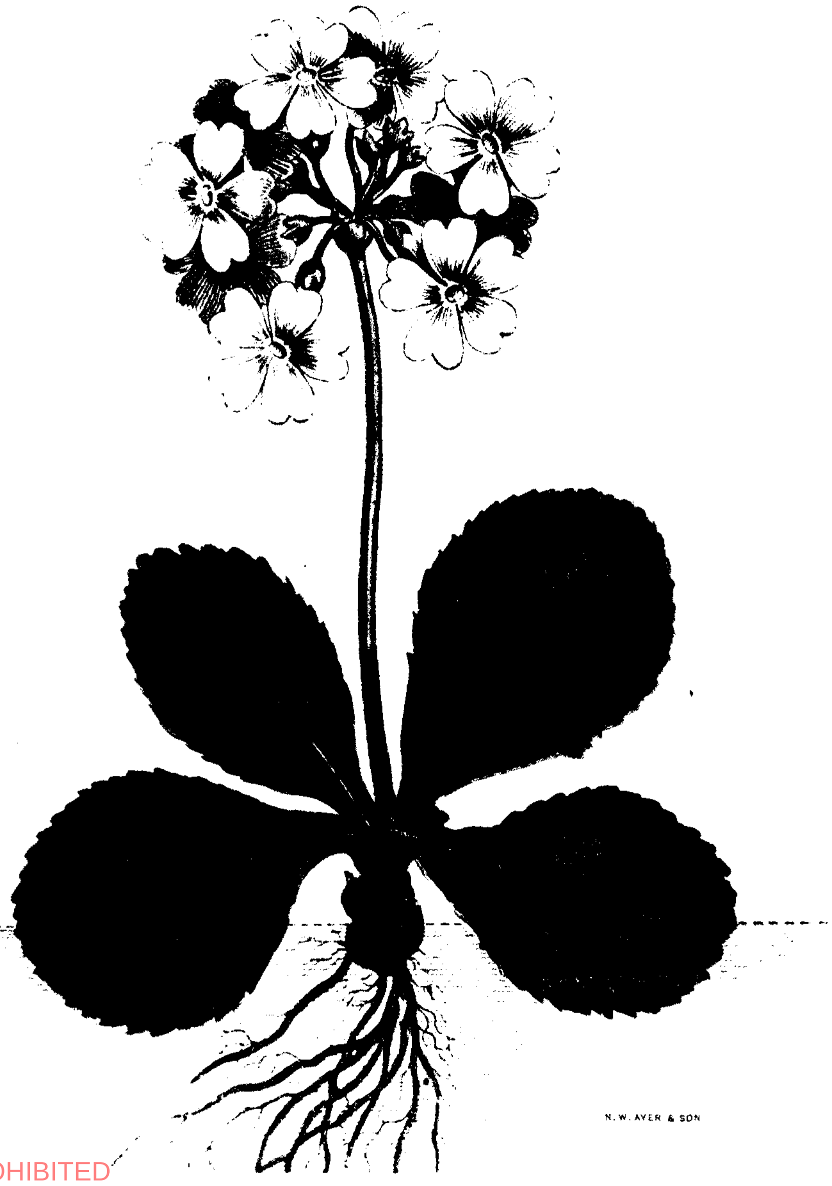
During 1946, only ten countries made motorcars and trucks, totaling 3,971,200 vehicles of which 77.5 per cent were produced in the United States.

In the past seven years, 1,800 American companies, whose assets totaled more than $4,000,000,000 were absorbed by larger corporations, 18 of which purchased 242 of these smaller firms.

Since diamonds were discovered in the Union of South Africa in 1867, the government has opened several potential diamond fields and made the prospectors, in order to stake out a claim, race to the areas from a given point at a given signal. The greatest of these races took place at Lichtenburg on March 4, 1927, when 25,000 diggers, watched by 100,000 spectators, ran three miles to the new Grosfontein field.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

One laughing flower from all of
earth's bright band springs from
its roots to call out as she passes
. . . in joy for her new love. Some day
the diamond on her finger will thus
outshine all others, radiant
with the gladness that this love
has brought. Her engagement
ring-stone should be chosen, then,
with greatest care. It need not be
of many carats, for color, clarity and
cutting will contribute also to
its beauty and value. Be sure to seek
a trusted jeweler's advice.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.,
and Associated Companies.



One-quarter Carat $105 to $250

One-half Carat $250 to $550

One Carat $560 to $1170

Two Carats from $1500 to $3300

The prices above for unmounted quality stones were averaged from a great many stores in January, 1947. Add 20% Federal tax.

N. W. AYER & SON

WONDERFUL NEW KIND OF MOTOR OIL RELEASES HIDDEN POWER AS IT LUBRICATES!

1 U. S. LIQUID QUART
ALEMITE
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Triple Safe
MOTOR OIL
SEALS, COOLS AND CLEANS
STEWART WARNER

FAR MORE THAN A MERE MOTOR OIL

It Contains a Patented Ingredient that . . .

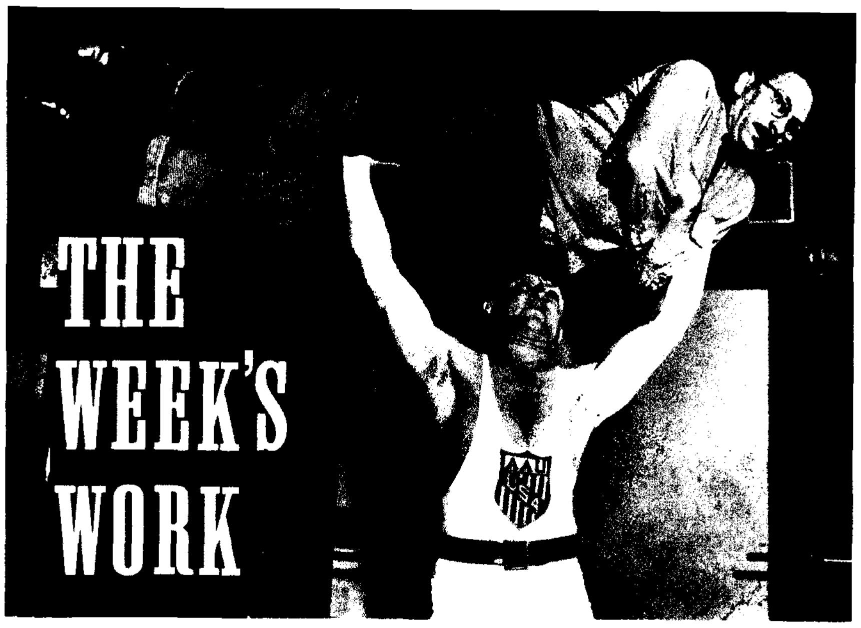
1. ***Cleans out dirty, sluggish engines*** . . . and keeps them clean. Restores lost power and pep because power wasted by sticky valves and piston rings goes back to work.

2. ***Assures instant lubrication the year 'round.*** Flows fast at all operating temperatures. Gives quicker cold weather starts . . . saves your battery. Gives you a cooler engine in summer. Cuts repair bills.

3. ***Actually increases gas mileage*** in old cars—maintains new car gas economy thousands of miles longer. Makes *any* car cost less to run.

Proved in millions of miles of driving. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's. If he does not have it, he can easily get it for you.

THE WEEK'S WORK



Johnny Terpak lifts Myron Ehrenberg (6 ft.-175 lbs.)

AFTER several hours of snapshooting the Barbell Beauties of York, Pennsylvania, as they nonchalantly tossed hundreds of pounds of iron around like feathers (Heavy, Heavy, Over Head, p. 24), Photographer Myron Ehrenberg confesses he got so tired that his camera began to bend him over like a hairpin. "About this time the boys were just beginning to warm up," continues Mr. Ehrenberg, "and began lifting anything that was or wasn't nailed down —including me. I'm 175 and about six feet, but Johnny Terpak, who weighs about the same and is five feet eight, hoisted me like a marshmallow."

Meanwhile Mr. Kyle Crichton, who weighs around two or three hundred and likes to keep both feet on the ground, refused to be lifted. At dinner with the team later, however, Crichton consented to lift a glass of beer, while he experimented with Herculean appetites. The team lifted first the two-dollar two-pound steaks Crichton ordered, then the three-dollar three-pounders he ordered as a chaser. "I expected Crichton to say 'Waiter, bring a bull apiece!' " Ehrenberg tells, "but the team reached for toothpicks. We were all pretty happy when Crichton lifted the check."

Inspired by his work, Mr. Ehrenberg, who is forty and a free-lance from Boston, is now practicing weight-lifting himself. "I can now lift ten 11-by-14 prints, ten flash bulbs, a small camera, and a small check all at once—waist-high. My boy and girl think the picture of me being lifted silly—and that Papa should be doing the lifting. That takes a bit of explaining."

SYLVIA SHIRLEY (Rising Curtain, p. 69) says she discovered at a very early age it was safer to write stories than tell them. "I inherited the talent from my father," she explains, "who made a lifelong habit to tell a story whenever it was possible to replace the truth!"

So while the rest of the girls were dreaming about love, and when she wasn't being educated or working in factories and offices in her home town of New York, Miss Shirley knocked out stories and bad poetry all about love and death and how sad the world was. "I was enchanted by the subjects about which I knew nothing!" she says.

Since then, Miss Shirley's devotion to the human race has warmed up considerably. She likes to watch people fumble toward each other—acid outside, sympathetic inside. Rising Curtain stems from Miss Shirley's antagonism toward those who think that the high-school crowd consists of mental and spiritual jitterbugs. "Seventeen is as good as any age in which to determine where you are going," observes Miss S. "Maturity starts when you realize that the fellow next to you is just as capable of having a heartache as you are, not a minute sooner, whether you are seventeen or fifty-seven."

Seventeen, however, seems to be Miss Shirley's favorite number. She married the first editor who sent for her. He was editor-in-chief of her high-school publications and had been bouncing back her doggerel. "Look," said he to his future bride, "anybody can write junk. If you must write because you can't do anything else—you might as well be a good writer."

"I've been trying ever since," says Miss Shirley. "He was seventeen at the time."

THE youngest of a pioneer's family of ten, Mr. John Vickery, who *illustrated The Stranger on Horseback*, p. 16, was born on a farm in Victoria, Australia, near the tiny township of Bunyip. "Bunyip," says Mr. Vickery, "is aborigine for 'Things That Make Noises in the Night'."

Mr. Vickery did his first drawing with a stick in the smooth earth outside the farmhouse door, and still remembers how annoyed he was when his little relatives raced across his latest young master.

When the Vickerys moved to Melbourne, John completed his education at Scotch College: "I learned to smoke, ogle blondes and play cricket and football. My best subject was freehand drawing."

While clerking for the Melbourne City Utilities, Vickery found to his amazement Art paid more than Filling Forms. After a stretch as a longhair, Mr. Vickery went in for posters and ads, eventually winding up on Sutton Place, New York, where he now lives, with a wife and two Siamese cats named Foochee and Youtoo. During the war he USOed overseas with a drawing board. He finds story illustration more creative than commercializing, and those thousands who throng his meticulously detailed paintings are drawn mostly from memory.

This week's cover: Photographer William Ritter saw so many women stashed into phone booths trying to find a nickel, he thought it a natural for Collier's. Co-operatively the phone company sent him over a phone booth. The number in the booth is Korky Kelly of Toledo, Ohio, 5′9″, 115, Size 12, Age 21 and a phone op. herself before she won a model contest sponsored by the Society of Photographic Illustrators. Guaranteed $5,000 worth of cheesecake, Korky easily became Miss Photogenic of 1946. She likes mashed potatoes, steak and swimming. Korky's her real name because her Dad was born in County Cork, Ireland. She's now in Ohio planning to get married, and I don't know her phone number. . . .

TED SHANE

Why try to be calm?

Blue skies above . . . and a ribbon of road ahead. Trees in new blossom . . . and you in a bright and spanking new Nash "600."

Why try to be calm?

Let's nudge that throttle and explore what's happened in automobiles these long lost years.

It's *Who-i-s-h . . . and you're gone.*

There used to be a bad road here—remember? And wind-roar, and wheel-tug, and swaying. . . And dust in your face, and a draft on your neck . . .

Now they're gone . . .

Yes, gone—because this is the day of the Nash "600." The day of the modern, nimble, lighter weight car . . . that's cushioned on coil-springs, all around . . . easier to steer, safer and quieter with its unitized, welded frame-and-body.

The day of Conditioned Air, too. Come rain or shine, or cold or dust, you twirl a dial to have comfort automatically made to order.

Like it? Just keep on going—

At moderate highway speed your next stop for gas is *500 to 600 miles away!* And tonight just give the back seat a pull—with a Nash Convertible Double Bed you can sleep anywhere!

There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today. There's where you'll find the new Nash "600" and the new Nash Ambassador.

You'll be ahead with Nash

NASH MOTORS DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

100,000,000,000,000,000,000

Is that MY voice?

Yes'm. That figure 1 up there, with hundreds of zeros trailing after it, represents the number of times your voice is amplified on a Long Distance call from New York to San Francisco. Even on shorter calls, the total is tremendous.

The reason is that the current which carries your voice gets tired of traveling. So every few miles vacuum tube "repeaters" refresh your voice by boosting its power as much as a million times.

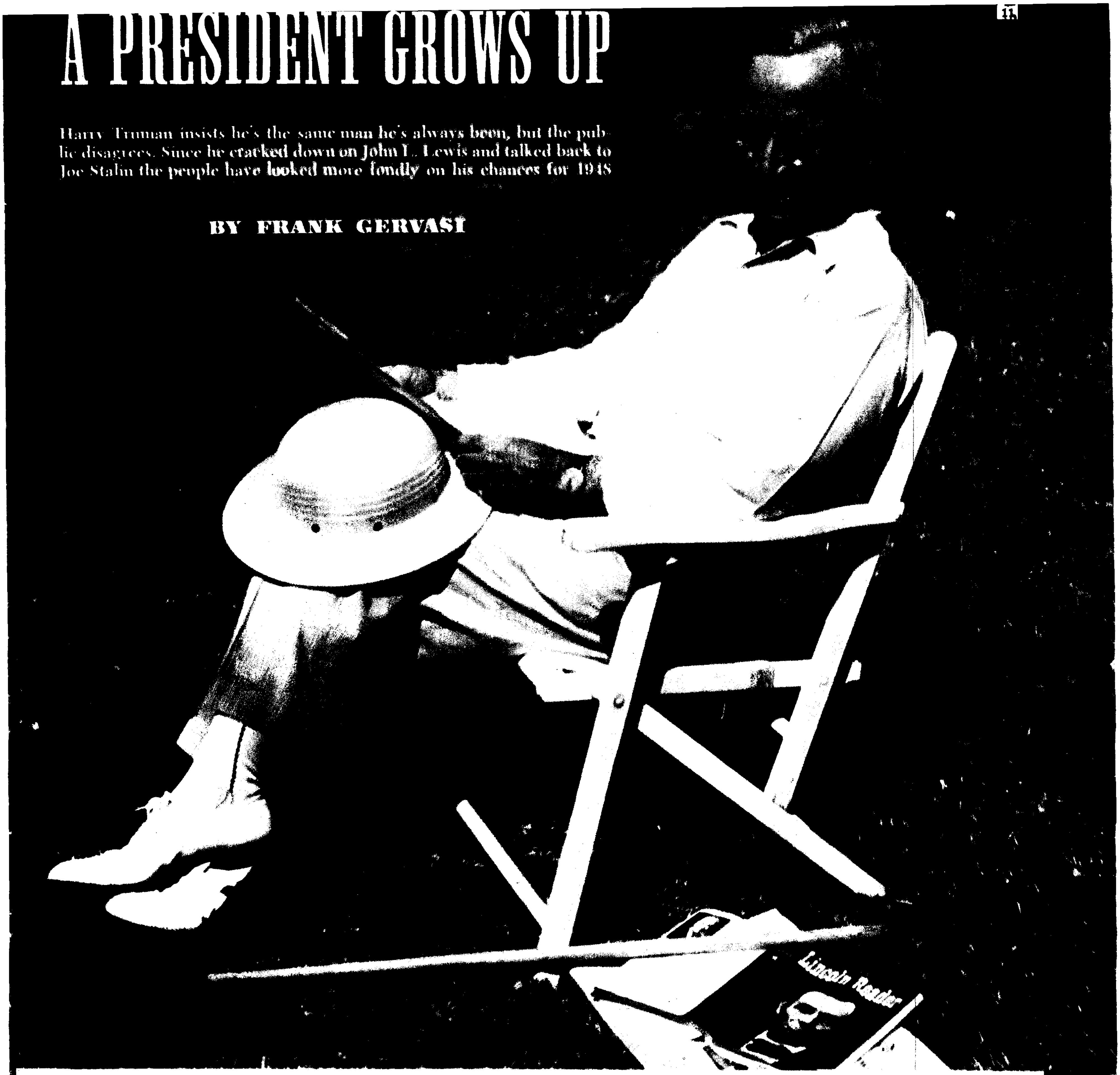
The Bell System uses many such tubes for Long Distance service—from peanut size to big three-footers for overseas telephony. As a result, you can talk across the country as easily as across the street—and reach people in almost every nation of the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

A PRESIDENT GROWS UP

Harry Truman insists he's the same man he's always been, but the public disagrees. Since he cracked down on John L. Lewis and talked back to Joe Stalin the people have looked more fondly on his chances for 1948

BY FRANK GERVASI



PRESS ASSOCIATION

THERE is perceptibly more frost in Harry Truman's hair and the crinkles about his hazel eyes have deepened. He is leaner by five or six pounds—he weighs 173—and proportionately tougher. Otherwise two years haven't altered him substantially, physically speaking. He appears to wear well in the Presidency, an office that has cost most of its tenants five years of life for every one of occupancy.

If anything, thanks as much to his Missouri landsman's breeding as to the meticulous attention of his White House doctor, Harry Truman appears younger than he did on the April evening in 1945 when he laid a moist palm on a Bible and became the thirty-second President of the United States.

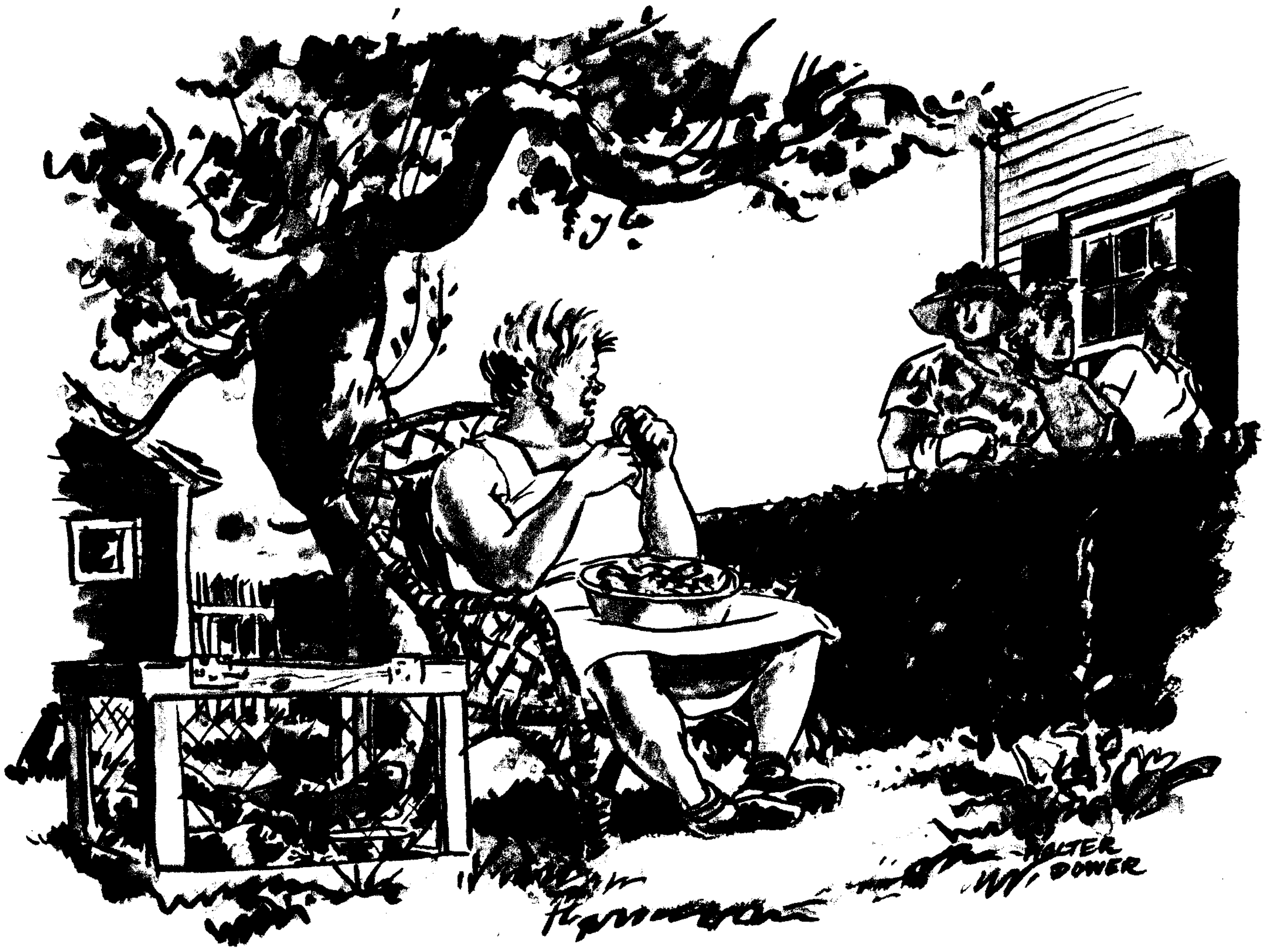
He was a harassed and sorrowful man as he walked on stage from the wings of Vice-Presidential obscurity to assume the role of star in one of the greatest political dramas in history, the emergence of the United States as a giant among nations. Today he is sure-handed and happy, although he still regards anyone who covets the Presidency simply for the power and glory as a psychiatric case.

A year ago the President was a mass of frustrations, induced largely by a cantankerous Congress whose Democratic majority was as determined as its Republican minority to kill the New Deal. Today, although obliged to work with a Republican Congress and confronted by partisan opposition on most issues, he is as serene as silk.

I am, he says, the same person I always was. But in the eyes of ordinary people whose mental image of the President is assembled from news stories, editorials and cartoons, he isn't. He has changed.

The headlines and

(Continued on page 83)



"Nice day," Mrs. Brotshotsky called companionably to the ladies. "Too nice to stay in and work"

COME INTO THE GARDEN
Mrs. Broshotsky

BY LESTER ATWELL

The chastening experience of a disagreeable woman who is now, we hope, a sadder and a better neighbor

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DOWER

GRACE ROUNDTREE—the cool, correct, the civic-minded Mrs. Roundtree—was shivering, actually shivering with rage.

"I tell you I was never so furious in all my life!" she cried. "I'm in *such* a temper I could—" she choked; she did not say what she could do. Nor did her seventeen-year-old son Tad seem to care: He did not even look up from his comic book, and he continued to pick tiny flakes of the season's sunburn from the bridge of his nose. "Just wait till your *father* hears of this!" she fumed. "Just wait!"

"Gosh, I don't see why you get yourself all worked up, Ma—"

"Worked up?" And then a half octave higher: "Worked *up?* Why on earth *wouldn't* I get worked up? I don't know anyone who tries harder than I do to make her home look attractive—then to have that vile *riffraff* next door—"

"Well, there's nothing much you can do about it, I guess."

Mrs. Roundtree's eyes, fixed suddenly on her inattentive son, sparkled with anger. She was a neat, slender woman—pale and brown-eyed—and still quite pretty; she wore her dark hair upswept; a vivid green sweater covered the shoulders of her white silk dress.

"I'd know better than to expect any sympathy or understanding from *you!"* she shot at her son.

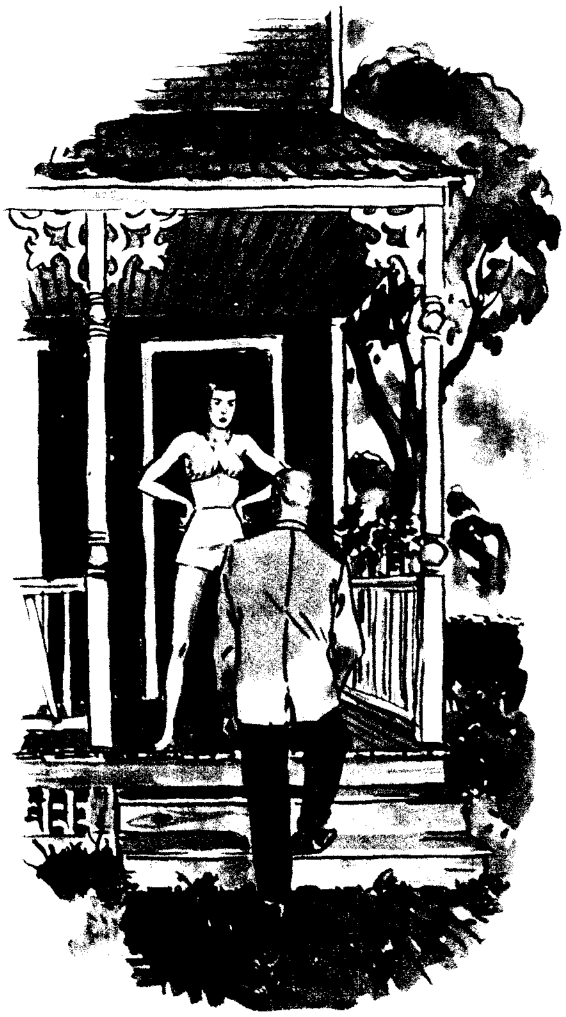
"Wha—*me?"* The magazine collapsed. His voice cracked a little with astonishment. "What'd *I* do?"

"What did you do?" she said bitterly. "You needn't think for one minute you're putting anything over on *me!* Mooning around the house, gaping out the windows, and running outside like some sort of *puppy* dog every time that brazen little hussy sticks her nose outside the door!" Horrible! she thought, breathing shallowly. Vulgar! Those people brought out the worst in her!

"All I did was walk home from school with her *once,* and you never let up on—"

"Well, let me catch you walking home from school with her ever ag—here's your father now." Through the ruffled organdy curtains she had caught a glimpse of Arthur Roundtree coming down the broad, tree-lined street, wearing a new, silvery-white straw hat with a striped band, and looking very pleased with himself.

Grace stood waiting for him, clenching her hands. Tad had rushed out to the front steps to relieve his father of the newspaper; the two stood talking a few moments about the ball game. Now I mustn't sound hysterical, Grace thought, and as a calming influence, she tried taking a few deep breaths, tried describing her entrance hall and living room, as in her dreams it might be described in one of the home-and-garden magazines. *Handsome mahogany furniture placed against French floral wallpaper; beige velvet broadloom; fine old bits of china; bowls of fresh flowers which*



Now the girl appeared to be doing most of the talking

Grace Roundtree arranges herself. Large mirrors reflecting — what? Something. And something about *an air of gracious living*—but the charm, ordinarily reliable, failed her this time. What was the use of having everything just as you wanted it, when outside, the entire effect was ruined by the Broshotskys, that wild Slavic horde—

The screen door opened.

"Arthur, we've got to get right out of here at once!" she cried before he could even take off his hat.

"Out of where?" The new hat stuck for a moment, then left a red rim below his hairline. He had got a haircut, much too high in the back, she noted with part of her mind; and had permitted the barber to use some violently smelling lilac tonic.

"Out of this house! Any place! I don't care where! I'd go into a *Quonset* hut! We can't stay here any longer! You can't imagine what they're doing now!"

"*Who?* What—? For heaven's sake, what's all—"

"Those *people!*" she cried impatiently. "Do you know what they have out there in their—their yard? *Animals!* Guineapigs! Rabbits! Everything! You've got to call up the Board of Health and have them arrested at once! I won't stand—"

"*I* do? *I* have to call up the Board of Health?" He went up the two broad steps, to the hall closet, put his hat on the shelf, and looked around at her. "Why don't *you* call—"

"Because you're the man of the family! Oh, I could die! Those rotten low savages—!" A sob escaped her.

"Oh, now wait a minute." He hung his jacket away, and shaking out his sleeves, started back to the living room. "Don't get yourself all excited—"

"Excited?" she echoed shrilly, aware that it was not the first time that afternoon that she had been advised to keep cool. "How can I *help* getting excited? I worked on this place yesterday and today till I nearly dropped—"

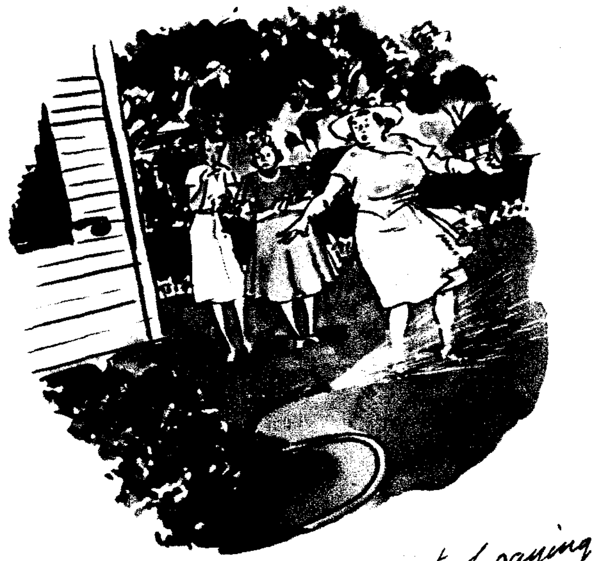
"Well, *that* was foolish," he said. "What are we paying Sophie for?"

"Sophie doesn't know how I want things done. You have to stand over her every single min—" Grace felt the argument slipping away from her. Arthur wasn't going to do a thing! He was sitting down now, preparing to argue with *her* instead of—"You've got to *do something!*" she cried above him, trembling.

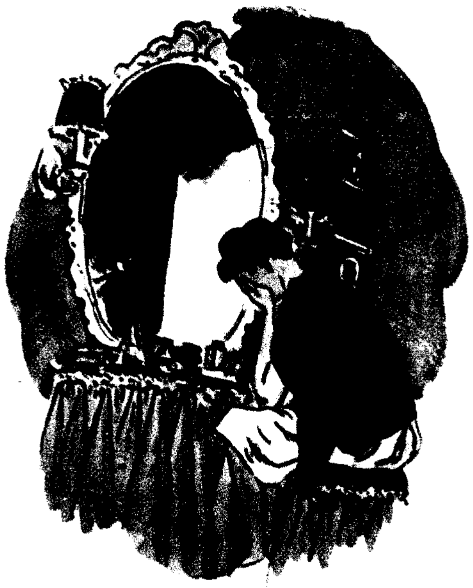
"What can I do?" He hoisted one ankle up across his knee. "They own the place; it's their business if they want to run a blooming menagerie—"

"The very least you could do is go in there and *tell* them—" The sound of voices outside, a laugh, sent her rushing to one of the side windows. The scene beyond was photographed at once on her mind's eye. There was Tad, T-shirt hanging out, with the silliest expression on his face, tearing off hedge leaves, and throwing them across at that brazen little hussy who

(Continued on page 53)



Grace was on the point of saying "Watch out for the hose..."



How would she ever face them again?

Glancing for a moment at her iris bed, Grace thought she had gone mad

© R. HUPKA

Toscanini makes an RCA Victor record with the NBC Symphony. Last year about 75,000,000 of the records Americans bought were high-priced, serious works

THE MASSES GO

WHEN flamboyant but not profligate Larry MacPhail recently agreed to pay out more than $900 a week for a symphonic radio program to advertise his New York Yankees Baseball Club, there were double-takes from the Bronx to Carnegie Hall. MacPhail, wiseacres cracked, didn't know the difference between a concerto and a concertina.

But energetic John S. Hayes, who manages WQXR, New York's $1,000,000 radio station for long-hair music, thought differently. He cornered amateur pianist MacPhail in his Fifth Avenue office. There Hayes played a recording of symphonic music and Yankee commercials, spiced with statistics about the 500,000 or so people who listen to WQXR the way a medic listens to a stethoscope. When the record stopped, MacPhail said, "Well, I'll be damned. I'll buy it."

When the Yanks spend good money for an hour of erudite daily symphony, it's a milestone of some sort. But people in the classical music business are too busy to care about mere milestones. They're in the middle of a boom, which in less than a decade has turned a jazz-crazy America into the most musical nation in the world. After playing chopsticks for 150 years we've suddenly switched to Tschaikovsky. Cocktail talk used to be about Freud and sex; now it's Wagner and counterpoint. The classics have come to Main Street and Chopin and Schumann are rampant throughout the land.

The boom is on in concerts. The demand for good radio music greatly exceeds the supply. Even motion pictures featuring serious music, once box-office poison, are hits. But the real proof of the desire for good music is in record sales. People can listen to radio music for free. They can hear serious music with movies as an incident to what they consider entertainment. Their attendance at concerts often has strong social significance. But when they lay out from one to five dollars for a classical recording, they really mean business.

We're buying records faster than they can be made—serious music: Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, the kind hotly competitive Victor and Columbia put on Red Seal and Masterworks recordings. Last year we bought 300,000,000 records of all types (prosperous 1929—65,000,000), and of these about 75,000,000 were higher-priced serious music. In 1947 this will jump to 100,000,000 and intemperate forecasters claim that the 200 record

Music-happy Americans are buying more records, demanding more symphonies and listening to more concerts than ever before. Whether it is a cultural trend or just a passing whim, the long-hair artists and their managers are happily riding the upbeat

Star names like Rise Stevens (on platform) boost the sales of good music. Here Miss Stevens contributes to a Columbia album with Conductor Fausto Cleva

FOR MUSIC

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

companies in the industry will hit 500,000,000 next year. The outlook is so bright that even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is trying to muscle into the business by working up a monopoly on the output of its stars.

Even obscure works unknown to one in a hundred "music lovers" are selling so fast old-time recording men are popeyed. John Hallstrom, Victor official and author of the new book, Relax and Listen, tells of an erudite work for harpsichord, the Goldberg Variations by Bach. In 1933, 2,000 albums were recorded in Europe—of which maybe fifty got to the United States. They satisfied the demand for this work for years. Recently, Victor made an American recording featuring the same artist, Wanda Landowska. A demand for maybe 5,000 was expected. More than 29,000 albums have been sold.

The "Archduke" Trio, another piece of strictly highbrow proportions, sold in one year 1,095 albums. Recently reissued, it topped 35,000. When Goddard Lieberson, vice-president of Columbia Masterworks Division, announced that he was going to issue for the first time in its entirety the esoteric Fourth Symphony of Gustav Mahler, Columbia's sales manager threw up his hands in horror. But the lengthy six-record album promptly sold more than 15,000 copies. Even the works of American composers, which a few years ago couldn't be given away, find a respectable market; the First Symphony of Samuel Barber, for example, has 10,000 buyers.

Ten years ago an annual sale of 10,000 to 15,000 was considered splendid for a standard repertory work like Anton Dvořák's New World Symphony, or the Unfinished Symphony of Franz Schubert. Now a popular symphony sells around 150,000 a year. Chopin's Polonaise sold only about 2,000 annually until José Iturbi played it in Columbia's memorable movie, A Song to Remember. Within six months it sold more than 1,000,000 copies, earning Iturbi $118,000 in royalties, for the most astonishing sale in the history of the business. In that short time it outsold even Caruso's greatest hit, Vesti la giubba, from Pagliacci, which in the past 25 years for which figures exist, sold 254,000.

The effect of movies on record sales of serious music is fantastic. Any movie in which the audience can recognize the music skyrockets its sale immediately. For fifteen years Victor catalogued without notable results a recording of Rachmaninoff's

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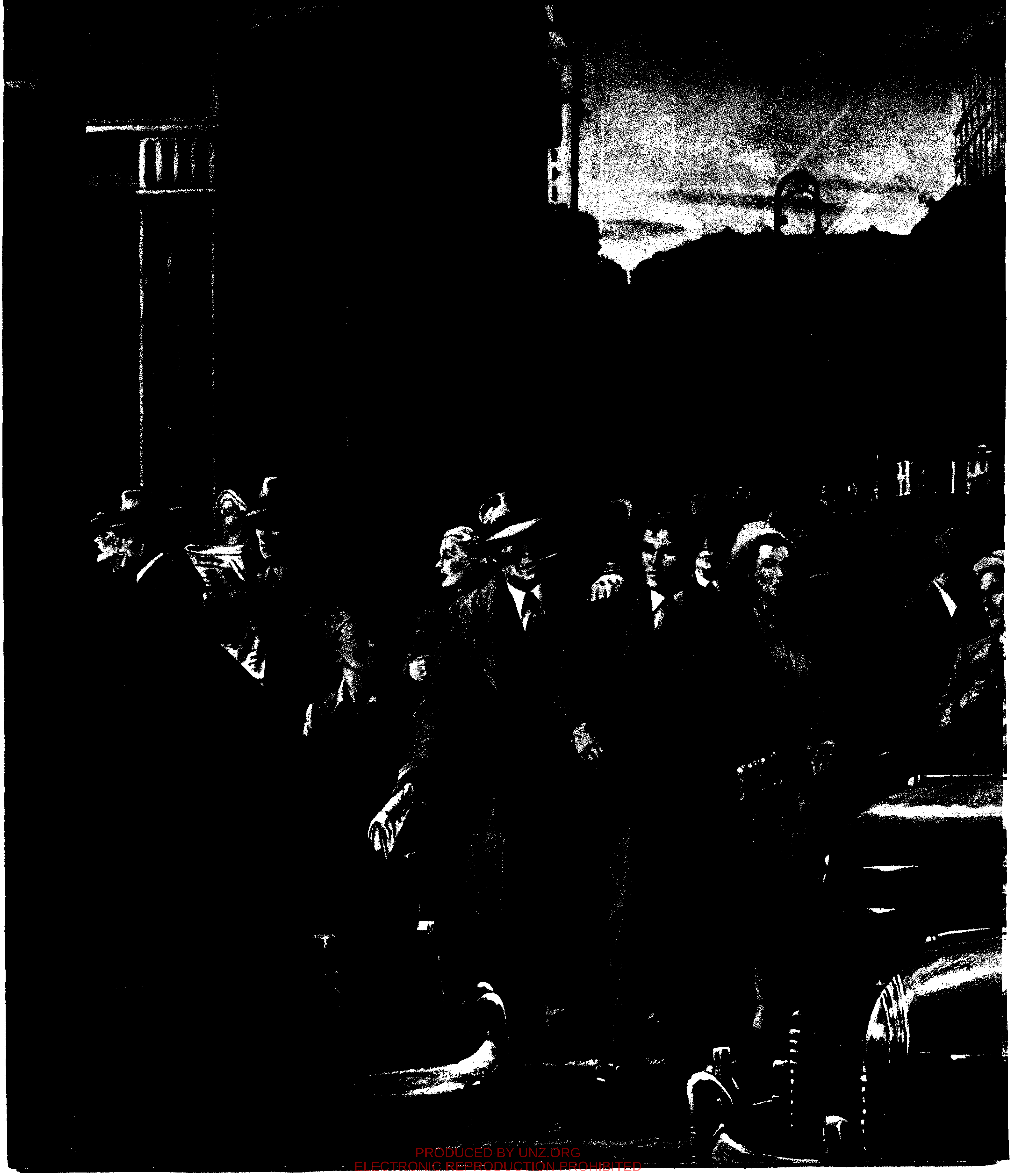
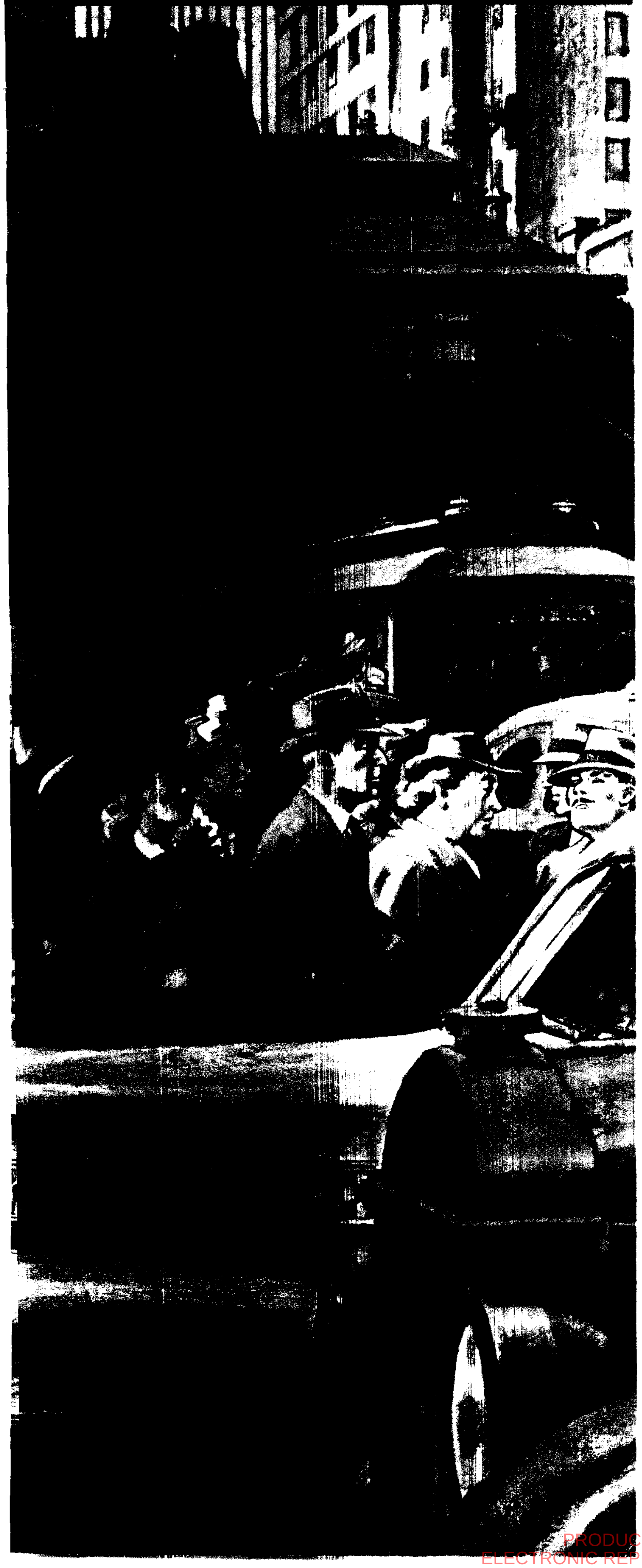
THE STRANGER ON HORSEBACK



BY JAMES A. KIRCH

A strange story of crime: the story of a man ashamed to confess his innocence



HE WAS careful about the way he moved his feet, the way he held his body. He took short, restraining steps. He tried to pace himself by the sound of other heels clicking against the pavement. He knew that he was all right so long as he held with the ebb and flow of the street, but that he could not allow himself to break the tempo. He had to hold himself back, inside the breaking point. He was dimly aware that that might be the only real escape offered him, to break wildly into the open and run, until finally someone put a stop to his running. He was like the drinker who knows that one more tilt of the bottle will bring oblivion. That much was left to him, that he could refuse that escape.

He turned left when the flow of the crowd seemed to swerve, but he didn't change his pace. He walked as he had been walking, until he felt the harsh hand on his shoulder.

He didn't turn around. He heard himself say, "It's all right," but he wasn't sure what he meant when he said it. He wasn't sure of anything except that now that his movement had been broken his hold on himself had been broken with it.

The hand pulled him relentlessly and he let himself be drawn backward. The thought struck him that maybe this was better, better than running through the streets, better than forcing his body forever to take slow, measured steps; and then he heard a voice say, "You might have been killed, bud," and he realized that the hand and his being stopped had nothing to do with him, nothing to do with what had happened to him. He had stepped off the curb into traffic, and a stranger, a man to whom he was no one, had caught his shoulder, holding him back. It might have happened to anyone, even to the man who had held him. Its happening to him had no significance.

Except that it *had* happened. Except that there would always be someone to reach out and grab his shoulder, to destroy the pattern he had set for himself. He knew that there were too many for him, that there would always be too many. He knew that in walking through the streets in the only way he could, he was running—because of what had happened.

HE LIFTED the man's hand from his shoulder, and he started back. He walked faster, returning. He could do that, now, even jostle others aside if it became necessary. Now that he was going back, it no longer mattered who took notice of him. He chose the same streets he had walked along before, even though there was a shorter way, through the park. He seemed to be undoing what he had already done by retracing it. When he reached the brownstone apartment, the childishness of this struck him, and he let himself in by the front door, although he had left by the rear. He ran the first half flight, until he remembered what he was running *to,* and not *away from,* and then he walked the remaining flights, his thin hand gripping the rail.

The telephone was just inside the door. There was a large oval mirror against the wall, behind the telephone table, and he remembered how Alice had hung it there so she could watch the shadowy play of emotion as she talked, laughing with delight at her quicksilver loveliness. He studied his own reflection as he dialed. It was a thin, white face, with plain features. It wasn't a face like Alice's, that could be switched and changed as she pleased. He could freeze it to a fixed, set mask that told nothing of the turmoil within him, but he could not vary the mask.

His voice was better. He could control the words and hold some part of the fear out of the tone. When his call went through, he said carefully, "This is Carter R. Rowe." He gave the address and then he waited until the man at the other end had written it down. "You'd better send someone out here," he explained. "Maybe more than one. You'd know about those things. It's my wife, Alice. She's been murdered."

THEY sent three men: a small, thin man who introduced himself as Lieutenant Cross; a heavy, bull-like detective, Sergeant Hannigan; and a policeman in uniform. At first, Rowe directed his words to the uniform, but gradually the realization took shape in his mind that this was beyond the traffic violation stage, beyond the point where an ordinary policeman could distinguish right from wrong. It was the men in street clothes who asked the questions and who went into the bedroom together and closed the door, leaving the uniformed policeman watching him disinterestedly. It was the uniformed one who drew the notebook from his pocket and sat down, his legs crossed, resting the book on his thigh, as the others came back from the bedroom. For a moment the thought struck Rowe that he could talk to these men as he would discuss an accounting problem with Mr. Jeffers, the head of the firm. He would show his figures and balances and they would listen respectfully, keeping to the issue at hand. He watched Lieutenant Cross dial the telephone, and when the lieutenant had completed his call and spun to face him with dull, disinterested eyes, he knew that this was not a problem on which he could work together with these men.

"All right, Mr. Rowe," Cross said. "Let's hear your story."

"I came home—" he began.

"Just a minute," Cross said. "Let's have the background first. Where do you work?"

"Jeffers, Lynn and Holbrook," he said. "I'm chief accountant. I've been with them seven years."

"Married how long?"

"Ten years," he said. Ten years and two months. The two months wouldn't matter to them.

"Age?"

"Thirty-seven."

Cross looked at the bedroom door. "And the—?"

"Twenty-eight," he said. That was right. It was twenty-eight, almost to the day.

"All right," Cross said. "Now, in ten years, problems come up between a couple. I'm a married man; I know. You got any of those you'd like to tell us about?"

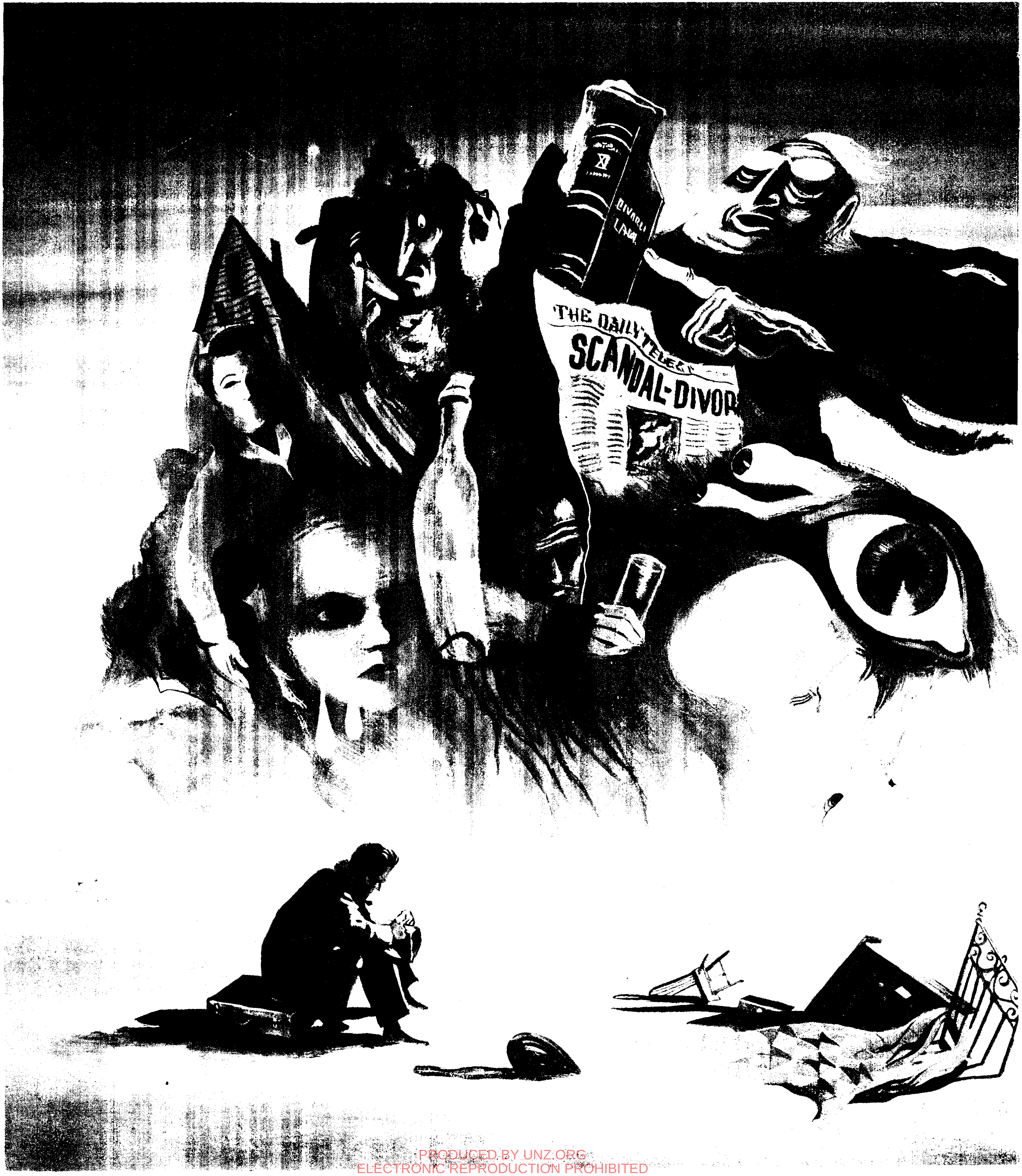
Rowe shook his head. There were no problems, no problems at all. Everything had ended the moment—the second—he had opened the bedroom door. "No," he said. "Nothing at all."

(Continued on page 76)

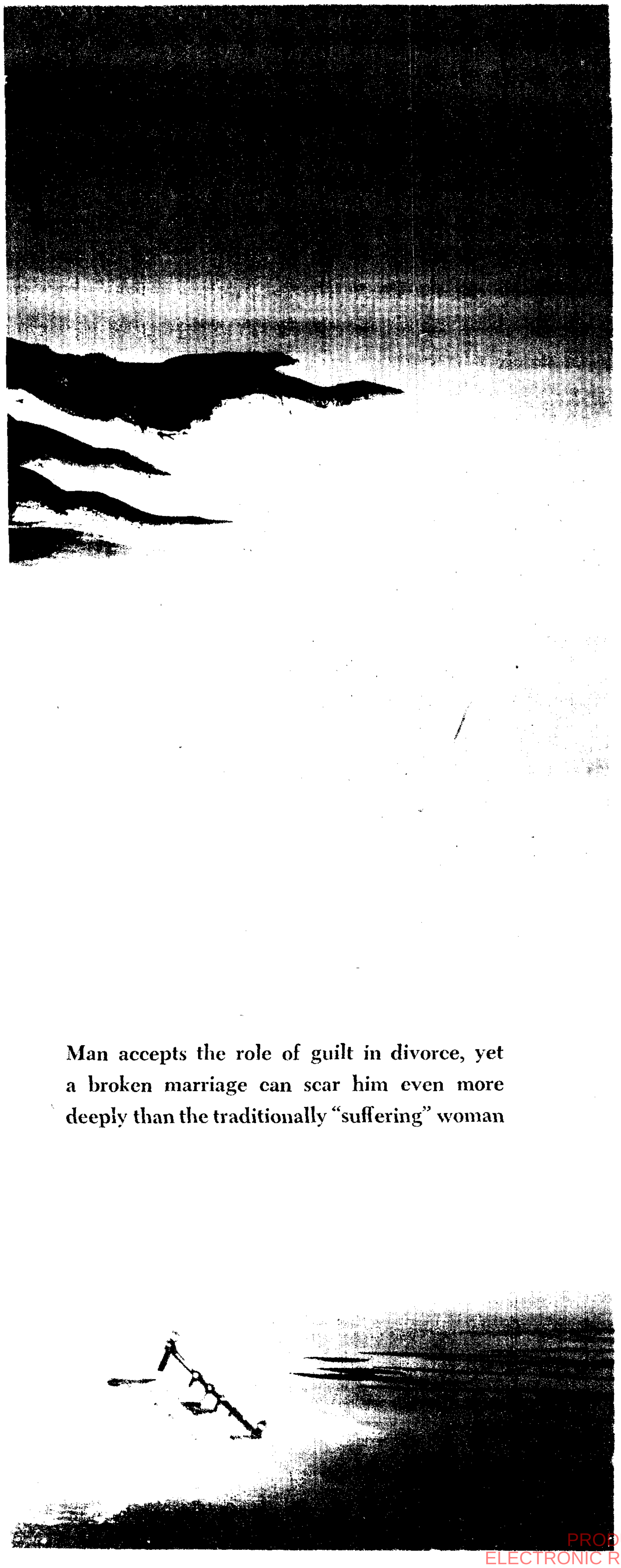
He turned when the crowd seemed to swerve, but he didn't change his pace. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder and he let himself be drawn backward

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

BY RALPH S.
BANAY, M.D.


THE DAILY TELEGR
SCANDAL-DIVOR

Dr. Banay, a graduate of the University of Budapest, took post-graduate courses in Vienna and Munich, and has been a practicing psychiatrist for more than twenty years. His article, The Trouble With Women, Collier's, December 7, 1946, resulted in a storm of controversy among our readers. The ideas presented herewith are strictly those of the author



Man accepts the role of guilt in divorce, yet a broken marriage can scar him even more deeply than the traditionally "suffering" woman

"THE woman always pays," is a pat label for misadventures in marriage. Sympathy for the divorced woman has become so habitual that we often lose sight of the fact that the man pays, too. Frequently he pays through the rest of his lifetime, not only in burdensome economic responsibility and in financial servitude that is penal in its effect, but in emotional impairment.

The disruption of a marriage and a family is not a venture to be taken lightly. Divorce has its liabilities. It involves more than a trip to Nevada, conferences with attorneys and tedious court procedures. It cannot be dismissed with a conclusive "That's that!" For years after the decree has been signed and sealed, its implications and overtones may radically alter the lives of many individuals. It would be unusual, if not impossible, for any person to pass through a divorce court unscathed.

But why should it be so widely assumed that the emotional impact on the woman is greater than on the man? It is unjust to single out either as the one who always suffers more from the aftermath of legal amputation. Divorce is a bankruptcy of marriage. Its emotional effect is not specific or one-sided; it involves both individuals.

In the traditional handling of divorce actions, the woman almost invariably appears as the victim of the man's abuse or desertion. This distortion is perhaps inspired partly by the assumption that the man is less sensitive, an assumption derived from the fact that he does not dramatize or exhibit his reactions. Man is expected to keep a stiff upper lip. He learns to control his emotional flow. This reserve makes his feelings less conspicuous but, in reality, more profound.

Under our archaic, hypocritical laws, cruelty, adultery and nonsupport are the primary grounds for divorce. Although the high percentage of "arranged" divorces is notorious, the man is, more often than not, the "guilty" party, and a tacit moral stigma prevails even when he is technically innocent. Even when the ground of infidelity is authentic, little consideration is given to the possibility that the man's transgression may have been prompted by the wish to endure or preserve a miserable, hopeless marriage; the guilt feeling thus engendered will often neutralize for him the sufferings of a chronically unhappy home life. Regardless of circumstances, he usually becomes an object of social ostracism and communal rebuke.

The effect of divorce on the man is one that grows with the years. It seldom manifests itself as a shock; in fact, it may be barely noticeable to him or his associates at the time of separation. Often there is an initial sense of relief, or even exhilaration, over the closing of a chapter that had become painful. But, as time goes on, there is a gradual disintegration of emotions as the many implications of his new order of life unfold. It is a psychic amputation, as it were, not dissimilar in its long-range results to the lingering phantom pain of a physical amputation. Something that he had come to consider a permanent, integral part of his life has been cut away from him.

There may follow an involuntary withdrawal from the circle of mutual friends that grew up around his marriage. This may even change to hostility not only toward acquaintances but to people in general, and contribute to the urge to seek casual acquaintances in place of friends. Many a bar association is the outgrowth of this enveloping loneliness. The incidence of alcoholism is very high whenever marital discord or separation occurs, and this progressive disease many times follows instead of precedes domestic troubles.

Men easily accustom themselves to the comfort and symbolic continuation of maternal care in marriage. An abrupt termination leaves them emotionally as well as practically bereaved. The inherent cautiousness of the male will increase almost to a pathological extent: he will look with distrust and suspicion even on the most sincere manifestation of genuine affection toward him. He looks upon himself more and more as a prey instead of a recipient of love. If the divorce occurs in the late middle ages, men easily feel stigmatized in their virility. Psychological impotency is not an uncommon result of a defensive pattern toward further feminine involvement.

When a Man Collects—It's News

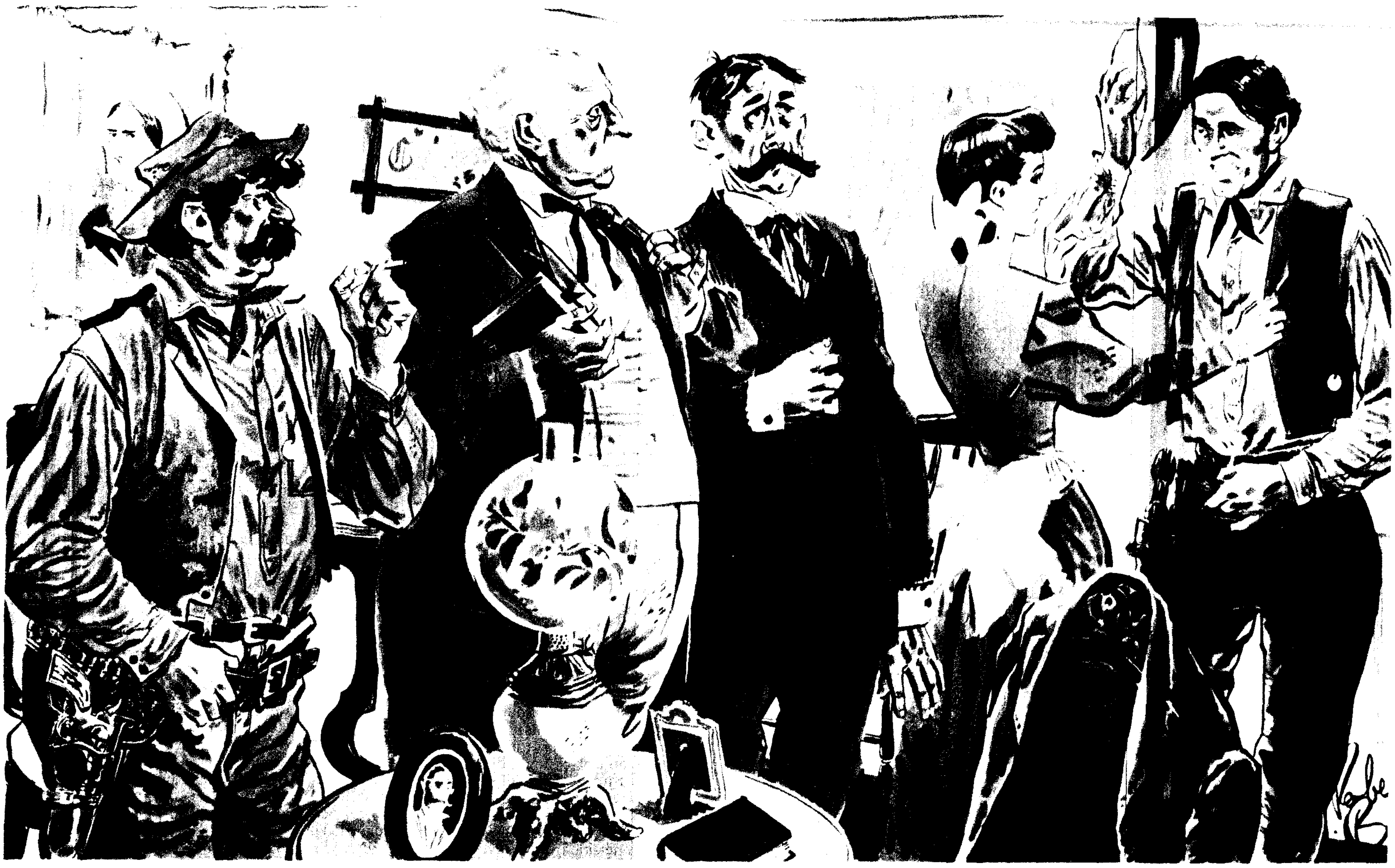
Economically, the man nearly always pays dearly for his freedom. The abuses grouped under the name of alimony are proverbial. A case in which a man collects alimony is so rare that it makes news headlines. Yet it is commonplace for a woman to collect all that the traffic will bear, even if she has no children and is capable of supporting herself. There are, however, more and more self-respecting women who are recognizing that it is degrading for them to take advantage of their legal prerogatives to get the most out of postmarital settlements.

The alimony burden affects the man in several ways: It maintains a distasteful, tangible link with the dissolved partnership; it weighs him down with an obligation that handicaps any effort to reintegrate his life, possibly preventing him from remarrying, and it subjects him to a sort of penal servitude—compulsory obedience to a judicial order with the alternative of punishment. In short, he often continues to bear the full economic responsibility of marriage without any of its benefits. All decent men pay willingly for the support of their children after divorce—an arrangement that is socially necessary and ethically just—yet even in such cases the obligation has onerous aspects at least as great as those borne by the freed wives.

Occasional reports from the divorce courts illustrate how far women are liable to wander from reality. On one day recently, four women appeared in court in New York in quest of alimony. The first one asked $500 a week and $7,500 counsel fees, although her husband charged that she had been

(Continued on page 97)

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL



Uncle Chad strapped on his gun belt and said to Aunt Trudy: "If you will excuse me, I have to go now and attend to a little unfinished business"

THE WIDOW OF WAGON GAP

BY D. D. BEAUCHAMP

Uncle Chad just happened to be passing through town, but he got mixed up in a poker game with five aces—and a female joker named Trudy

MY UNCLE CHAD had one notch on the butt of his gun. It had been carved there a long time ago, and I wondered about it, but my mother told me I was not to ask. Then one day my mother was not around and I asked my Uncle Chad.

"Taking a long view of it you might say that notch represents my introduction to your Aunt Trudy," Uncle Chad said. And then he went on to tell me about Aunt Trudy, and the law, and Judge Benbow.

The first time Uncle Chad ever saw Judge Benbow was in the Elkhorn Saloon in a little town called Wagon Gap. That was not unusual in itself. Almost any time you wanted to see Judge Benbow he was apt to be in the saloon. The unusual part was that Uncle Chad was there at all. He had come down from the Marias River country on his way to Arizona and it was sheer accident that he had stopped in Wagon Gap. His horse had cast a front shoe and had gone lame. Uncle Chad brought him into town to the blacksmith, and the blacksmith was busy. That left Uncle Chad with a certain amount of time on his hands, which he elected to dispose of in a game of poker. The blacksmith told him where he could find a game and Uncle Chad walked a block down the street and into the Elkhorn Saloon.

Judge Benbow was at the bar. Ordinarily Uncle Chad would not have paid too much attention to anyone standing at a bar, but you couldn't overlook Judge Benbow. He was someplace around sixty, and inclined to be portly. He was wearing a black string tie, a battered beaver hat, gray trousers, congress gaiters, and a frock coat. He had a voice you could hear for a quarter mile, and he couldn't order a drink without making it sound like he was running for office. He was ordering a drink when Uncle Chad came in. The bartender put a bottle on the bar and the judge poured a liberal portion into his glass while he looked Uncle Chad over.

"Being a man who never forgets a face," Judge Benbow said, "and considering the fact that I don't remember ever seeing yours before, I assume you're a stranger in the community."

"I *might* be," Uncle Chad said, "and then again I might not."

"I always like a cautious man," Judge Benbow said. "Never commit yourself, son, and you'll stay out of trouble."

He drank his drink. Uncle Chad bought a drink and drank it, and walked across the room to the poker table. There was one seat vacant and Uncle Chad pulled out the chair and sat down.

Afterward he said that you would hardly expect a romance to blossom out of the fact that there are supposed to be only four aces in a deck of cards, but that's what happened. Indirectly, that is.

The way it came about, Uncle Chad opened a pot with a pat hand, and everybody dropped out except a man named Hawkins, who was sitting across the table from him. Hawkins drew two cards. Uncle Chad bet and Hawkins raised him fifty dollars. Uncle Chad called and Hawkins laid down four aces. That would have been all right except that Uncle Chad was holding the fifth ace in a flush. The way it seemed to him was that somebody had been carrying around some extra aces in case of emergency, and since it was not Uncle Chad who was carrying them he figured it must be the other fellow. He mentioned this fact and started to rake in the pot, and then the trouble started. Mr. Hawkins reached for his gun. Uncle Chad had sort of anticipated him, so to speak, and had his campaign of action all mapped out. He kicked the table into Mr. Hawkins' lap and beat him to the draw.

It caused considerable commotion for a minute,

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

what with all the citizens in the room trying to get out of range. The drinking customers all went over the bar, and the card-playing customers went under the tables. When it was all over the only man who hadn't moved was Judge Benbow. He looked at Mr. Hawkins lying on the floor, and then he looked at my Uncle Chad.

"God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform," Judge Benbow said.

That did not make much sense to my Uncle Chad, because he did not realize at the moment that he had helped God perform a wonder. He did not realize that, because he did not know that the man he had shot was Aunt Trudy's husband, and he did not know Aunt Trudy.

Mr. Hawkins was not the kind of man you would expect my Aunt Trudy to be married to, and later on Uncle Chad found out what had happened. Aunt Trudy had married Mr. Hawkins in St. Louis, under the impression that he was a big cattle owner. It was not until they got back to Montana that Aunt Trudy found out that Mr. Hawkins did not own anything except the money he was carrying in his pockets, and there was not much of that. She found out then that he was a tinhorn gambler and a drunk with a fairly well-developed talent for wife-beating. Aunt Trudy did not go back to St. Louis, because she didn't have the train fare, and because she was too proud to admit that her marriage was a failure. Instead she got a job teaching school in Wagon Gap and stayed on there. Everybody in town felt sorry for her being married to Mr. Hawkins, especially Judge Benbow, and what Judge Benbow meant by God performing a wonder was that Aunt Trudy was lucky to be rid of Mr. Hawkins, the wonder part of it being that somebody had not shot him years before.

Morally speaking, the judge considered that Uncle Chad had done the community a favor by eliminating an undesirable character. Legally speaking it was something else again. The upshot of it was that the bartender called the marshal. The marshal threw my Uncle Chad in jail, and Judge Benbow went out to see Aunt Trudy.

School had let out for the day, and Aunt Trudy was sitting at her desk correcting papers. She looked up and smiled when Judge Benbow came in. Judge Benbow took off his hat, and walked down to one of the desks in front and sat down.

"Gertrude," Judge Benbow said, "I've got some news for you, and whether it's good or bad depends entirely on how you want to look at it—Matt's been shot."

Aunt Trudy stopped correcting papers, and it was a minute before she said anything.

"Is he badly hurt?"

"You might say," Judge Benbow said, "that he has been extradited, in a manner of speaking—removed from the jurisdiction of this earthly court."

"You mean he's dead."

"Being a man of few words," Judge Benbow said, "I'd say that he was."

Aunt Trudy just sat there very quietly for a few minutes. Finally she said, "Am I supposed to say I'm sorry?"

"There's no need to perjure yourself," Judge Benbow said. "Personally, I consider that congratulations are in order." He put his hat back on. "I don't suppose he left you any money?"

"Did Matt ever have anything but debts?" Aunt Trudy said.

"Don't worry about the debts," Judge Benbow said. "Just leave everything to me."

THEY held Mr. Hawkins' funeral the next day, and nobody went to it, and the day after that they tried my Uncle Chad and the whole town turned out. It was more of a legal formality than anything else, since there were at least twenty witnesses and the judge himself who could swear that Uncle Chad had shot in self-defense. Judge Benbow banged on the bench with his gavel and declared the court in session. The witnesses got up on the stand and told their stories, and Uncle Chad told his, and it looked like it was all over but the shouting. The way Uncle Chad figured, the worst he could get out of it was a vote of thanks from the community, and then Judge Benbow threw the bombshell into the courtroom.

He had acquitted Uncle Chad on the shooting charge, and Uncle Chad was on his feet expressing his appreciation for the fairmindedness of the court.

"Judge," Uncle Chad said, "it's been a pleasure to do business with you. And if you don't mind I reckon that smith has my horse shod by now, and I'll be on my way."

Judge Benbow said, "Sit down," and hammered with the gavel.

Uncle Chad sat down.

"This court has not been adjourned," Judge Benbow said. He pulled his spectacles out of his pocket, breathed on them and polished them with his handkerchief.

"Son," Judge Benbow said, "not being associated with the legal profession, I take it you're not conversant with Sections 8697 and 8698 of the penal code of the sovereign state of Montana."

"Now that you bring the matter up," Uncle Chad said, "I reckon I couldn't say that I'm on intimate speaking terms with the afore-mentioned."

"You'd better brace yourself, then," Judge Benbow said.

He put his spectacles on, and read the law:

"Section 8697. Injuries inflicted in a duel. If any person slays, or permanently disables another person in a duel in this state, the slayer must provide for the maintenance of the wife of the person slain or permanently disabled, and for the minor children, in such manner and at such cost, either by aggregate compensation in damages to each, or by monthly, quarterly, or annual allowance, to be determined by the court."

My Uncle Chad let out a yell like he had been stabbed and Judge Benbow hammered on the bench.

"Order in the court!" Judge Benbow said. "You let out one more beller like that and I'll hold you in contempt." Then he went on reading the law: "Section 8698. Injuries inflicted in a duel. If any person slays or disables another person in a duel in this state, the slayer is liable for and must pay all the debts of the person slain or permanently disabled."

It surprised everybody considerably. There was quiet in the courtroom for a minute and then my Uncle Chad got up and made a speech. He started it out with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address to sort of get in the mood of the thing, and he went on from there through the Preamble of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and wound up strong with part of an address he had once heard on Decoration Day and a few quotations from the Bible.

It impressed everybody but Judge Benbow.

"JUDGE," Uncle Chad said, "you don't mean to sit up there and tell me I've got to pay all the back debts of a man who hadn't any more principles than to carry aces in his sleeve?"

"I do," Judge Benbow said.

"And do you mean to tell me," Uncle Chad said, "that you expect me to spend the rest of my life providing for a woman I never even laid eyes on?"

"That is exactly what I mean," announced Judge Benbow.

"And you call that justice?"

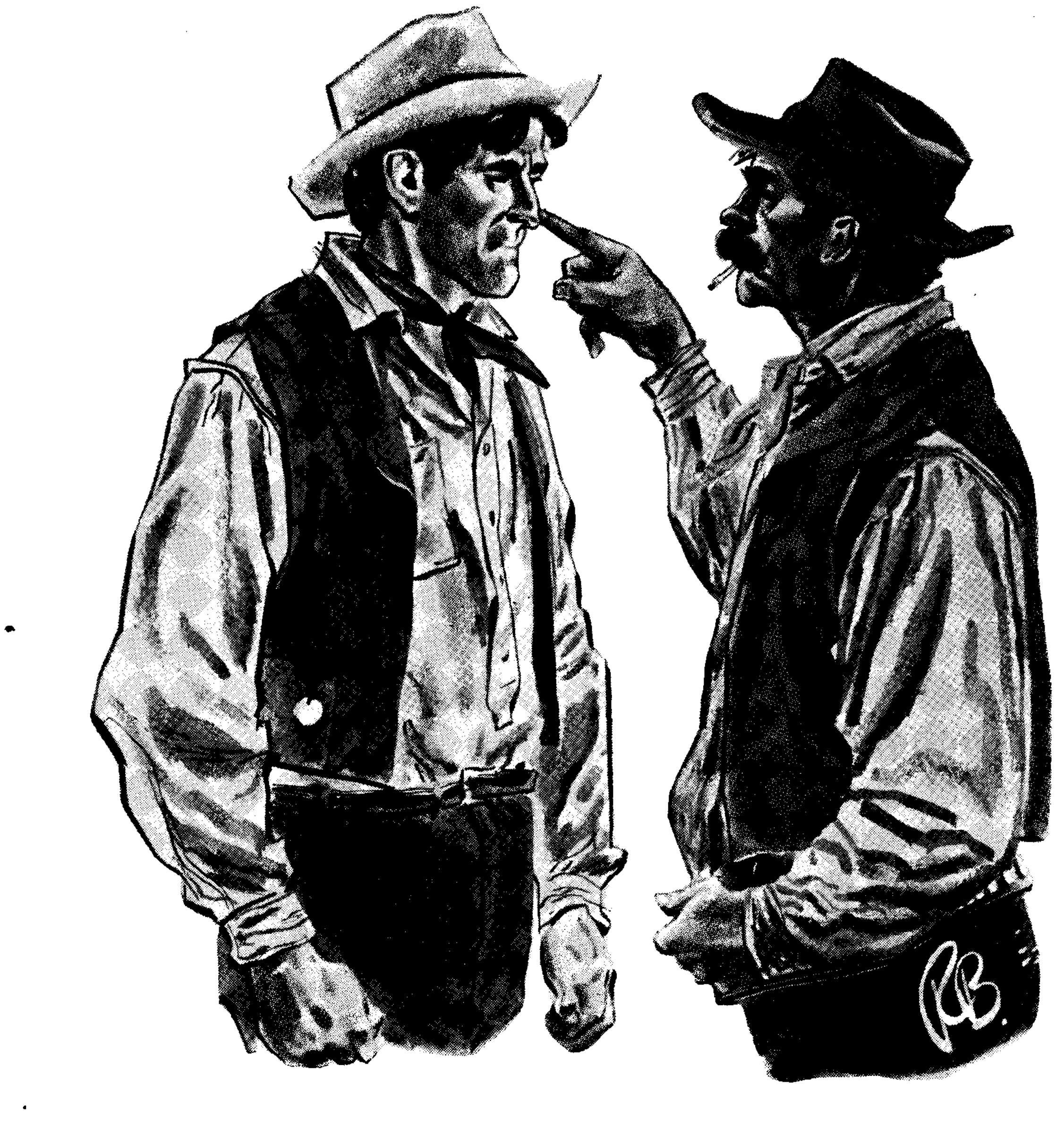
"Son," Judge Benbow said, "that's a debatable question. As I recall, nobody has even mentioned the word justice. All I'm mentioning is that it's a law, written down in black and white, and having been duly empowered by the citizens of this fair city to enforce the law I aim to see that it's enforced. Was there anything else you'd like to ask?"

Uncle Chad thought of another quotation.

"Death," Uncle Chad said, "where is thy sting?"

"You try leaving town," Judge Benhow said, "and you'll find out the answer to that question, too." He hammered with the gavel. "Court adjourned."

He got down from the (*Continued on page* 64)



Nobody in Wagon Gap could understand why Uncle Chad wouldn't fight Mr. Burdick. He would take all the abuse that Burdick had to offer and then walk away from it

TERROR IN TEL AVIV

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

THE tall young man slipped quietly through a side door into a little beachside hotel in Tel Aviv. There were a few people sitting in the lounge, taking a cigarette or a last swallow of breakfast coffee and reading the Palestine Post. The headlines told them that the terrorists had been busy again.

The young man was bareheaded and sunburned. He wore khaki shorts and a cotton shirt, open at the throat. Under his arm he carried a worn leather brief case. He went to the desk, spoke to the clerk and then walked straight to my chair.

"Hello," he said. "I telephoned you last night." I ordered some more coffee and asked him to sit down. He pulled a small envelope from the brief case. "Here is our latest communiqué," he said. He kept his voice low. "We'll have more details on the operations tomorrow. Meanwhile, I think one of our officers can see you tonight. I'll come back for you at eight. It will be dark then and it is better if we meet outside, in the street." He sipped his coffee slowly but as soon as he had finished he picked up the brief case. "Incidentally, you can call me David," he added, as he headed for the door. So my first contact with the Jewish terrorists in Palestine had been as unostentatious (I hoped) as a call from an insurance salesman. I slit open the envelope.

The communiqué had been laboriously typed in English on a scrap of white paper. "Only 12 hours after the attack on the railway network and the petrol pipe lines in the Haifa area," it ran, "our battle units again commenced a widespread attack against the surface communication lines of the enemy throughout the country. . . ."

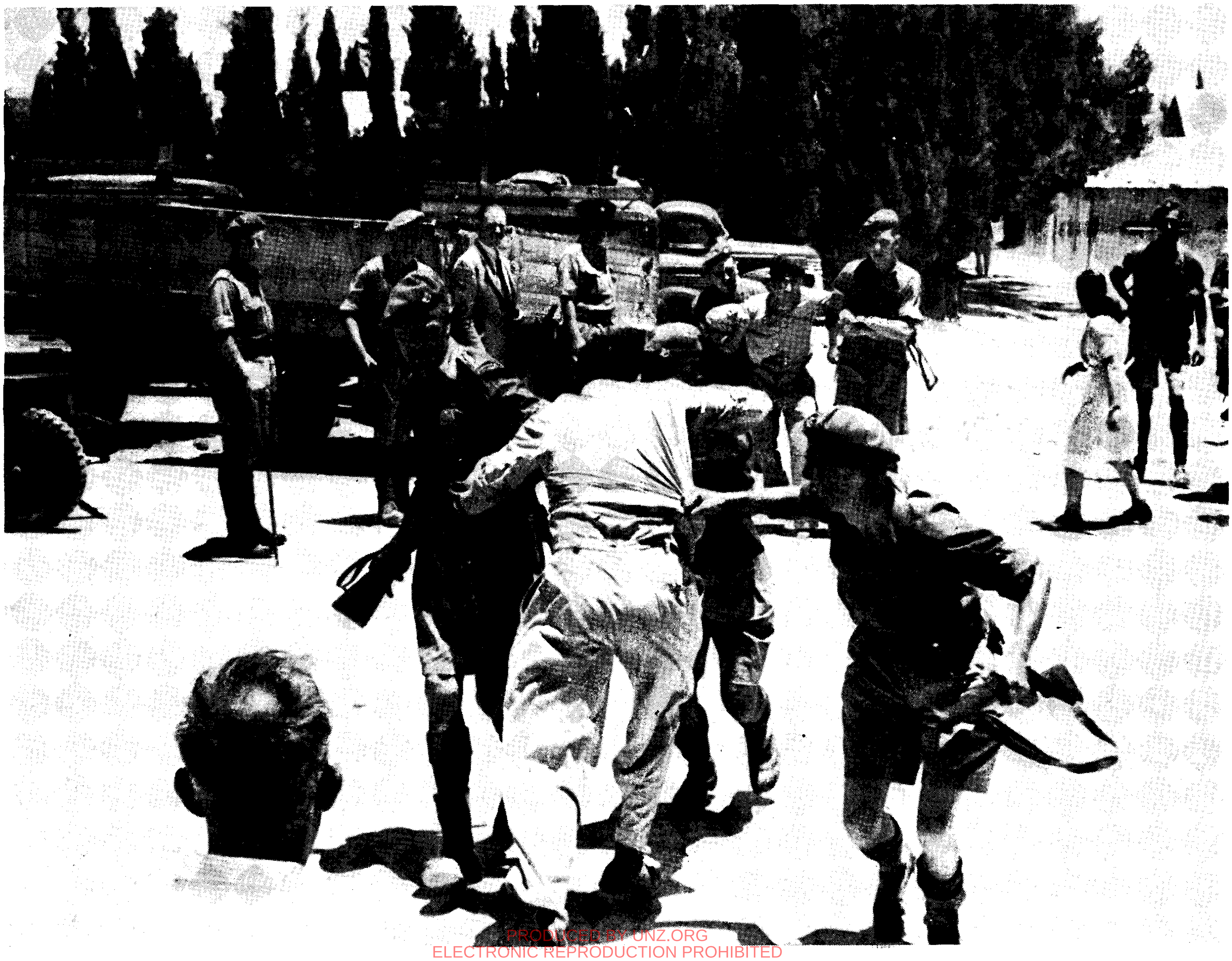
It was signed, in bold capitals, "IRGUN ZEVAI LEUMI"—National Military Organization.

That night I walked over to the beach promenade a few minutes early, to keep my rendezvous with David. Ahead was the Mediterranean. The crests of dark waves creamed the shore. Behind me the streets brimmed with traffic. On the hotel terrace people were dining in the warm soft air.

"Good evening," David said, close to my ear. He had materialized out of nowhere. "It's all set," he went on. "Two of our officers are waiting for you. We won't take off from here, though; there are some plain-clothes men around. Walk back to the avenue I am facing. I'll pick you up on the corner by the café."

I stood watching the sea a little longer. Then I flipped my cigarette away and strolled up to the corner. The rear door of the taxi was open and David beckoned me inside. We threaded quickly through traffic and presently dodged into a courtyard. We got out and walked through an arcade into another street. Here another car was standing at the curb. We ducked in and the driver zoomed away as if he had just discovered jet propulsion. "Hi, Dick Tracy," I said to myself as I leaned back.

After a few minutes we came to a grade crossing. There was obviously something wrong. The gates were down across the railway tracks and an empty bus stood in front of them. Another car had drawn



A Jew resists arrest by three British soldiers. In the background another Jew is being held, while soldiers and civilians witness the dramatic incident

EUROPEAN

A Collier's correspondent keeps a secret rendezvous with the Irgun. Here is a behind-the-scenes report on the Jewish underground and violence in Palestine

EUROPEAN

The British stubbornly fight terror with more terror. Here a refugee is being forced off an immigrant ship after tear gas failed to rout him. Protests over deportation have little effect on British policy

up on the wrong side of the street and just off the intersection to our left, a white ambulance was parked. A man sat behind the wheel. People were scuttling along the sidewalk and at the crossing a boy was waving his arms as if signaling to everybody to get out of the way. "There must have been an accident," I said.

It was then the explosion let go. The blast hit us in the face like a fist and the street trembled but we could see nothing. "I think *they* may be working on the railroads again tonight," David said, and I remembered the communiqué. He spoke to the driver and we wheeled past the ambulance, drove a few blocks and stopped—almost in front of a police station.

People were running for cover now, flattening themselves in doorways, disappearing around corners. In the distance a siren unwound its angry snarl and I thought I heard a rifle shot. About then I realized I'd left all my identity cards in the hotel; that would make it tough if I were caught out in a curfew. My Dick Tracy knee joints began turning to jelly and I was about to dispatch my regrets to the Irgun officers when David motioned me into the shadow of a building where a little man was fumbling at a door latch with a ring of keys. The door opened and we groped our way upstairs into a small room. It was drenched in darkness except for a wavering light from the street which seeped in through the cracks in the closed shutters.

"Welcome," a voice said pleasantly in English. Gradually my eyes shaped the silhouettes of two men behind a large desk. An armchair loomed up to accommodate me, directly in front of the desk. David sat down in a far corner.

"We must apologize for receiving you in this way," the voice was saying. "It isn't that we don't have confidence in you, but it is a precaution we must take. It is an unbroken rule for meetings of this kind—the darkness, I mean."

Climbing the stairs I had jabbed a cigarette into my mouth but couldn't find my lighter. Now was no time to ask for a match; I let the cold cigarette hang limply from my lips. (The Hollywood touch, I mocked myself.)

The man nearest me spoke in Hebrew. "We greet you," the interpreter translated, "as one from a friendly nation which won its independence from the same oppressor against whom we fight."

All's Fair in War—and This Was War

To the world at large, I reflected, the Irgun might seem to be a band of Jewish terrorists who robbed banks and diamond factories, mined highways, wrecked railway bridges, blew up hotels and killed British soldiers. But to themselves, such operations were all legitimate because they were, in their own words, "at war" with His Majesty's government, fighting with tommy guns, bombs and even homemade flame throwers, for an independent Jewish state.

There are three Jewish resistance groups in Palestine but they don't operate as a solid front, and often clash among themselves. The biggest of these is the Haganah, the Jewish home army, once said to be more than 70,000 strong but now shrunk to perhaps 50,000. Organized originally to defend settlements against Arab attacks, the Haganah is now outside the law. The Irgun, which split with the Haganah 10 years ago on both tactics and ideological issues, has perhaps 5,000 members, highly schooled in the tricks of terrorism and guerrilla warfare.

Hundreds of Jews in both forces served in the British army during the war. The British actually trained some units of each for special missions (including sabotage assignments) and as auxiliary combat soldiers in case of a possible invasion of Palestine. The Stern Gang, which in turn split with the IZL, in 1940, is the smallest but most violent outfit of all. British intelligence sets the Gang's strength at about 500, maximum.

Some of the Haganah's rules have a Robin Hood twist. They sanction sabotage but oppose physical violence. If their men are fired on during a raid their orders are to retreat without returning fire. The Irgunists go in and come out shooting, but the Stern Gang is contemptuous of their "gentlemanly" ways. "When the Irgunists blow up a building," a Stern leader has said scornfully, "they telephone a warning in advance. We don't use the telephone. We are not interested in being polite."

All three groups demand removal of restrictions on Jewish immigration. Moderate Jews who influence the policies of the Haganah have shown inclinations to compromise with the British, but the fact that Mr. Bevin has belatedly decided to hand the Palestine mandate over to the United Nations has not visibly changed the sentiments of the terrorists. The Haganah may quarrel with the more brutal techniques of terrorism but the ironic fact is that events have driven many of Haganah's own men, in a fury of frustration, into the ranks of Irgun. "If we're going to be illegal," their reasoning seems to run, "we might as well not quibble over bloodshed."

As we talked, the two terrorists made guarded admissions that the Irgun had a sizable war chest, fed by funds from various sources, including America. (Judging by the propaganda of certain Jewish Revisionist groups in the U.S. demanding "continuation and strengthening of the resistance . . . which stands today like an iron wall between Britain and her plans for the liquidation of Zionism," the American contributions were becoming more important.) There was confirmation that Irgun arms came from secret "homemade" factories and from raids on British military installations—"requisitioning," they sardonically called the latter operation.

Hard facts, however, were soon crowded out by exalted references to patriots of history and instruments of freedom. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Tom Paine and the Declaration of Independence were elbowed insistently into the conversation. Every time a footstep sounded on the stairs, or a shout rose from the street outside, or a car sped past, little wires of fear and excitement tightened in me but the two men talked on of ideologies as if nothing whatever had happened. It was like having seen a kidnaping in church and then being compelled to sit, squirming, through the sermon while the janitor stowed away the victim.

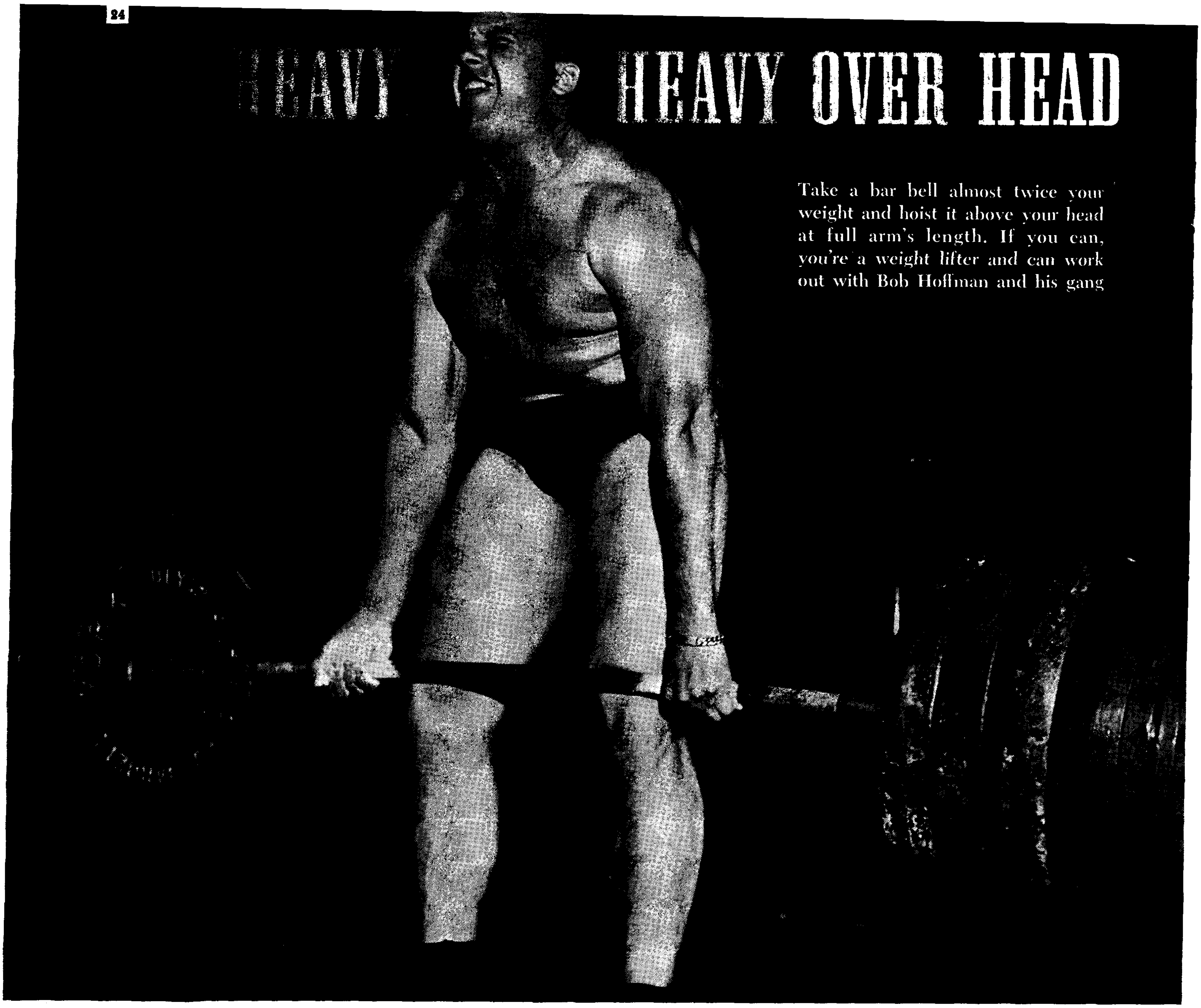
"We fought the Nazis as the common enemy," they were saying while the street noises rose and fell like a gusty wind. "Now our first enemy is the British, and we will continue to fight them no matter what happens. We see no menace to ourselves but them. We want a Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan. (That meant they wanted not only all of Palestine but the British puppet kingdom of Trans-Jordan as well.) We deny any Jew the right to compromise with partition. Partition can only be a graveyard for the Jews."

Weren't they, in the long run, in danger of creating the same kind of supernationalism that the Nazis themselves built on bigotry, hatred and terror?

"Propaganda," they *(Continued on page 103)*

HEAVY OVER HEAD

Take a bar bell almost twice your weight and hoist it above your head at full arm's length. If you can, you're a weight lifter and can work out with Bob Hoffman and his gang



Even weight lifter Keith Kallio can't put this bar bell over his head. It's more than a quarter of a ton, dead lift. Kallio is a policeman, from Washington

BY KYLE CRICHTON

ANYBODY intent on suicide and undecided on the proper method may have it arranged for him. All he need do is go down to York, Pennsylvania, and start jostling people on the street. In due course he will jostle a gentleman who will take him lightly by the elbows and throw him into the next block. This will happen whether he weighs no more than a wisp or is as large as Charles Laughton.

York is the weight-lifting center of America and we visited there recently with the purpose of establishing how far a muscle could expand without exploding. There is no limit. Men like Steve Stanko and John Grimek are wrapped in sinews until they look like the old Michelin tire advertisements. Steve and John once lifted great weights in international competition but have relapsed into the rippling-muscle business and now appear only in contests of manly pulchritude. By contrast with them Victor Mature looks like a small boy with the rickets.

However, our primary purpose was to investigate the mentality of these individuals who make a profession of lifting iron weights. On the face of it, it didn't seem possible anyone could adopt this pastime deliberately. Hoisting, in general, is a delightful occupation which requires nothing more than a lax moral nature; but iron weights are another matter. We can report that these people not only do it willingly but avidly.

The next question is York itself: How did these gentlemen happen to concentrate in this otherwise sedate Pennsylvania-German town? The answer is quite simple: Bob Hoffman. At sundown all over the world weight lifters face the holy city of York and bow low in reverence to Bob Hoffman. He has brought a sense of mystic passion to a profession that was hitherto characterized by the beer barrel, the pendulant abdomen and the grunt. Not only do its acolytes perform like men who have seen the vision but they are infecting the youth of the nation at such a rate that we shall soon be a country too big for our coats if not our breeches.

Hoffman has been a physical-culture maniac from way back and has joined it with a business sense of some astuteness. His home was in Pittsburgh but he wandered into York after the first World War because his sister lived there. In due course he was

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYRON EHRENBERG

half owner of the York Oil Burner Company and might still be making a fortune in the venture if his muscle-building mania had not distracted him. He sold out his oil burner interest, established the York Barbell Company and proceeded to make himself the Grand Poo-Bah of weight lifters the world over.

He started a magazine to promote the sale of his muscle-building equipment and soon had a business of such magnitude that he could do something about the weight lifters. He gave them jobs in his plant and eventually corralled almost all the weight-lifting talent in the country. Last December in Paris he got what he had been pointing for: His American team (all but one from York) captured the weight-lifting championship of the world.

The Paris meeting would have provided excellent material for a psychiatrist. The last day of the championships started at two-thirty in the afternoon and John Davis, the American Negro heavyweight, won the championship title for the United States with a gigantic lift at four-thirty next morning. The Russians were second; the Egyptians third. During that time there was no intermission and the five thousand French spectators stayed till the end.

When Frenzy Reaches Its Peak

We were not in Paris for the Internationals but we have seen a minor tournament in this country and can testify that it is an exciting business. When three men come down to the final lift on which the title depends, the tension is terrific. When Stancyck won the lightweight title in Paris, he cleaned and jerked 325.18 pounds. That means he lifted a bar from the platform to his chest in one movement, rested it a few moments and then lifted it full-arm's length overhead. At that juncture in a tournament the spectators tear the roof off.

The great world lifters are Stancyck, age twenty-one, formerly of Detroit and now of York; Novak, the fabulous Russian light heavyweight; Davis, the American heavyweight; El Touni, the Egyptian middleweight, and Anderson, the great Swedish featherweight.

Whatever views are held on the subject, it must be acknowledged that anybody who wins a world's championship in anything is somebody. Weight lifting is the oldest of all sports and still the most widespread. Obviously the cave man who wielded the heaviest stone ax in denting his wife's skull was a man of distinction in the vicinity. From that it came down to the my-old-man-can-lick-your-old-man period. When the United States won two firsts, two seconds (Johnny Terpak and Frank Kay), a third (Frank Spellman) and a sixth (Emerick Ishikawa, the Japanese-Hawaiian) in five events in Paris against the world's best, it proved that all Americans were not as puny as most Americans.

The scenes around York were not always as joyous as now. In the early days the Barbell Company had little business and the lifters were straining essential muscles to make records that are now bettered by grammar-school boys. When Bob Hoffman liked the way Johnny Terpak lifted in a meet at Philadelphia he offered him a job in York. This was in 1934 and Johnny was happy to get ten dollars a week. In time it went up to twelve, fourteen and sixteen and now he is general manager of the firm, averaging around two hundred a week. Terpak had been preceded by Stanko, Grimek, Dick Bachtell, Tony Terlazzo and John Terry, the first of the great Negro lifters.

The York team did all right in national competition but their experience at Los Angeles in the Olympics of 1932 was not calculated to swell them. The best they could do were third places for Terlazzo and Bill Good.

"The foreigners laughed at us, particularly at the puny size of our heavyweights," says Bob Hoffman.

But they kept at it, Hoffman paying the bills, training the team, dragging them anywhere in the world a championship turned up. They appeared at Paris and Vienna and at the 1936 Olympics in Berlin. Along the line Terpak and Terlazzo became world champions and John Davis, at seventeen, was the sensation of the sport, winning the light-heavyweight title at Vienna.

The trip to Paris last year cost Hoffman $15,000. By luck his group stayed at a hotel run by Leon See, the former manager of Primo Carnera. He not only spoke English but knew where food was to be had.

"It cost us a hundred dollars a day for food," says Hoffman, in his soft, almost prissy voice. "You can't lift weights on a diet of turnip greens."

The Egyptians got in only three days before the meet, which was lucky for them because they had only three dollars a day per man for food, enough for a bird diet at Parisian prices. The Russians came by special plane with a doctor, trainers, managers, coaches and their own food. At a party given for fifty later at the Russian Embassy, the Egyptian trainer said, with a wave of his hand at the loaded tables:

"Geissa, our heavyweight, could eat all of this."

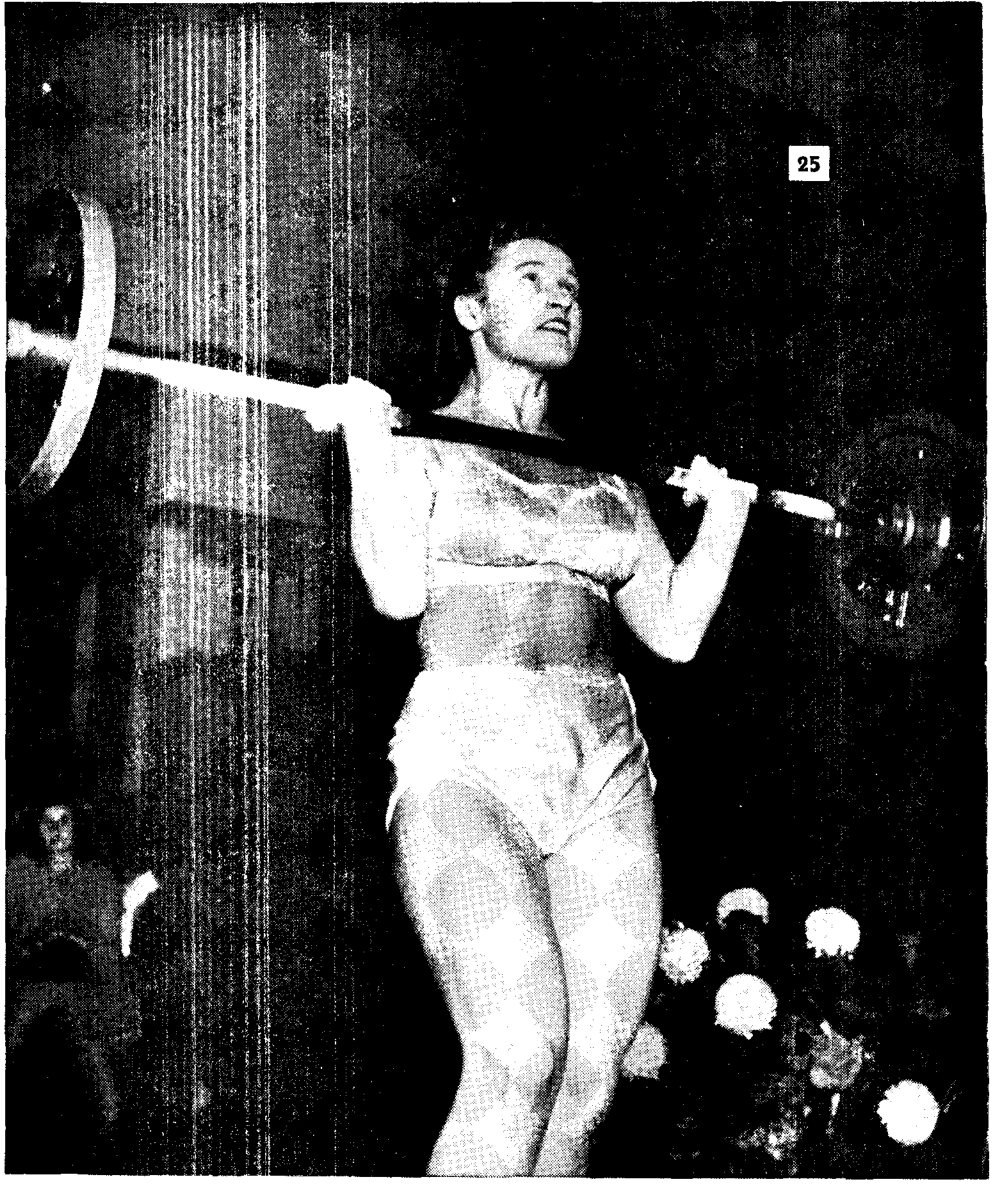
The blow that almost ruined Hoffman was the strike of the TWA pilots. This marooned the York team in France for an extra month, the lifters keeping themselves in shape for some future emergency by eating everything in sight. Grimek once finished a large steak dinner and offered to put away five more of the same if anybody would pay for them. Payment was made and he did the eating. Stanko for a regular repast devours half a dozen fried chickens. It is nothing for Hoffman's boys to down a dozen peppers, each stuffed with half a pound of hamburger.

Prayers Aid Muscle Work

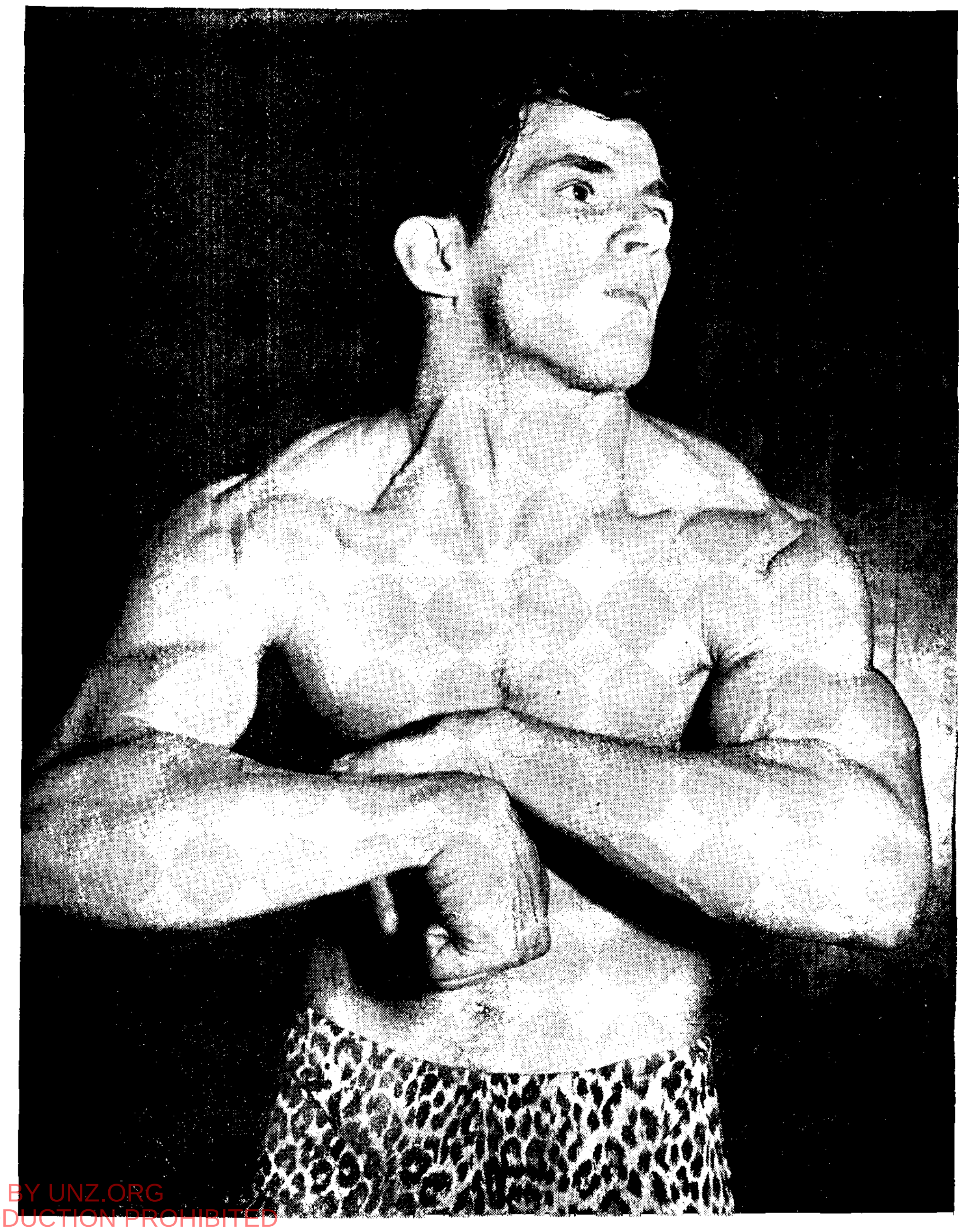
This confirms the impression that weight lifters are strong men with Gargantuan tastes but it must be reported that very few lifters grunt, although a few pray. These latter are the Egyptians. When they are about to lift, their coach stands before them intoning a prayer in a loud voice. Thus properly sustained, the lifter utters a few mysterious words, which may be either a response or a defiance of fate, snatches the bar bell and heaves it aloft with spirit.

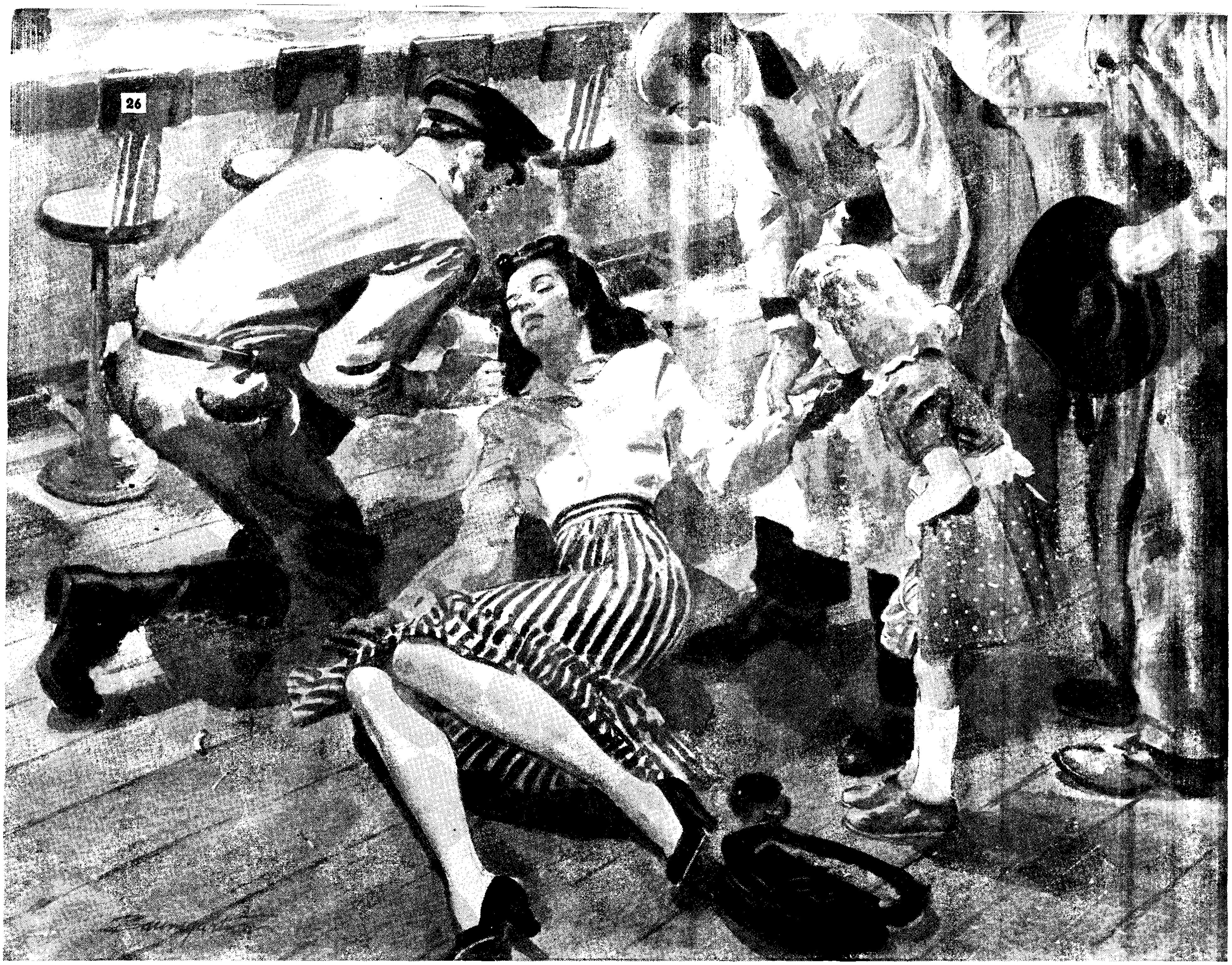
Whether religious fervor or natural talent is responsible, the Egyptians for years have been among the leaders in weight lifting. El Touni holds the world's middleweight record for the Two Hands Press at 259 pounds and the middleweight record for the Two Hand Snatch of 269 pounds. Chams has the lightweight record for the Two Hand Snatch of 256¾ and the lightweight record for the Two Hands

(Continued on page 108)



The girls don't go in much for official honors in weight lifting, but some follow it as a hobby. Above is Tania Warchuk, of Toronto, who gets a lot of fun out of heaving the bar bells. Below: Ed Jubinville, of Holyoke, Mass., bulges his muscles for best photographic effect. It's done by muscle control, and helps in best-physique competition





"You're sick, lady . . . you ought to be in a hospital," said the counterman. "Is there someone I can call for you?"

FLIGHT FROM FEAR

BY KETTI FRINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Story:

Motion-picture producer and composer Fred Steele, wrongly believing his wife to be having an affair with a young lawyer, Ritch Alvin, disappears from his ranch near Hollywood in pursuit of the lawyer. Steele is carrying a pistol.

Frantic, Lizbeth Steele, his beautiful wife, gets a message to Ritch, whom she knows only slightly. Ritch leaves his sailing sloop, where he is in the process of firing his drunken deck hand, Cullie Brandt, and drives to the Steeles' ranch.

Here Lizbeth tells him that Steele, insanely jealous, has kept Lizbeth a virtual prisoner because of a love affair she had before marrying him; Lizbeth's five-year-old daughter, Carol, is not Steele's child. Using his wife's daughter as a hostage, Steele has threatened to kill Lizbeth if she ever attempts to leave him.

Although they hardly know each other, Ritch takes Lizbeth and Carol away to escape the wrath of the producer. Ritch leaves behind him Marta Thorne, the actress he was contemplating marrying—not to mention his entire career.

With newspapers screaming about the mysterious disappearances, Ritch, Lizbeth and Carol live hidden in out-of-the-way places under various assumed names, in constant fear of the police, who believe Ritch to be implicated in the disappearance of Steele, who is still mysteriously missing. Lizbeth herself, while completely in love with Ritch, half believes that he has killed her husband.

Weary of the months spent running away like hunted things, weary of the desert chicken farm on which they are now living, Ritch writes a letter to Lizbeth telling her he wants to go back and have it out with the authorities. Lizbeth hasn't received a letter in a long time, and it is in high spirits that Ritch drives to the next town and mails it.

Conclusion

THE feeling of having decided on the only right and possible step grew in him. After he had mailed the letter at Carillo he got back into the sedan, his spirits and his hopes renewed. He turned the car about, started homeward to Lucian Valley. The night was clear and windy. Only trouble with this wind, it wasn't good for chickens. To hell with them; he was going to give them to the Catalinas anyway. *Still*, he wondered if he should turn up the thermostat tonight. It was a few minutes past nine; the farmer's weather report would be on. Thinking that, thank heavens, this was the last time, he searched the dial for it.

He did not get the weather report; he got something else.

It was a broadcast from Hollywood. They were already well into the program, and the master of ceremonies was not at the moment saying what it was, but the air was filled with a special, odd kind of crowd noise which Ritch immediately recognized. He had seen and heard it too many times not to know it: the squealing and roaring of movie fans over some celebrity. This was a movie opening; not just any movie opening, either. It was the preview of Steele's picture. Ritch had read that it was scheduled for Christmas week, then he had forgotten about it.

"Just one moment now . . ." Ritch also recognized the m.c.'s voice; a man by the name of Phelps—in Ritch's opinion a thorough-going boob. "We'll have her up here in just a moment now . . . Miss Marta Thorne. Miss Thorne, I'm ogling you! Miss Thorne!" He had a singsong delivery.

Ritch was puzzled. He couldn't

CONCLUDING THE STORY OF A WOMAN PURSUED BY JEALOUSY

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Craddock-Terry Shoe Corp., Lynchburg, Va.

think that the crowd's giddy delight was for Marta. She was popular, but not that much of a craze.

"Whoops!" said Mr. Phelps. "I see what it is; I get it now." Apparently he, too, had been puzzled. "She's stopped to speak to Van Johnson. Van is congratulating Miss Thorne and well he can! A little birdie tells me her performance in this picture— Look, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, while Van and Marta are chinning, here's Mark Farnol to tell you a little bit more about this great picture. Mr. Farnol directed Sun at Dawn. You also know him for his many other great efforts . . ." Phelps enumerated some of them.

RITCH was familiar with the scene; he could see it perfectly. The forecourt of the Carthay Circle, packed bleachers, jammed sidewalks. The spotlights. The lines of cars, pulling up, emptying, moving on. The rows of tall baskets filled with chrysanthemums, lining the long red carpet up to the entrance. Photographers darting about. The preview-goers knowing damned well how it's going to turn out; they've already seen it three times. Once at home, 16 millimeter, the other two times at parties given for friends in the projection room. But pretend it's all very exciting; the evening is filled with suspense. Will the world like it? That's the point: Will the world like it?

It'd better like it; it cost five million smackers. If they don't like it they'll have it jammed down their throats anyway—spend five million more for the jamming. Expensive gagging, but so what? This process, Ritch knew, had long since begun. You couldn't open a magazine, a newspaper, drive along a main thoroughfare, without getting stuck in the eye with it from some angle. It was what the leaders of the industry called penetration. Don't release a picture until it's penetrated every man, woman and child of moving-picture-going age in America. Sun at Dawn, SUN AT DAWN. *SUN AT DAWN*. Ritch had heard of pretty girls going about the country, wearing it on their hat bands, on their breasts, on their navels.

And still it was supposed to be artistic. Mr. Farnol, via radio, was now throwing some fine adjectives around, all the usual ones in the colossal-terrific class, and some additional ones: inspired, soul-searching, ethereal, glorious music which would live with you forever.

Mr. Farnol said he could say these things, modestly, because the picture was not really his, that it was Frederick Steele's—that genius—that impassioned creator. The picture was good, really good. "I say it myself," said Mr. Farnol.

It was the old, old phonograph record. Tell the country, by air, by print, and by beauties in the flesh, that it's good—and who dares not believe it? Tell 'em the same about books, dance teams, boxers, music, art, restaurants. Take it and like it; we say it's good: and it *is* good. We give you our word. Look what a timesaver it is. Don't waste your own precious moments going along the byways of the world, searching out your own little gems. Get hep, oafs!

Phelps was back, saying that Miss Thorne was now approaching the microphone. Ritch knew what it meant to her; he did not feel so angry about her as he did about the others; he felt sorry for her. All that mattered to Marta was that she had given up a lot to go through this hellfire. She'd given up a boy friend she could have married; she'd given up school for apprenticeship in summer theaters. She'd been in one New York flop after another.

"If I could just be good once!" she had told Ritch. "Really good, sincere, honest. . . ."

Because she knew what her life was, and faced it squarely, Ritch could sympathize. For thirteen years, trick and deceive: Try to make them think you're more beautiful than you are, more talented than you are, younger than you are. She had also told him that if she ever gave one really good performance, the crow's-feet wouldn't matter so much any more. Ritch hoped that Sun at Dawn, for her sake, was it. It would be odd that if by some strange irony Fred Steele might have accomplished some good in his life.

Had she completely forgotten about him—Ritch? He wondered. He had not thought of her for months, but now he was remembering her with only kindness and understanding. Was that more of what love did to you?

There was an instant's silence as Marta came to the microphone. Ritch thought he could hear the rustling of her gown, and her nervous breathing.

"Well, come on, Miss Thorne. Tell us something about the picture." Phelps waited. "Now, now, Marta, you and I are old friends. Pretend we've just met on the street. How are you, Marta?" Still no response. "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Thorne is nervous tonight. I can't blame her. This is the biggest picture of her career. She's looking extremely beautiful tonight, I might tell you. What's this gown made of, Marta?"

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

A star reporter pokes into the musty closet of municipal graft and discovers that the skeletons of half-forgotten crimes still have flesh on their bones—and that

POLITICS IS MURDER

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BY EDWIN LANHAM

Absurdly, it was the first word she could say: "Taffeta."

"Black taffeta—with net over it; or do you call that tulle? Anyway, it's quite something. Flesh net over black taffeta. Yum. Who'd you come here with tonight?"

"I'm alone."

"Not for long, I bet. Who's going to take you home?"

It was apparent then what was on her mind, and it was not nervousness. Her voice came emotionally straight to Ritch, as intimate and pleading as though she were sitting there in the car with him: "Ritch—come back. Ritch! I know you had nothing to do with it. Jim Parker knows. And Doris. We miss you—"

"Miss Thorne!" Phelps was panicky. These dumb actresses! Good God, at Steele's own preview; they were glorifying *him* tonight, not his murderer! Not that wife-stealer, that baby-snatcher! How indelicate of her! He talked quick and fast: Wouldn't Miss Thorne give them some little word about the picture: how long had she worked in it, what was her role, etc.? He got nowhere; he edged her away from the microphone. "Miss Thorne is just too nervous to speak. Oh, there's somebody you'll want to hear from! Harold Wilding. Mr. Wilding designed the clothes for the picture. Harold, will you come up here?"

There was a sudden piercing scream—a woman's voice from the crowd somewhere, and then a man's voice: "Catch her, somebody!"

Instantaneous confusion; murmurings and more shrieks.

"Just a minute, folks. Just a minute! I can't quite see what's happened. Miss Thorne was just stepping down off the platform. No, she didn't faint! At least, she's—Mr. Farnol! Can you tell me what's happening? Some fan frightened her, I suppose. Wait—a policeman's pushing through. Mr. Farnol, can you tell me what it is?"

"She says she saw Steele—Fred Steele—in the crowd here!"

"Now *just* a minute!" exclaimed Phelps. "Wouldn't that be something?"

Wouldn't it, thought Ritch, flaring hot. You've had him up your sleeve all this time, waiting to produce him at the right moment—preview moment; how slick of you, you bastards.

Over the air came the blast of a police whistle, and a cop's firm order, "Clear the way, people; get back, will you!"

Another voice called, "Miss Thorne's car, please! Miss Thorne's car!"

There was a motorcycle siren, then the loud-speakers at the Carthay took up the call: "Miss Thorne's car! Bring it up, please. Miss Thorne's car!"

"Hear that, folks? I don't know what it means, except Miss Thorne must be going home. She looks pretty shaken to me. Wait a minute! I'll try to have something for you—"

"Why don't you shut up?" Ritch said aloud. "Let me hear!" He expected that any moment they'd bring Steele to the microphone. Fine, dandy, let them bring him. *I'll kill you, you phony punk—putting us through all this.*

"Well, there's her limousine," Phelps observed.

Sure, hired for her by the studio. What else had they handed to her tonight—an additional big scene that wasn't in the picture? *Damn you, Marta! If you've played ball with the studio on this!* Yet he knew he was wrong: not Marta! Not even a studio! How would they dare; how would they *dare!*

The radio had become bedlam. Sirens, people calling back and forth, police shouting.

"Well, I don't know," said Phelps in complete confusion. "If I could find someone to tell us what happened. Maybe Fred Steele *is* here!" He got a cute idea. "Calling Fred Steele! Where are you, Fred? Calling Fred Steele. Mr. Stee-elle!"

At that moment the chain station cut them off the air.

RITCH left the radio on—not consciously; he was too excited to do anything consciously. He drove faster. Piano *études* filled the car the rest of the way home.

He called Lizbeth downstairs and told her about it; together they sat by the kitchen radio. They huddled there, shivering, listening for programs on which there might be news.

Ritch watched the radio, and Lizbeth watched Ritch's face. Did he believe any of all this? She couldn't tell.

"Ritch, he *might* be alive then?" Hope was high in her.

"Might be." Then he added, "More probably she only saw someone who *looked* like him."

She had to try it point-blank now. "Ritch, why can't you believe he's alive?"

"I think if Fred Steele were around, he just couldn't have stood being out of things for so long."

While Ritch was drinking a cup of coffee, Lizbeth went upstairs. When she came down a few minutes later, she was dressed.

"What are you dressed for?"

"I don't know. I just thought . . ."

He knew what she thought. Habit. Get dressed; get ready to leave.

"Not any more," he said. "Lizbeth—in that letter I wrote you tonight, I said

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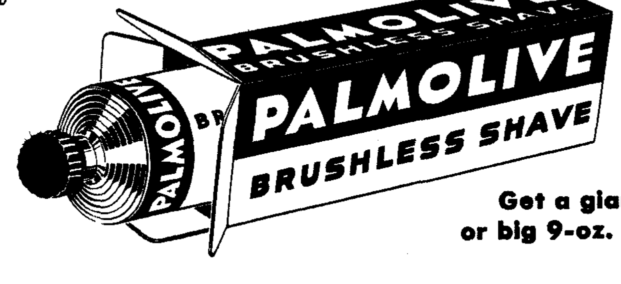

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I wanted to go back, face them, have it out. . . ."

"Oh?"

Her tone and her face shocked him. "What do you mean by that 'oh'? What are you looking at me that way for?"

"Don't be angry with me!" She stumbled toward him, sank into his arms, sobbing. "I just feel so dreadful. I lay up there waiting for you. Every time you go away from me—Ritch, I don't want to lose you!"

"You're not going to lose me. What're you talking that way for?"

Her stomach retched. She went to the kitchen sink, gagging. Nothing came up.

"You're sick!" He took hold of her firmly. "Come on now, stop worrying yourself." He sat her down in a chair, brought her a glass of water. She looked so frightened, and there was something so familiar about the fright. That day in the cabin of the Cybele—he had had to bring her water then too. He knelt beside her. "Please, Lizbeth—you've got to have faith in things. Are you frightened that Fred *is* still alive; is that it? Are you afraid of him? But of course; why hadn't he realized it before? That's what had worried her, made her act so peculiarly. He remembered Fred's threats to her. He reached his arms around her, holding her close, rocking her back and forth. "Nothing's going to happen to you. Or to me either. I promise you, I promise you!"

"No matter what it means?"

"No matter what it means. Poor little scared baby. You think Fred's going to kill you, don't you? He's not."

"Let me look into your eyes."

"I swear to you."

She felt that he was no longer hiding things from her. She could look straight down, deep down. And in this she believed him. Fred could no longer kill anyone. Ritch knew why; and only Ritch.

THEY picked it up on the ten-thirty news. The incident at the picture opening was reported. The commentator continued by saying that it was not a press agent's dream as one might think, though Fate had timed things well for the picture's opening. Marta Thorne could not possibly have seen Producer Steele. Since morning Steele's body had been lying in the morgue of the City of Los Angeles Police Department. It had been retrieved via a fisherman's net at the Fourteen Mile Reef, halfway between San Pedro and Newport. It had taken most of the day to identify the body and the clothing. There was no dental work to speak of, and the body had been mutilated—apparently by sharks; no fingerprints could be taken, but the identification seemed complete. The body had been weighted with a bag of sand such as is sometimes carried in rowboats for ballast. A bullet had been extracted. The bullet was from a .45 revolver. It had not been fired from close range—ruling out suicide. Frederick Steele had been murdered.

"And now," said the commentator, "on to more important things."

Ritch switched off the radio.

Lizbeth turned and started out.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to look at your gun."

"You don't have to look. It's a .45."

"Things look bad then, don't they?"

"Very bad."

"Let's hurry then! You promised me!" She came to him; her fingers dug into his arms. "'No matter what,' you said! Please, Ritch! We have a right to try to protect ourselves."

"But, Lizbeth, I didn't kill him!"

"I know, Ritch, I know! But anyway—please!" . . .

Delivering Mrs. Martin's letter the next noon, Mr. Bee Bee at first felt quite happy, even triumphant about it, but then he noticed that the Martin place looked closed up, and that there was a note on the gate. He got out of his car, crossed to the gate. The note was addressed to him—folded up, written on lined paper. He unfolded it, read it.

This was certainly odd; Mr. Martin had written that they were called away: Mrs. Martin's mother was ill; they didn't know when they'd return. Would Mr. Bee Bee ask the Catalinas to look after the chickens; there was still a great deal of feed, and the eggs would pay them for their trouble until the Martins got back. Then, "Thanks, and Merry Christmas"; that was all. It was signed "Richard Martin."

THERE were two odd things about it. First, "called away." What did that mean, how was it possible? The Martins had received no mail; they had no telephone. Had they received a telegram, Mr. Bee Bee would have delivered it.

The second thing which was odd about it Mr. Bee Bee didn't notice until later—not until he had stopped at the Catalinas', and had given them the message and, an hour or so after, had returned to the post office. He had to work late that night, sorting Christmas mail. He saw Mr. Martin's note to him in his coat pocket. That reminded him about the letter. He got it out of his empty mail sack, looked at it. The Martins had left no forwarding address, so he couldn't forward it, and now he saw that he couldn't return it either. Didn't people know that they should always give return addresses? It was then that something struck him: The handwriting on the envelope was exactly the same as that on the note! He compared them. He was standing there looking at the two when Miss Hanbury, on temporary Christmas duty, came in to help him for the rest of the day. He asked her about it: "Doesn't that look like the same handwriting?"

"Not to me," she said.

Mr. Bee Bee shrugged; he guessed he was wrong. Well, it was a shame; all the time the Martins had been here, to receive only one letter, and then to have it wind up in the dead-letter box. He tossed it in, forgot about it—for a few minutes.

Miss Hanbury had brought in a Barkerton newspaper. It was lying around for perhaps five minutes before Mr. Bee Bee noticed it. MOVIE MAGNATE'S BODY FOUND, said the headline, and there were some pictures. Mr. Bee Bee was not interested in the country's crime, but there was a photo on the front page which caught his eye. The woman in the photo looked like Mrs. Martin; not very much, but a little. As he read the story, and looked again at that picture, and also at some others which were there, he had a definitely sickish feeling. There was a handsome young man in a monkey suit, and it could be, very possibly, *could* be Mr. Martin's brother.

But this woman they called Mrs. Steele—and the man who they said was Ritch Alvin! The paper said that these two were wanted on suspicion of murder; that they had last been traced to San Francisco. It also went on to say that though countless reports had been turned in on the elusive trio, man, woman and child had disappeared completely.

Mr. Bee Bee again got out the letter and looked at it. Miss Hanbury saw him; she said snippily, "We've got work to do, you know, Mr. Bee Bee."

About eleven he went home. Mrs. Bee Bee was sound asleep. He crawled in beside her, gently wakened her and told her about it.

"Well, Barnum, you know your duty." Mrs. Bee Bee loved excitement.

"I'm certainly not going to do anything about it if they're *not* the people," he said edgily.

"Just because you happened to like them—"

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"I don't like them—I don't know them; they just look nice."

"Barnum, stop stalling. Have you got the letter?"

Trembling he turned on the light, brought the letter from his pocket.

"I'll read it," she said and took it from him.

"Aloud at least, Marvie!"

She glanced at the letter. "Of course they're the people—and of course they're guilty! 'Getting me down . . . have it out with them.' What do you think that means? Why should they use words like that, afraid words, if they're not afraid?"

Mr. Bee Bee grabbed the letter, read it. It was slightly confusing, but he could see what Mrs. Bee Bee meant. Still he just couldn't believe it. "Well, Marvie, sometimes people are afraid—well, fear can sometimes make you afraid!"

"You're talking riddles. Justice is justice. Why would they have been hiding if they weren't guilty?"

"Justice is blind sometimes. There's a statue about it."

"Nonsense; if they're not guilty they won't suffer."

"But look; all over the world—it's not only the guilty ones who—"

"That has nothing to do with it. You're evading what you know you must do!"

"He's so in love with her; look what he wrote here."

"Love!" she exclaimed scornfully. "The only trouble a man gets into is because of some woman."

"I guess you're right," he said miserably. He got up and went to the telephone.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnum Bradford were in church. By now everyone in the vicinity knew about the Martins, though only seven or eight people in all had ever seen them. They also knew the Bradfords' part in it; Mrs. Bee Bee wouldn't want to miss any of that! But Mr. Bee Bee didn't really mind; a prayer for the Martins, he decided, and perhaps a little one for himself, wouldn't hurt a bit.

The two detectives from Los Angeles, Ainsley and Cummings, traced the postmaster to the church, called him out. It would be in the middle of the sermon, most of the others thought unhappily; Mrs. Bee Bee, especially, had never before had to face such a weighty decision. God won out; enviously she watched her husband leave.

Ainsley and Cummings went to the post office with Mr. Bradford, who said that that's where the letter was. "I put it there this morning for safekeeping."

He unlocked the door into the small one-room building. They went in. Mr. Bradford went to a drawer, opened it. "That's odd." He frowned. "It *was* here!"

"Come on, don't stall us," said Ainsley.

"I'm not. I *thought* I put it here."

"You know what that'll get you—withholding evidence!"

"Well, maybe I—maybe I put it somewhere else." Mr. Bee Bee began looking through the full shelves and the stacked-up tables. The tiny room was jammed to the ceiling. Packages were piled in the corners. Mail, in stacks, covered every table and chair. "Maybe you'll help me look," he begged. He was quite sure they didn't believe him, but if he could just hold up things a bit. Every minute must count for the Martins!

THEY began shoving packages aside, and letters, and papers . . . paper, paper. What a mound of it! The detectives began to get a little annoyed. "Good God, this is a mess!" one of them said.

"I know it's here," said Mr. Bee Bee, ". . . somewhere." He noticed that the detectives were getting quite rough about it. "This is government property," he reminded them. "Be careful."

They pushed letters aside, threw them on the floor. They began to perspire. They got angry and mean.

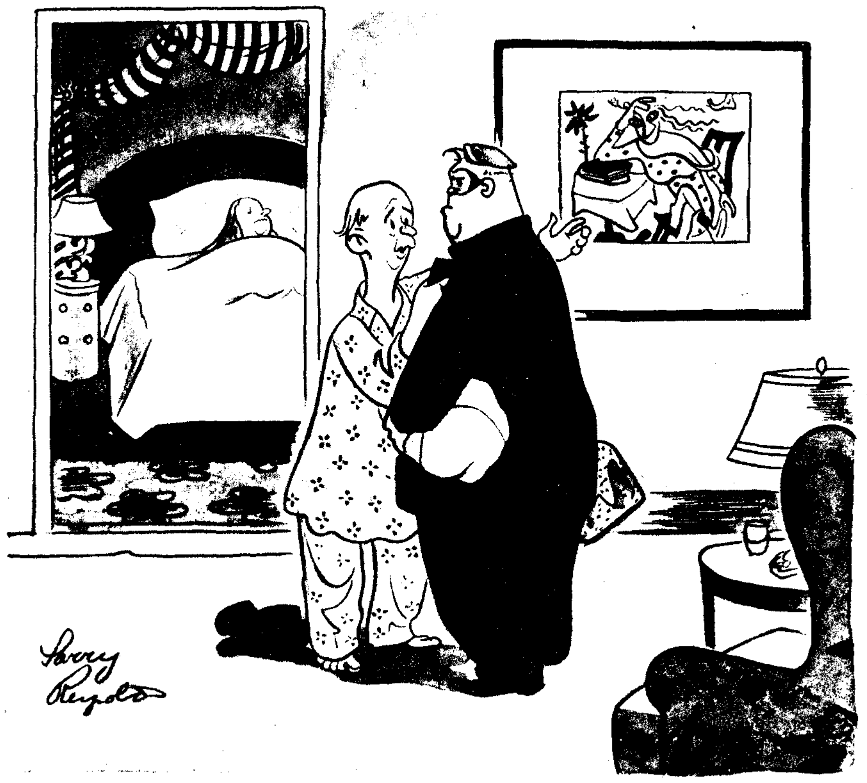
The bigger one, Ainsley, grabbed Mr. Bee Bee by the coat front. "Are you giving us a run-around?"

"No! Honest I'm not. You can see for yourself this place is such a mess and so crowded, I don't know myself where I laid it down."

They continued their search, looking through that great big pile of paper for one little letter with a woman's name on it. If Ritch Alvin could have seen it, it would have done his heart good. It was what he meant about things.

Except that he wouldn't have liked what they did later to Mr. Bee Bee. They made him drive them out to the Martin place. They broke through the door and they took fingerprints. The prints checked all right with those they carried in their brief case. Coming down the front steps afterward, Ainsley just hap-

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Surely you don't want to read in tomorrow's paper that you overlooked my wife's twelve-hundred-dollar painting?"

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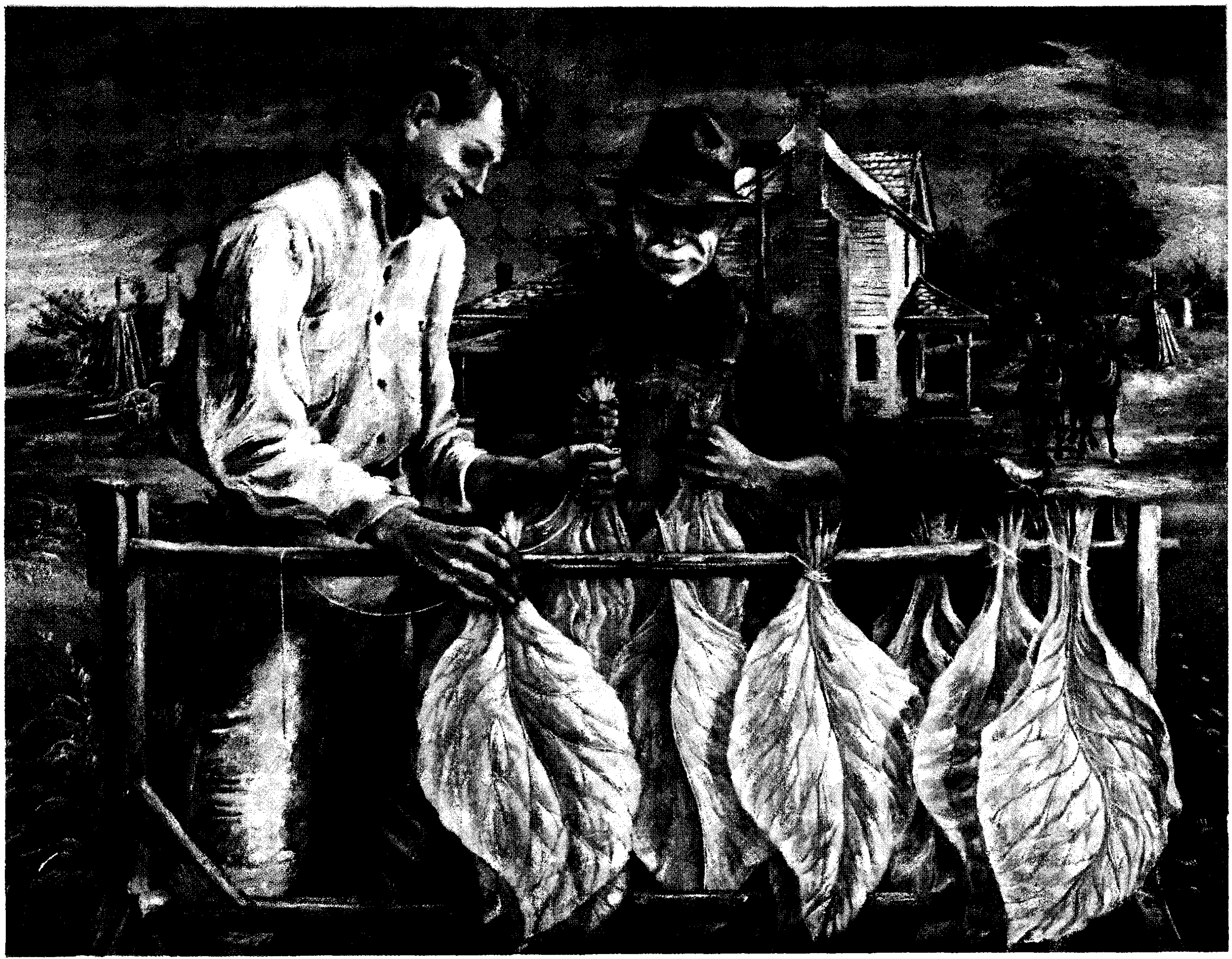

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pened to trip Mr. Bee Bee. It wasn't much, but it was a broken collarbone.

That was midafternoon. It was eleven that night before Ainsley and Cummings had followed up on the other necessary angles: Mr. Bee Bee had told them he didn't know what kind of a car the Martins had; he'd just seen some old car in the barn there. The Catalinas, when the detectives got to them, were equally indefinite. Then Ainsley and Cummings had had to check the near-by gas stations. None, for miles around, knew of the Martins. Next hope was Barkerton. They commandeered a car and drove there, armed with photos. Late in the evening they found the station where the Martins had filled up the same old Coburg sedan—no, they didn't know the license—on Friday night, shortly after midnight. It was now nearly midnight Sunday. Forty-eight hours' head start. Ainsley and Cummings phoned their home base, started the machinery turning.

At 2 A.M. Monday the Los Angeles Police Department received word that a 1937 Coburg sedan carrying three persons answering the description had crossed the New Mexico-Texas line, headed east. They had crossed late Sunday afternoon. That was fast traveling, straight through. It was obvious where they were headed. But where would they try to cross? There were lots of places. It was a long border.

RITCH, at 6 A.M. Monday, pulled off to the side of the road. "Let's look at that map again." He glanced at it in the light of the dashboard, peering hard, his eyes killing him. "That's what I thought: in another half-hour we'll be in Laredo."

"Is it a big town?"

"I was never there. It's big as far as border traffic is concerned; I know that. It gets all the tourists headed for Mexico City."

"Ritch, why don't we just try the river somewhere?"

"The way you look, we're not going to try anything that isn't easy."

"I'm all right; really. It's my turn to drive again."

"You haven't slept." He was already driving on.

"I tried. I just got hot and perspiry."

They had had all the windows closed for the last hour. It was raining. A mean winter Texas rain. It fell like a gray curtain. It kept the day from coming on time though: it was still dark; that was something.

"How're we going to get over?"

"We'll stop, get something to eat when we get there; I'll park you someplace, have a look around."

"Do they have a bridge over the border, or what?" She was talking partly for her own benefit, partly to keep Ritch awake. He was nodding dangerously.

"I don't know. I guess a bridge, unless the Rio Grande stops following us."

"What'll be there; what'll they ask us for? What kind of inspection?"

"I don't know. Going in at Laredo you enter the whole big country, Mexico proper. Maybe Mexicans have got around to caring who comes in, like the rest of the world."

"But the Mexicans won't be wanting to catch us. Only the Americans, if they know anything about us."

"Why don't you try to go to sleep? Get back there with Carol."

"I don't want to wake her."

"You don't want to miss anything."

"That's right." She said suddenly, "Ritch—it's funny; you're not scared any more."

"No, I'm not. If we make it, we make it. If we don't—" He wiped the inside of the windshield. Then a great sigh scattered his anger. He said wearily, "I don't know, Lizbeth—this won't look so good for us either."

"I'm past caring how things look. They can't look worse. I just want to get away and be quiet."

"We were away and quiet for a long time. I don't think we liked it."

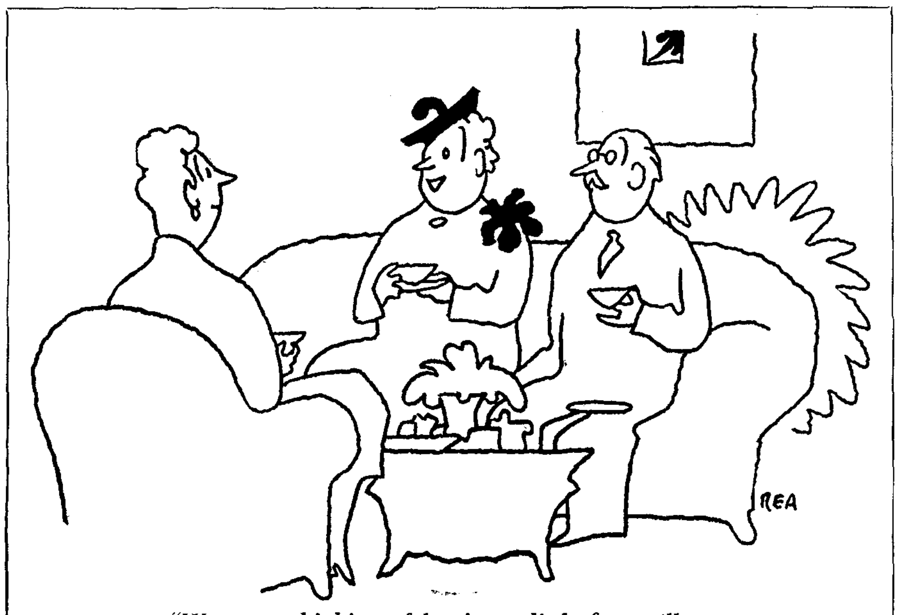
"I liked it."

He looked at her. Females were funny; so tired she could hardly see straight, practically ill, flat on her back, still she wanted to argue, go over all the past, find new angles, stir up new emotions. "Look, you talked me into trying to get out. I agreed. Let's don't talk any more about it, or I'll change my mind."

He excused himself for his disagreeableness. It was this road, the endlessness of it. His ears hummed; the ball of his foot ached from the gas pedal. And his right knee; when would that leg ever be straight again? He took the right foot off the pedal, stretched out the leg, put his left foot on the gas pedal. Brakes be damned. His left foot could get over fast enough if he had to use them.

The strain on his eyes was the worst. He'd bought some caffeine pills way back, Arizona someplace; they kept your eyes open all right, but he'd caught sight of himself in the rear-view mirror. Every nerve center around his eyes was dried and wrinkled; his eyes looked dark as mud pies. Lizbeth's didn't look much better; and that cough she'd started. The windshield on her side leaked. She kept wiping up the rain, trying to keep it off her legs. The blankets had begun to smell wet and woolly and horrible.

The trouble was she wouldn't cough outright; she kept stifling it, stuffing her handkerchief in her mouth. She did it again, just now. "Stop acting like



COLLIER'S "We were thinking of buying a little farm till we found how much it would make our food cost us" GARDNER REA

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(*In an* instant, *right in the cup*...)

You can make a cup of rich, full-bodied coffee—
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that can't keep you awake!
(*It* can't—*even though you're affected by caffein! It's 97% caffein-free!*)

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The only instant coffee that's caffein-free!

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Know how exercise gives you those red-corpuscle good looks that say "Man alive!"? The Vitalis "60-Second Workout" gives the same kind of vigorous good looks to your *hair.* Makes hair look *vital,* alive. When better-looking men are made . . . they'll thank Vitalis. First step . . .

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50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. That stimulating tingle is just a starter. Vitalis' pure vegetable oils get to work preventing dryness, supplying natural lustre to dull hair. You rout embarrassing loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair. 10 seconds to comb . . . hours to admire. On your way, Handsome!

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Product of Bristol-Myers

Camille," he said. "If you want to cough, cough." Then, unable to stand what he had said, "Lizbeth, I love you; come closer."

"I don't want you to catch it."

"Do you feel awful bad?"

"No, it's just a cold."

"Let me feel your hands."

She put her hand in his.

"Honey, you're burning up!"

"It's just this car. Don't you feel the way you get? In a coma, sort of."

"I've got to have some air in here. I'm falling asleep again."

She looked back to see if Carol was well covered. "Go ahead; roll it down."

He was too fascinated by his own sleepiness to move. His chin touched his collar, snapped up again.

Lizbeth reached in front of him, rolled down his window.

The stinging rain pelted in. His face got all shiny with the wetness. He began to sit up straighter after a moment.

"I wish you'd let me drive!"

"You watch for road signs."

She watched the road for a while, then she again looked at him. His eyes were closed. With one hand she took hold of the wheel; with the other she reached down and lifted his leg from the gas pedal. The car slowed to a stop. She managed to get the gears in neutral, pulled on the emergency. She got out of the car, ran around in front of it, to the other side, opened the door. His body collapsed as she gently pushed it; he lay along the seat, his head away from her. She got in, closed the door, and the car moved on again.

She realized that at last it was daylight; soon there would be traffic and police about. She must drive carefully, very carefully.

She was so intense that she forgot to close the window.

THEY came to the outskirts of the town called Laredo. Dingy place, dingy day; mud everywhere. She didn't want to go too far into the town. She was frightened. Ritch's tiredness frightened her most of all. Three nights and two days of driving. Suppose he just gave out on her?

She saw a run-down motel. She pulled up the car, got out and hurried through the rain up to the office. "Can we stay here a couple of hours?" she asked. "We can't go on in this rain."

"Goodness," said the woman. "You are soaked!"

"The car leaks. My husband's tired; please, can't we—"

"That's an awful cold you've got."

"I know—"

"Just seems everyone has them; it's in the weather."

The door behind them opened. Lizbeth turned. Ritch was coming in. He looked dreadful. She hadn't really had a good look at him before. Heavy beard. His eyes hardly eyes any more: great big holes. And he was cross. "What'd you come in here for?"

"This lady's going to give us a place to rest—aren't you?" Lizbeth asked the woman.

"Well, a couple people are leaving. I guess I can. The cabins aren't cleaned though yet."

"Can we eat here?"

"No; there's a place up the street. They may be open, but it's pretty early. Why don't you go up there? Meantime, I'll see what I can do."

Outside, Ritch said, "Why didn't you just take Carol in too, so she could have a good look at us; all three of us?"

"Oh now—please. They can't have heard about us way down here." They got into the car, started on. "We're all going to feel fine after we've eaten."

He pulled up at the restaurant. "Only we're not all eating. You take Carol; I'll be back for you later."

"But, Ritch—"

"Wake her up." He reached back, shook Carol. "Carol! Carol, darling. Hungry, honey? Come on. We're at a restaurant. You're going to have a good breakfast."

She was like she was nights when you woke her up and told her to go to the bathroom. Drugged, moving in her sleep. But sweet. Her very sweetest. Trustful.

Obediently she got out of the car. Lizbeth held a blanket over her, and they raced for the restaurant door. It was a small place; a short-order counter. A couple of truck drivers were in there. At the door Lizbeth turned back; she looked once again at Ritch. He disappeared in the gray morning mist.

What'll it be like, she thought, when I really say goodby to him? She couldn't stand the thought. Yet she knew it would be. Tomorrow, next day, a year from now. It was inevitable. Even in another country; what did that mean really? There was always that thing called extradition. Unless you could just disappear. But if this is what it meant to disappear—the tiredness in Ritch's eyes, the tiredness in her heart, this long endless defiant road . . . it wasn't worth it.

Coffee and food revived her a little, but the pain in her breast didn't go. That, she never expected to go. It was heartache, she thought. That was part of it, but it was something more too. When she got up to go to the door to look for Ritch, her knees buckled under her.

Later she knew that a truck driver was giving her whisky. The counterman was feeling her pulse. "You're sick, lady—ought to be in a hospital. Is there someone I can call for you?"

"No, I'm all right. Where's—where's my little girl?"

"She's here."

She saw Carol's anxious face then. "You fell, Mama!"

"I know, darling." She looked up at both men, thanking them. "It's all right; I feel better now. It's just a cold." She pushed them away, got up.

"Never saw a cold do that! You've got it bad. You'll have pneumonia if you're not careful." The counterman frowned, moved close again, peered into her eyes. She looked feverish to him, loony sort of. "Where do you live?" he asked.

Her eyes flashed past him to the window. Ritch was driving up, blowing the horn.

"Honey, take Mama's hand—so I don't fall again." She clung to Carol's hand; Carol led her toward the door.

"I'll be all right; thank you, everyone."

SHE stood for an instant in the open doorway. My, the air was wonderful; so cool and damp. The rain had let up a little, but even it felt good. She could lift her head and drink every drop of it. "Don't say anything about my falling, Carol."

"Why?"

"It was foolish of me. I only tripped anyway."

They hurried toward the car.

In the car, Carol said, "Mama tripped and fell down."

"What did you find out?" Lizbeth was asking.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

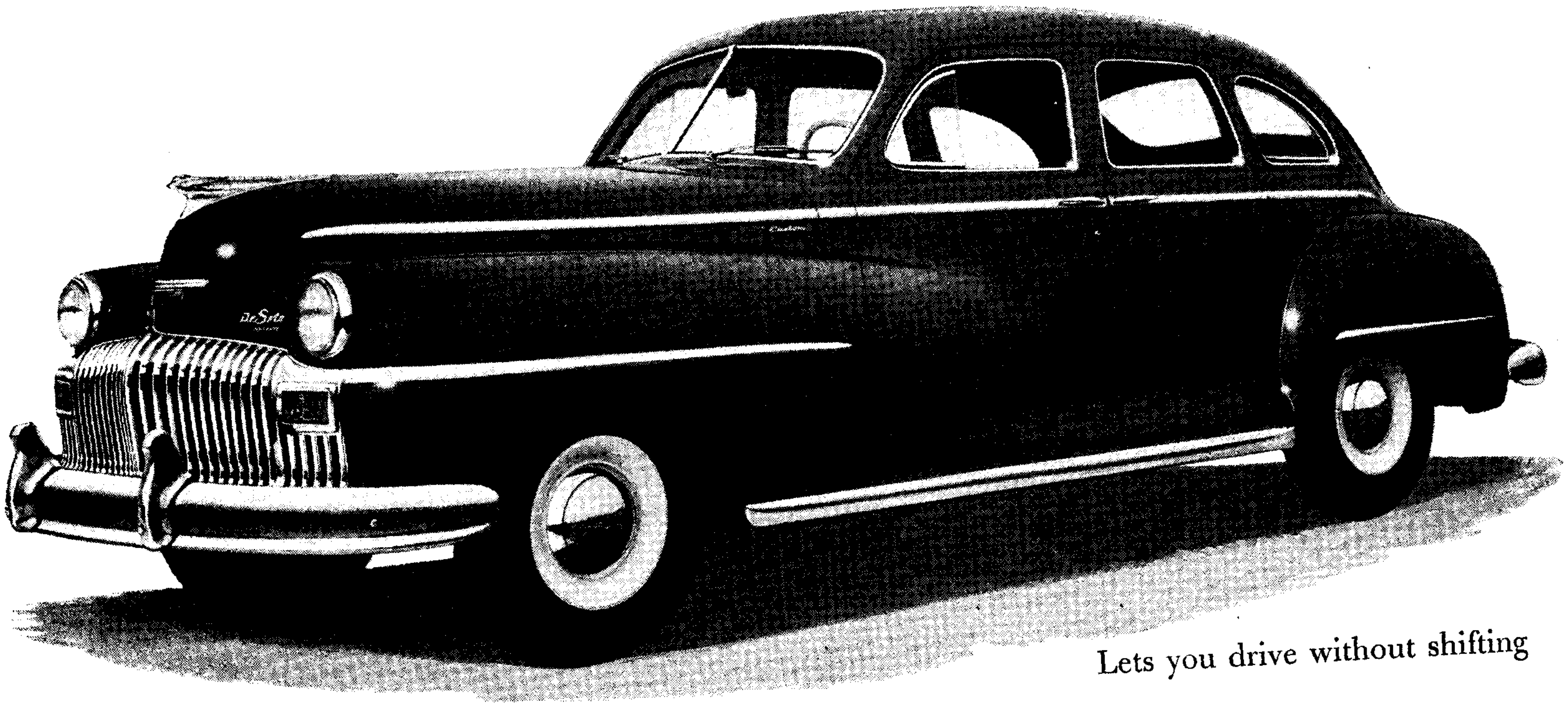
"Of course not. Did you go to the border?"

"Not too close."

"How does it look?" She kept her eyes straight ahead; that way he couldn't see her very well.

"Lots of people around, both on the American and Mexican side. Guards and immigration officers. Couldn't tell how many police. Saw one patrol car. I asked someone why so many people were on duty. Today's Christmas Eve. They expect big traffic back and forth between here and Nuevo Laredo, and Monterrey. Shoppers, Christmas visitors. So we'll be in style. Everybody's crossing. Only

DESOTO



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one trouble: we'll have to ditch this car."

"How'll we get across then?"

"I've got a line out. I answered an ad." He took a classified ad, torn from a Laredo newspaper, from his pocket, handed it to her. It read: Wanted: passengers to share expense Mexico City. New car. Lopez. Hotel Laredo.

"I called there; Mr. Lopez was mad because he wasn't up yet. I've got a date with him at noon."

Lizbeth never knew at what time Ritch left her. They had come into the cabin first, alone; a few minutes later had sneaked in Carol. Lizbeth had fallen into bed with Carol without undressing, huddling under the thin blankets, shivering. She knew by then that she was ill, but it didn't matter. What mattered was not letting Ritch know that she was. He had stretched out on the floor; that way, he said, he'd be much more likely to wake up after a few hours.

The next thing Lizbeth knew, Carol was shaking her. There was again darkness at the windows. "He's outside, Mama! In a new car; he says to hurry. There're some men with him."

Later Lizbeth realized they were men Ritch did not want to leave alone. He had sold them an idea; he didn't want them to change their minds. They were quite nice-looking: two Mexican businessmen who spoke nearly perfect English; a Mr. Lopez, middle-aged, and his brother-in-law, younger, Mr. Darego. They lived in Mexico City; had been to Dallas to buy a car; it was to be Señora Lopez' Christmas present. They were anxious to get to the capital by noon the next day. It was not the first time they had taken paying passengers. Before the war Señors Lopez and Darego had made quite a bit of money buying cars for their "family." They bought them in the States and resold them in Mexico. The share-trip passengers paid their traveling expenses. It was against the law to transport paying passengers without a license; the bus companies saw to that. For that reason Mr. Lopez and Mr. Darego were always careful to have it appear that their passengers were members of their family. To be fully protected they carried extra border permits; one belonging to Mr. Lopez' son, one to his wife, one to an old uncle and so on. They were careful, though, about whom they took. Ritch, hiding his inner trembling, had shown them his driver's license, his attorney-at-law identification, etc. He said, however, that he had no visa for Mexico, that under the circumstances he could not ask for one; for himself perhaps, but not for his "wife," who was not his wife yet. They would work out things in Mexico. There was a child involved. He said it would be worth, to him, a thousand dollars, and let them draw their own deductions. It was not the first time a man had run off with a woman to Mexico. But still it took a couple hours' talk and a few rounds of drinks. Ritch then found that a Mexican is very sentimental about Christmas—and here they were.

FIVE, five-thirty, maybe quarter of six; Lizbeth couldn't tell. She sat in the back seat, with Carol beside her; Ritch sat on the other side of Carol. Lopez drove; Darego beside him. The traffic line toward the border was packed and slow moving. The streets were still glossy, but the rain had stopped. Laredo bars were going full tilt. People hung about corners and in doorways. A Santa Claus with a Mexican accent and big drooping mustache was amusing some children. In one bar a fight was starting. In another, a girl was dancing. Lizbeth tried to concentrate; she kept slipping off and away.

"Did you sleep all right?" Ritch asked.

"Fine—I feel fine now."

"Your voice sounds so faint."

"I'm afraid to talk."

Carol spoke up, "If this is our car now, why aren't you driving it?"

"It isn't our car," Ritch told her. "Will you be quiet, honey; you're not to say a word."

"Where are they taking us?" Lizbeth asked. It was still vague to her.

"They're going to get us across. They've crossed a lot of times. They know the routine."

"Will we have to get out?"

"I don't think so."

"That's good." She didn't think she could even get to her feet again.

"They'll go through luggage though. If they start poking around the car, don't say anything." Ritch glanced at his watch. "We're coming through at a good time. Day shift probably going off, glad to get off."

"Americans?" Lizbeth asked thinly. "American police on this side?"

"Probably; mainly Mexican. See over there—that's the American immigration. Cheer up; remember Washington crossed the Delaware Christmas Eve, found the other camp cockeyed drunk."

"Not policemen though."

Though they had been talking softly, Mr. Lopez caught something in Lizbeth's voice. He glanced back. "The lady not going to get upset, give us away?"

"No, of course not."

After that Lizbeth kept quiet.

SHORTLY she was conscious that they had pulled up under a kind of shed alongside a platform. There were lights dangling on long cords. There were long tables. On some were suitcases; men were going through them.

A Mexican immigration officer with a pleasant face leaned into the car. "Oh, Lopez; you again! *Cómo le va? Cuántos* years now?"

"Three, maybe four."

"Who you got this time?"

A Texas policeman came down off the platform, looked into the car.

"My son-in-law; you remember him. And my sister-in-law and her husband, and their daughter. Here you are." He fanned out the border permits.

The American officer moved away, looked in the next car behind them.

"How much you got to declare?"

"Nothing. We got good stores in Mexico, too."

"Well, I hope you like your car. I hear these new cars don't hold up so good."

"It'll hold to get there tomorrow morning, I hope. My wife's Christmas present!"

"Okay. Go careful. Lots *zonzos* on road tonight. *Feliz Navidad!*"

"*Feliz Navidad!*"

They were across; they were free. There was very little sensation in it though. Ritch reached for Lizbeth's hand. It felt like hot limp dough. His hand moved up, touched her cheek. "Mr. Lopez, I want to stop!"

"Now?"

"My wife's sick."

"No, Ritch—no!" she breathed faintly. "Listen, we got through—now we keep going. You made us late start—"

"It's just my nerves, Ritch—please. I was so frightened."

"Monterrey's not far," Darego said. "Better town than this."

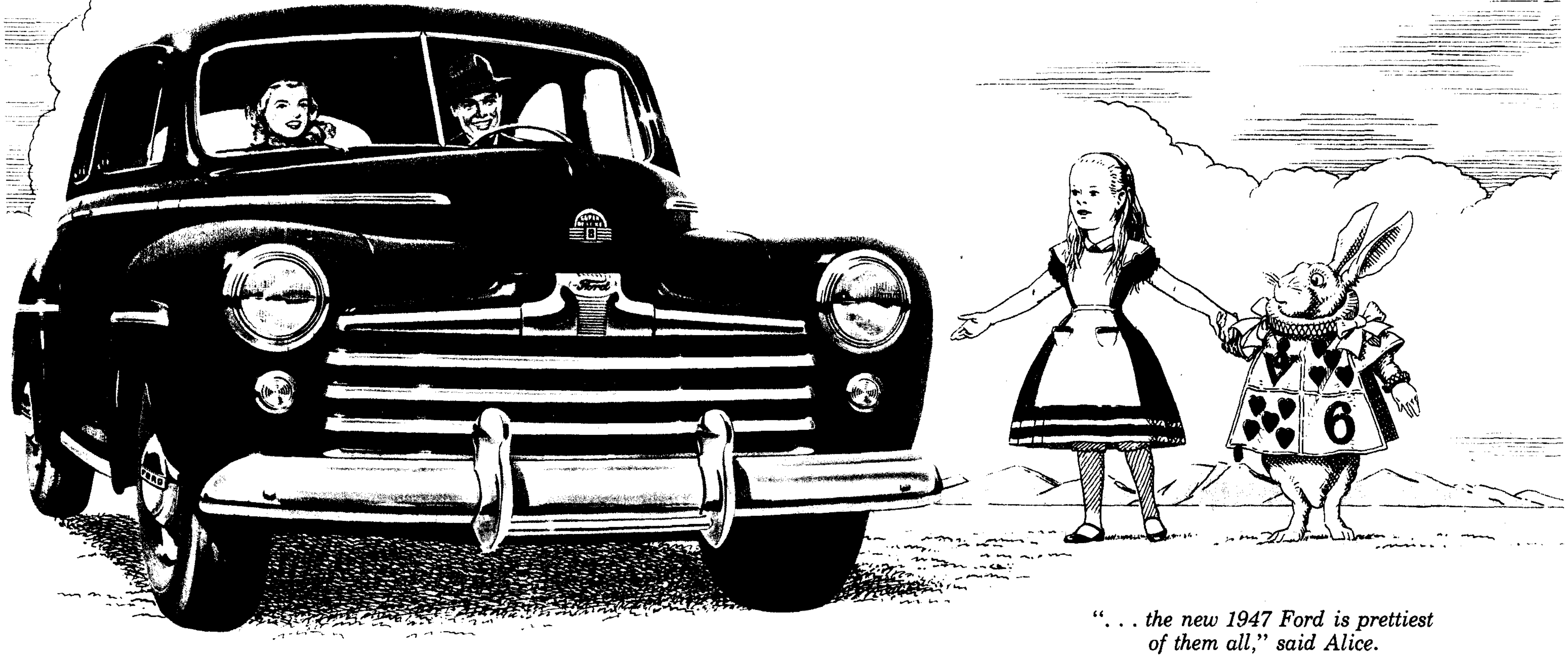
"Okay—Monterrey," Ritch agreed.

Ritch changed places with Carol and Lizbeth fell asleep finally in his arms. At times he thought her breathing had a rasping sound. He would bend very close, then decide it was only the noise of the car.

At a Monterrey hotel Ritch got out and went in. The lobby was filled with people who had just poured out of a northbound bus. They were here to eat, and to go to the rest rooms, and then to go on again. Because it was Christmas they were also here to drink.

Ritch pushed in, got to the desk, and found that they could get a room. "How long's this noise going to keep up?" he asked. The hotel seemed paper-built to

"Come with me," said Alice, "I'll show you why Ford's Out Front!"



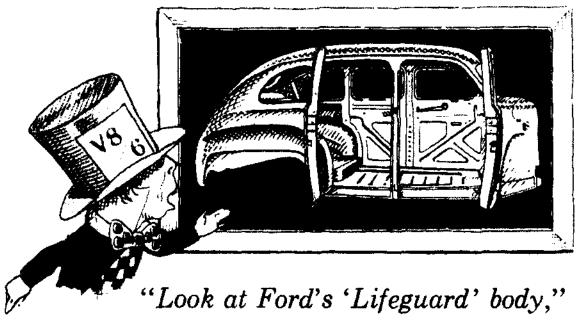
". . . *the new 1947 Ford is prettiest of them all*," *said Alice.*

"IN the first place," said Alice to the Rabbit, "you can just put your watch back in your waistcoat pocket! This isn't going to take very long!"

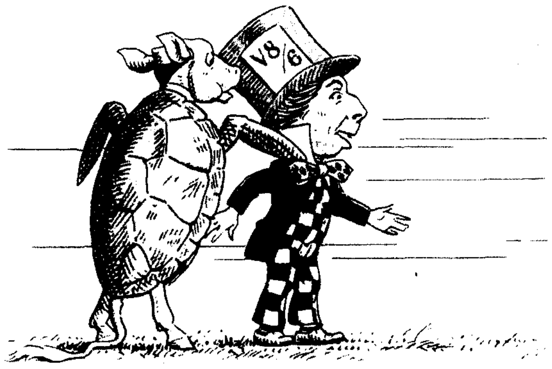
"I've heard that before," replied the Rabbit, but he put his watch back just the same.

"Now," said Alice, "Ford, you know, is the only car in the entire low-priced field with your choice of engines—either the V-8 or the Six."

"Harumph!" said the Rabbit. "Indeed!"



"*Look at Ford's 'Lifeguard' body,*" *said the Mad Hatter.* "*It's made of heavy-gauge, all-steel unit construction.*"



"*The Rabbit just loves its performance,*" *said the Mock Turtle,* "*and so do I.*"

"And," went on Alice, "if you've an eye for beauty, you'll grant the Ford is prettiest of all!"

"The Queen of Spades will agree with you," replied the Rabbit, "she is terribly fussy about beauty."

"Now we are getting somewhere," said Alice. "Even the grumpy old Mock Turtle will like its 'Lifeguard' Body—a remarkable Ford invention. And the 'King-Sized' brakes . . ."

"'King-Sized' brakes?" interrupted the Rabbit.

"Yes," said Alice, "and of course, they are oversized hydraulics and very sure to stop you."

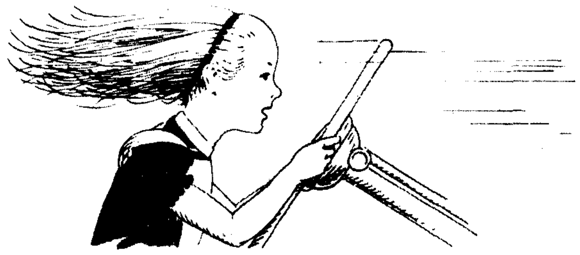
"Well," said the Rabbit, "that will make the King of Spades very happy!"

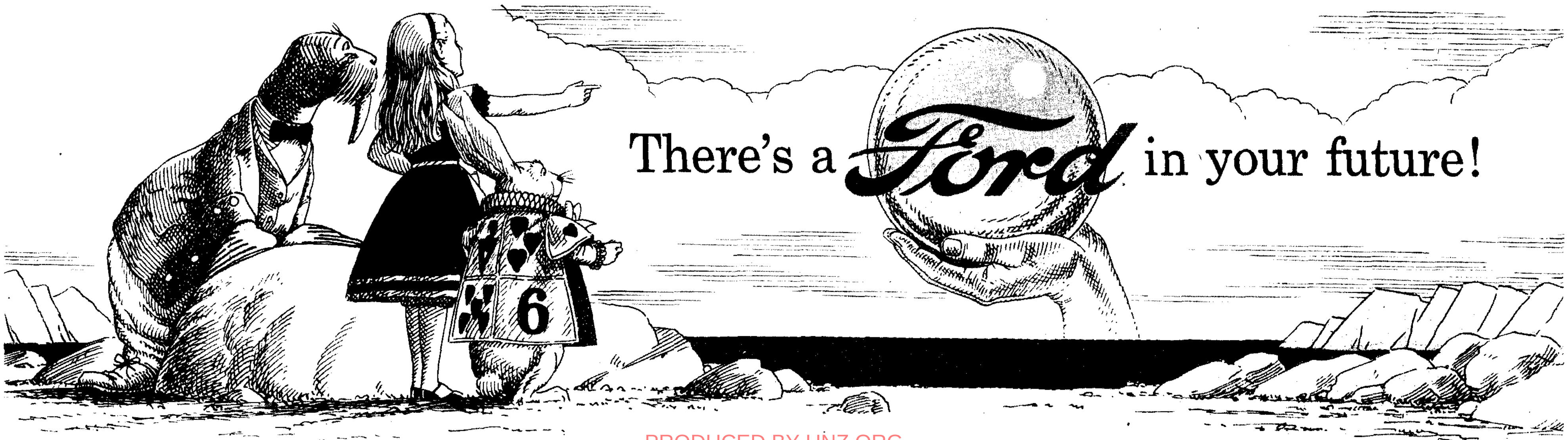
"Here is a feature which makes me think of you," said Alice. "The new Fords are as swift as Rabbits, too."

Alice looked around but the Rabbit had gone. "*That,*" said Alice, "is quite to be expected. He's gone to order the Ford in his Future!"

Listen to the Ford Show starring Dinah Shore on Columbia Network stations Wednesday evenings.

"*My,*" *said Alice,* "*the new Ford is such fun to drive!*"




There's a Ford in your future!
6

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him; it was all on one floor, around a patio. How could they possibly rest with this hubbub?

"They go after while," the clerk told him.

"Have you a doctor here?"

"Not here; I get you one though."

"Please. For my wife. You won't forget it?"

"I won't forget."

Lopez and Darego wouldn't come in, though Ritch offered to buy them a drink; he thought he should offer something. "No, thanks—we're late now." Ritch could tell they were glad to get rid of their passengers. They did not want to be seen with them any more.

LIZBETH was very quiet when they came in. The room was cold and damp. A gas heater sputtered, but it didn't help much. There were twin beds. Lizbeth sat on the edge of one and looked at the two small suitcases, which were all they had left of their belongings. The other things had been left in the Coburg, whatever Ritch had done with that. Whether he had burned it or pushed it into the river, she didn't know or care. She could not move toward a suitcase; and she could not move to help Carol. Ritch was helping Carol; he got out her nightie, helped her undress. Carol had seen a Christmas tree in the lobby and she kept talking about it. Ritch told her she could see it closer in the morning. Did Santa Claus come to Mexico too? Yes, Santa Claus came to Mexico. Ritch turned down the other twin bed, put Carol into it. She was asleep before he had tucked the covers around her.

"Now you," Ritch said to Lizbeth gently. He was heartsick, just looking at her. Her mouth was slightly open; she breathed with difficulty. He was afraid to undress her; he had the feeling that if he touched her she would crumble. "Can you raise up a little?"

She did, and he drew the bed's poor blankets out from under her. He held them at the heater, warming them, then he wrapped them around her, laid her out on the bed. He was deeply scared now. He said, "I'll be back," and went out quickly.

At the desk the clerk said he had already sent someone for the doctor. He said not to worry, the doctor would be here.

"I'll find him myself if you'll tell me where he is."

"On Christmas? Who knows? The boy went to look for him."

"I've got to have some help. She can't breathe!"

"The doctor be here. Soon as doctor comes—"

"She may be dying!" said Ritch hollowly. It was the first time he had dared think such a thing.

"Maybe Lupe help you. Over there; the fat one."

The fat one was having troubles of her own with the bus crowd: Everyone wanted to be served at once. But Ritch's panic made some impression on her. She took him to the kitchen, found him a copper teakettle, an alcohol stove, and some eucalyptus oil. She told him that that was all she could do; she was sorry.

Ritch went back to Lizbeth. She looked up at him with feverish eyes.

He got the kettle fixed beside her. After a while she was breathing more easily. Her eyes thanked him. He sat there beside her; there was no use trying to talk to her. The noise from across the patio was unbearable. Drunken laughter and shrill chatter. Periodically there was a guitar and someone singing. Wild, lusty, wonderful songs which were frightening, because life was in the songs, and there was so little of it in this room.

Lizbeth was conscious that Ritch went out several times; each time he came back he looked more anxious, more angry. She could see him sitting there, his eyes hollow. They had been such clear good eyes once, so calm, so unafraid. Fear was a horrible thing to look at. Horrible.

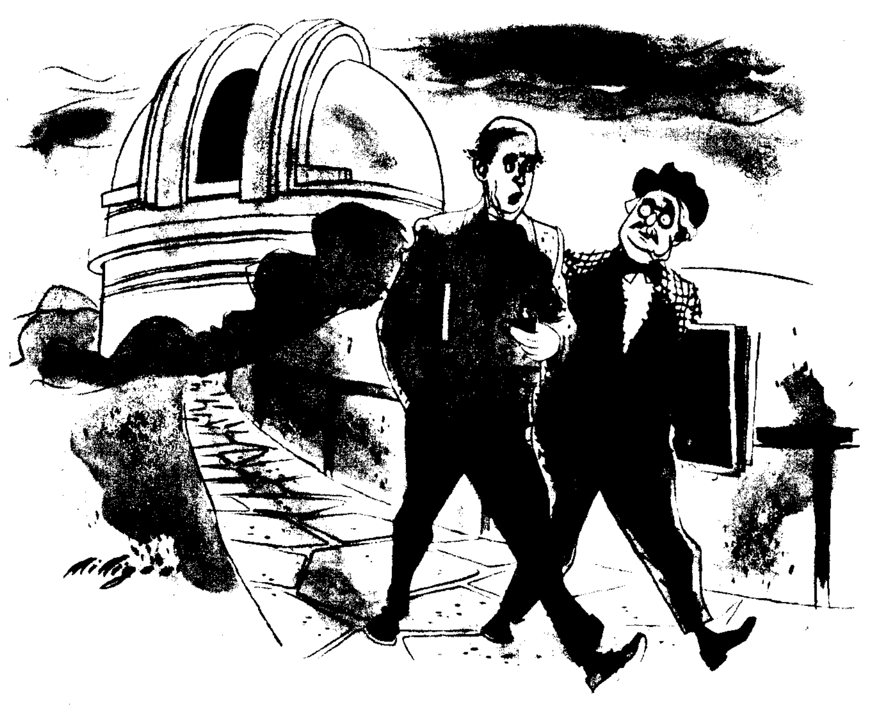
So this was the end of the road, the long, long road. Lizbeth had very few regrets. She had had Ritch; she had known what living was. She thought back. Fred had said he would kill her. Well . . .

She was very confused. She could think sometimes, and again for long moments she just lay there. She looked across now and then at Carol.

After a while she was conscious that someone else was there: A big woman, a Mexican woman. She was there, and Ritch was gone. But the woman was very restless; she kept going to the window. She came to the bed then again, leaned down, said slowly, very clearly, "Look, I send someone else. I have to go, check bills. Bus is leaving."

Lizbeth was alone then, except for the sleeping Carol, and she could think finally. It was very peaceful in the room now; there was no one there to argue with her. She felt better. She could see things now clearly, very clearly.

It took Ritch over an hour to locate



"In about 100 billion years we stand a damn' good chance of getting an asteroid right smack in the middle of Indiana"

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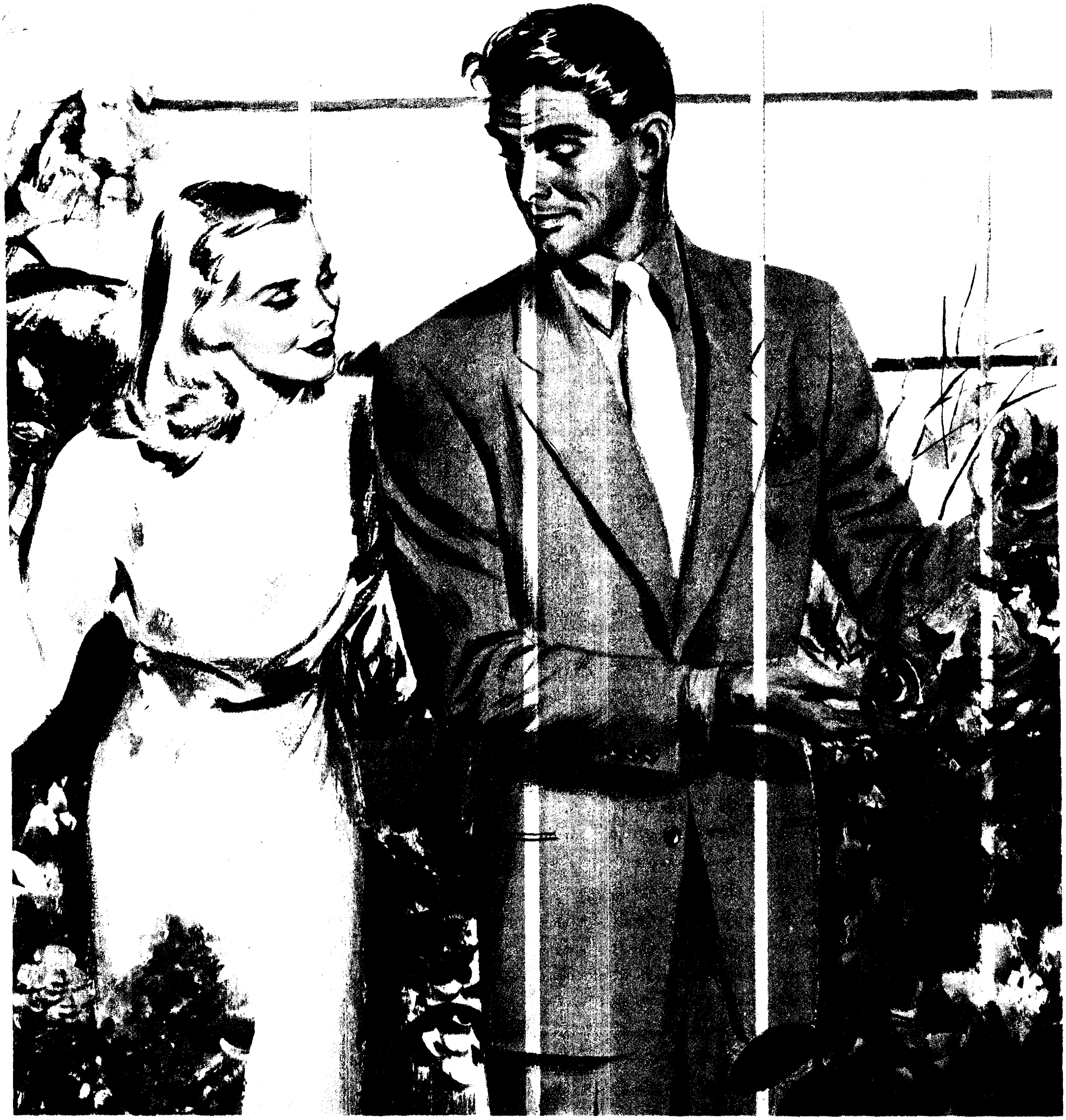

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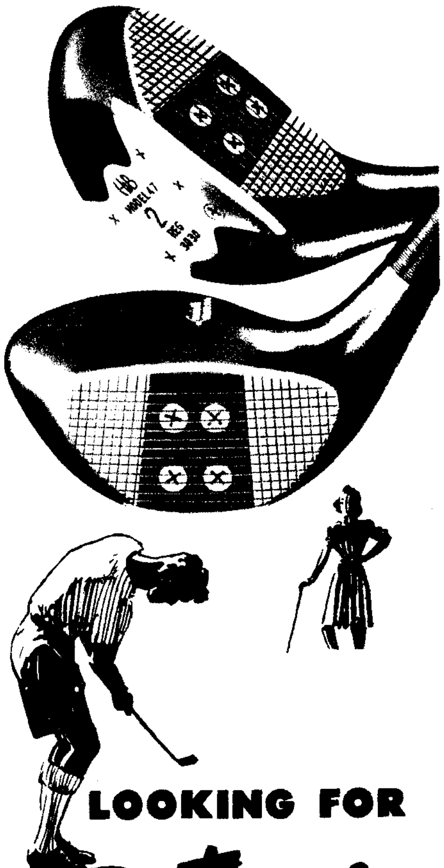

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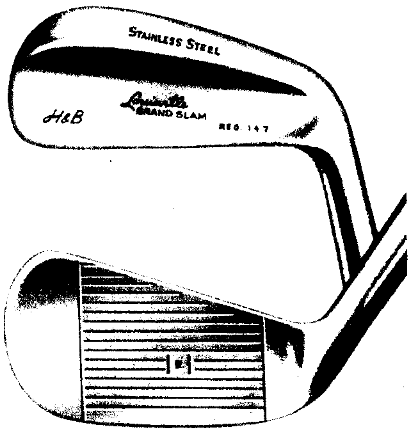

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the doctor. No one would lend him a car; he had to go on foot. It didn't seem like an hour to him, but like a night, a lifetime. He had heard church bells ringing finally, and he knew it was midnight, and that had given him the idea; he had gone to a church and there he had found a doctor. They hurried back to the hotel.

The hotel was fairly quiet in comparison to what it had been earlier. A few people were in the bar. He saw the woman Lupe behind the bar, with castanets raised in her hands. Ritch moved the doctor along even faster.

He burst into the steaming, heavily scented room. He thought at first that it was the mistiness of the air which deceived him. Carol was sleeping soundly; Lizbeth was gone.

Lizbeth knew little of the bus ride to the border. She sat close to her window, her head dropping forward. A man had tried to talk to her. A woman, sitting in front of her, had given her a scornful she's-drunk look. She was faintly conscious of the smell of oranges. The man next to her ate them, one after another. A few of the peels fell into her lap; she didn't bother to remove them. Someone at one time stuck a sombrero on her head. She left it there.

She became conscious eventually that the bus was empty and that the driver was shaking her. Then another man, in a uniform, came, and between them they carried her out. She heard their footsteps on a wooden platform. She was aware of lights. She had lost track of her little string bag, but no matter; the important thing she still clutched in her hand. She had had a vague idea that she would need it to cross the line back into the States. She felt somebody take it from her finally. It was her passport of ten years ago made out in the name of Lizbeth Faulkner.

AND now she looked out of a window. It was quite a clean window, the cleanest and neatest she had seen in a long time. It had a peculiar view though: white moving objects, or were they people?

There was a soft, faint humming in her ears. It sounded a little like the steam kettle, softer though. *S-s-s-s.* Sometimes the *S-s-s-s* got louder, faster, then she breathed even more easily.

She didn't really hurt, not any more. She was quite sure now that this was a hospital. Where? What hospital? It didn't matter. All hospitals were the same, with nice, clean windows. But why didn't she see grass, trees, houses, if this were a window and she were looking out of it? She tried to concentrate. She saw now the foot of a bed—her bed, she guessed. The window was right on her bed, in front of her. She knew then what the little *S-s-s-s* sound was: oxygen.

Where had the policeman gone? She remembered now, distantly, sending for a policeman. She had felt quite proud of herself while he was there. Stick to your story, Ritch had said.

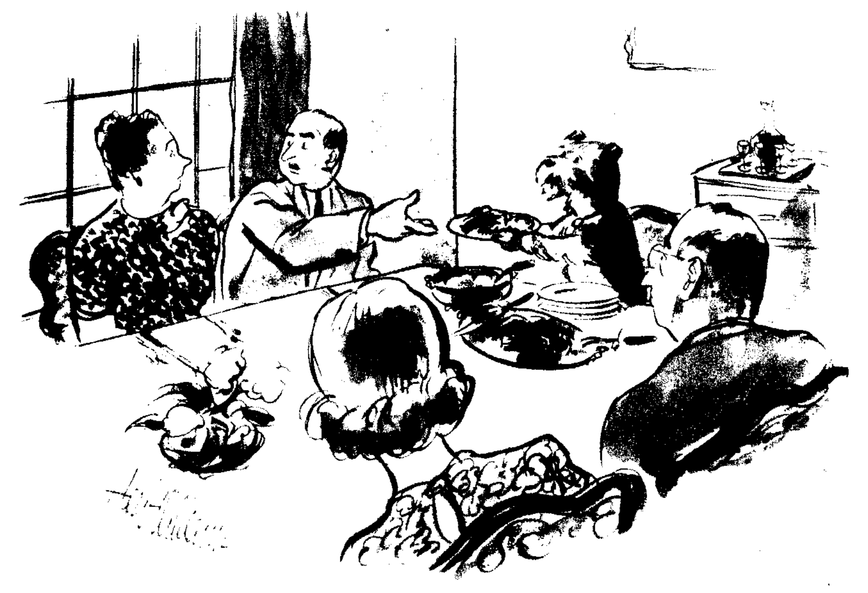
She had stuck and she had made it very simple. And the policeman kept nodding, and writing it down. *When Fred left that night I guessed where he was going. I knew the way better than he did; I got there ahead of him. I untied the Cybele's dinghy, went out. I waited in the cabin. He came aboard finally, down the gangway, holding the gun. When he saw me he said he was going to kill me but he was going to wait and kill Ritch first. The storm started and he was afraid Ritch wasn't coming. He wanted to go up on deck, look around. He made me go with him. A sail blew loose, caught him in the face. He fell back, dropped the gun. It slid across the deck. I got it first, and shot him. I slipped the body off into the rowboat he'd come out in. I rowed him out past the breakwater, tied the sandbag to him, dropped him over. I rowed back to the Cybele, let that rowboat go, got into the dinghy and went back to the landing. I got into Fred's roadster again and drove home.*

It was a pathetic story, of course, only Lizbeth didn't know that. It wouldn't have been possible for Lizbeth to drive Fred's car. Fred owned the only keys to it, and they had been found on his body.

The local policeman, unfamiliar with the case, showed no disbelief. Lizbeth had then said that she would repeat it for him. She couldn't remember whether she had repeated it, or whether they had given her something then.

Ritch would be free now. He could go on and do all the things he was always talking about doing.

Ritch and Carol. Why hadn't she known, in the beginning, that that was the way it should be? She had gone to Ritch Alvin *so that he might find someone to* bring up her Carol. She should have known right that instant; he was the one.



"It was an unfortunate experiment of mine. He refuses to be unhypnotized"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

She was thinking of him so hard that she could almost see him. She could see Carol beside him, and it was good. If that window weren't there, she could almost reach out and touch them. There was another face she saw, very solemn, standing beside her. After a while the face seemed to relent and shrug. As though it didn't matter; nothing mattered any more. Then the window was removed and she was in Ritch's arms. For the last time.

"Will the defendant please rise?"

Ritch stood up. His eyes were not on the judge, not on the jury, not on Jim Parker, his defender. They looked back toward the doors into the courtroom. Those doors were closed; there were no more seats; the room was packed.

Marta thought Ritch was looking at her, and she smiled bravely.

He did not see her. He did not see Mrs. Mary Faulkner Collier King, beside Marta. He never liked to look at Mrs. King. She looked too much like her daughter. Not a great deal, but enough so that it was impossible to look at her.

His eyes looked right past Doris Cort, who, with her husband, was sitting there, crying quietly.

Willie Wong, Ritch's Chinese boy, rapidly told his beads.

Jerry wished Mr. Alvin would look at him once, and in his look forgive him. Mrs. Jerry kept her head bowed. Miss Dearborn got up quickly and staggered out, sobbing.

The sobbing cut sharply through the court and held them all waiting. Pressmen were impatient, anxious for the gun which would sprint them toward their phones. It no longer mattered to them, either way. It had been a full month's feeding of the mill. Good feeding, fat. The case was screwy; there were too many loopholes in it. But it had come to trial, and it was a case, and now twelve tried and true were to say. What they had to say depended on what they had eaten, their reaction to the color of a man's tie, the sound of his voice, whether it was too hot for them, or too cold, how much they were wearied by the damn' thing, and whether anything waited for them outside. They had been in the jury room forty-eight hours. That in itself was a kind of inquisition. A man was not responsible for what he said under pressure, but these men would say and be. Yes or no, black or white, friend or foe, innocent or guilty, death or life. Screwy thing, the law; screwy the people, the world. Twelve men shall set themselves up in judgment. Who could judge but the Lord, really? Who knew what was in a man's mind?

RITCH looked only at the doors. He saw them open for Miss Dearborn. That was what he had wanted, hoped for. There was an empty seat now in the courtroom.

When they had brought him into the court twenty minutes earlier, he had been led through a private corridor. The corridor stretched between two wings. It had windows. Ritch had looked out one window; across the court, in another window, he had seen part of the crowd of people waiting to get into Courtroom 6. He had seen a strange thing; he had seen a duffel bag slung from a shoulder. And he had seen a face which looked familiar.

On the other hand he couldn't trust his sight these days. Everywhere he looked it was filled with Lizbeth.

But this other face had persisted in coming back to him. Not the face so much, but the thinning hair, slightly curling at the neck; the dark, weathered skin above the thick dirty blond beard. The slight stoop to the shoulders; the very thick eyebrows. The reefer with its collar turned up.

"Will the jury please rise?"

He could be mistaken; the world was full of tramp seamen who carried their belongings on their backs. If Cullie Brandt were alive, Jim would have found him. They had searched for him hard enough. He was valuable to Ritch's case, in that neither the gun belonging to the Steele ranch nor Ritch's gun had ever been registered. Cullie could have identified Ritch's gun. It wouldn't have mattered much except in helping to establish Ritch's truthfulness. Jim Parker had traced Cullie to a schooner called the Orion which had spent four months in Alaskan waters and hadn't been heard from since.

But it could be Cullie. He had never seen Cullie with a beard, but it could be. The reefer was the same; the bag looked

A fine car made finer

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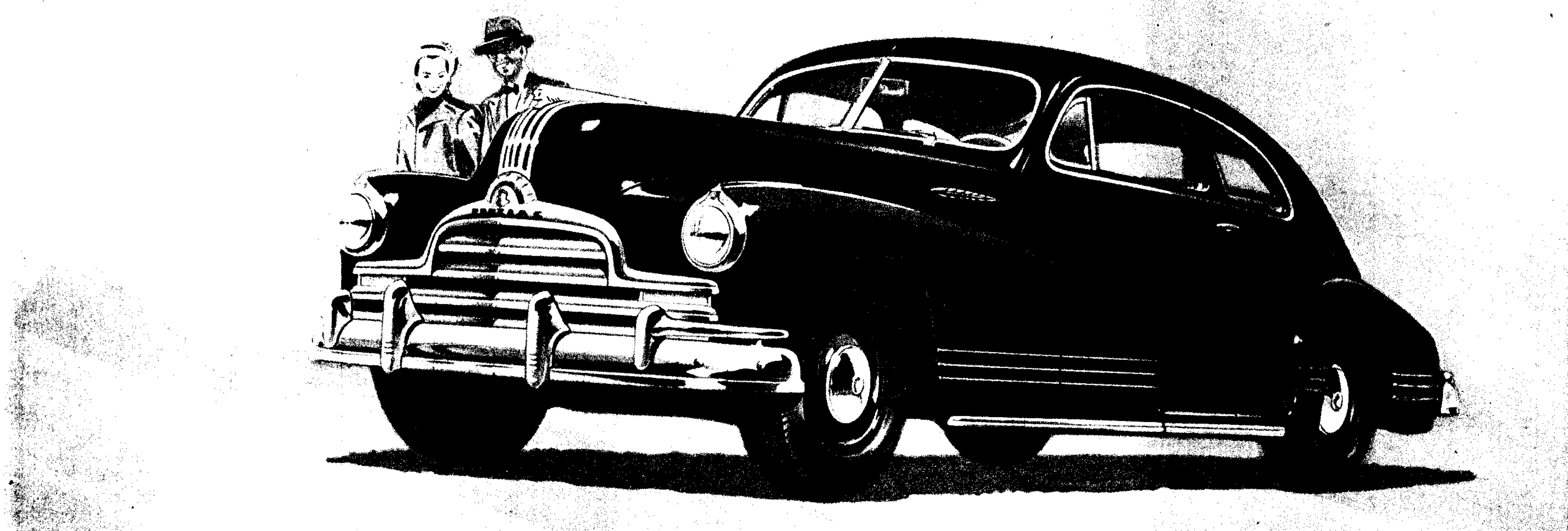

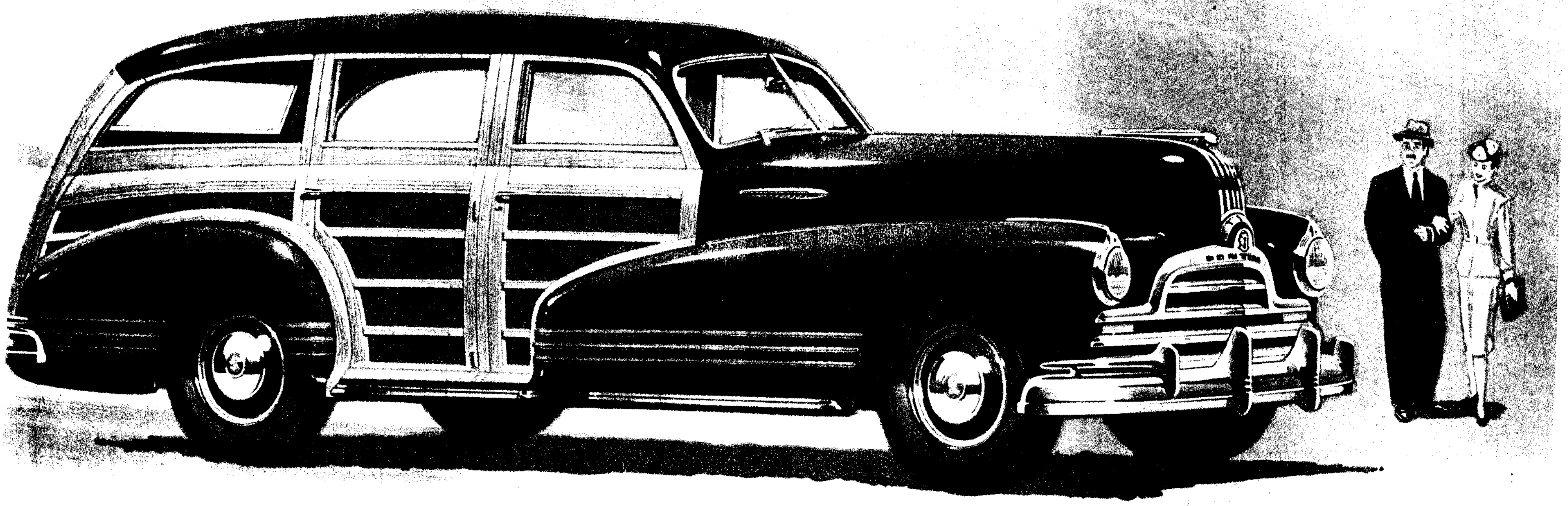

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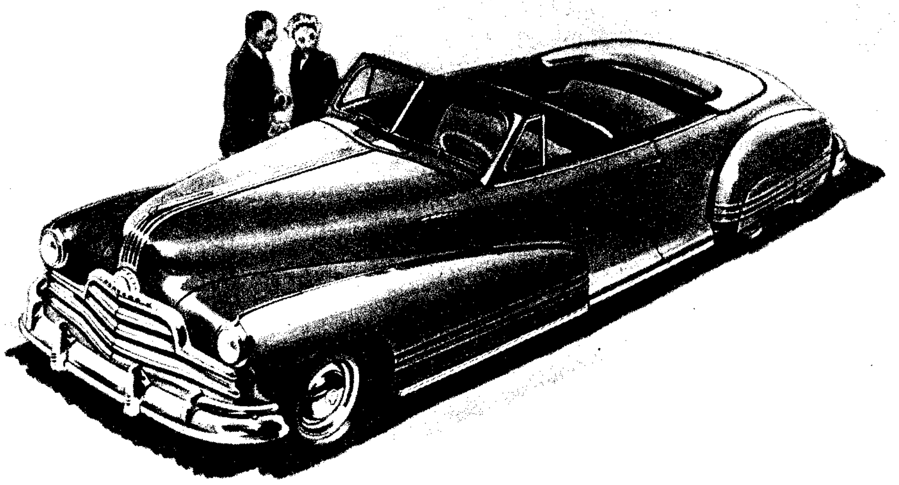


For 1947, Pontiac offers 10 beautiful body types, in two series, Torpedoes and Streamliners. Included in the line are the stunning cars shown above—the Streamliner Sedan-Coupe, the Streamliner Station Wagon and the Torpedo Convertible.

the same. And if it were Cullie, why the hell hadn't he stepped up to say so? He must have read in the papers that they were looking for him. Unless he knew something he didn't want to spill.

Ritch saw the guard at the doors start to close them again; then a man pushed in. He slipped along an aisle, then dropped into Miss Dearborn's seat.

"Are you all right?" Jim Parker whispered. "Ritch! They seem to be waiting for you to pay attention."

Slowly Ritch turned, looked toward the jury. He had missed part of it, he guessed. At least the foreman was looking toward the judge, and a voice was asking solemnly:

". . . reached a verdict in the case of the people versus Ritch Alvin?"

"We have, your honor." The foreman's voice continued. Someone asked him to speak louder. Then it blazoned through the room:

"NOT GUILTY."

IN THE scramble which followed, Ritch leaped over the rail which separated him from the main part of the room, fought his way along the aisle bulging with people. Someone patted him, another tore at him; a woman he'd never seen before kissed his sleeve.

"Let me through! Let me out!"

He was acting as though he were trying to escape; hadn't he heard the verdict? Didn't he understand? Ritch understood; he was grateful, relieved, all the things he should be—except he was not satisfied. Someone had killed Fred Steele; and someone must know who killed him. He got to the row where Miss Dearborn had been first, and then Cullie. A guard touched his arm. "Mr. Alvin, you'd better wait. Mr. Alvin!"

Ritch brushed past him into the hall. There were more people there. He pushed through them, headed toward the elevators. The doors of one were just closing; but Ritch had caught a glimpse of a gray bag. He hurried toward the stairway; two guards, confused, were after him. Had the freed man gone crazy; what was it? "Help me!" Ritch called to them. "A man with a gray duffel bag!" They chased down the stairway with him.

They got out finally to the courthouse steps. But by which entrance had their quarry disappeared? There were six in all, on two different levels. While the guards were looking around, puzzled, Ritch, too, disappeared.

Ritch came out on Main Street. It was noontime. The streets were full, but he saw, ahead of him, the gray bag again.

He began running, shouting. The man with the bag began to run.

In the middle of the street at Third and Main, Ritch caught up with him. He grabbed him from behind, yelled toward the traffic cop. The cop blew his whistle. Traffic, both ways, stopped.

"My God, Cullie," he said. "My God, what're you running away from me for?"

Then Ritch saw that it was not Cullie. The clothes were the same; the height was the same; the build was the same; one was round-shouldered from bending over a bottle; the other from a piano. The beard was dyed, and the hair. Frederick Steele!

Ritch drew back his arm to hit him. What a blow this would be. Smash the face, the skull; when he was down, kick him, grind in your heel. Then Ritch saw *that he could not hit him.* Just a bum hanging around a courthouse. A crazy bum. The eyes laughing, glazed, demoniac.

The traffic cop got there by then.

"Take him away," Ritch said.

Then a gun sprang from somewhere. Ritch felt its white heat on his arm. He heard quick footsteps and other shots. He saw the cop giving chase and then a crowd gathering around a body, trampling over a duffel bag to see. Cullie's bag; poor Cullie; he had come back that night of the storm to make *his* peace with Ritch—come back once too often.

Ritch made his way back along Main Street. It wasn't all clear to him, but it was clear enough. Steele had killed the wrong man; realizing, he had then changed clothes and identity with the dead man, had then signed on with the Orion. Had he fled in fright, or was it willful, purposeful? Did he know the hell-path he would leave? Had he planned it that way? Ritch would never know. He didn't want to know. He would not like to give Frederick Steele the further power and credit for such cleverness.

Ritch found Jim Parker's car in the courthouse parking lot. His arm hurt a little, but it wasn't too bad. First aid would fix it.

He drove out to Marta's. He *didn't go* in; he went around to the back, found Carol playing in a sandbox.

"Come on, honey, we're going for a trip."

"Is Marta coming home?"

"Soon. I'll leave a note for her."

"You've got blood on your arm!"

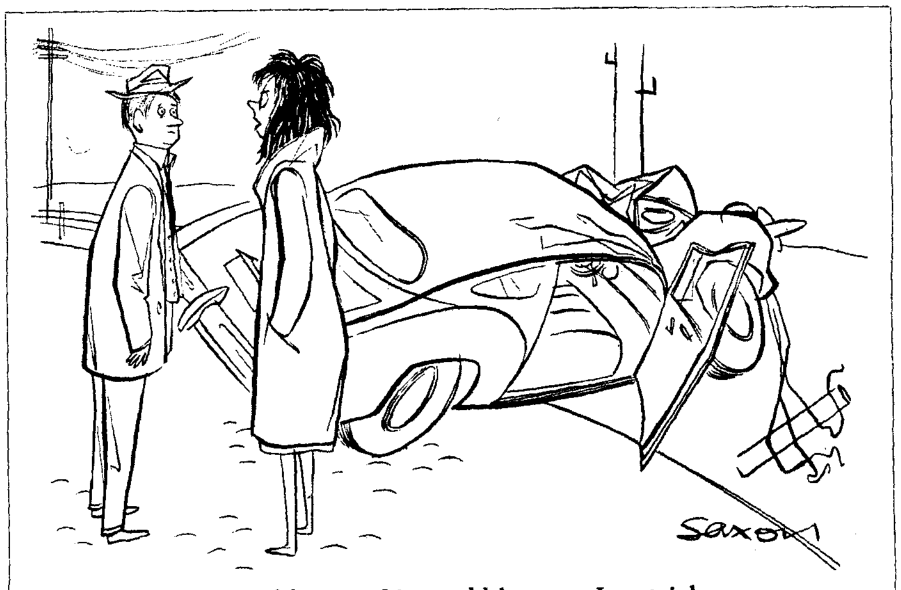
"I scratched it."

He took some paper from his pocket and wrote, "Dear Marta. For now we're going sailing, but we'll be back."

It was Carol who stood with her back up against the mast. She was smiling, her eyes glowing. This was really something; this was something! Her hair blew in the wind, and her full little skirt flapped. She turned and looked back at Ritch.

From the tiller he smiled and waved to her.

THE END



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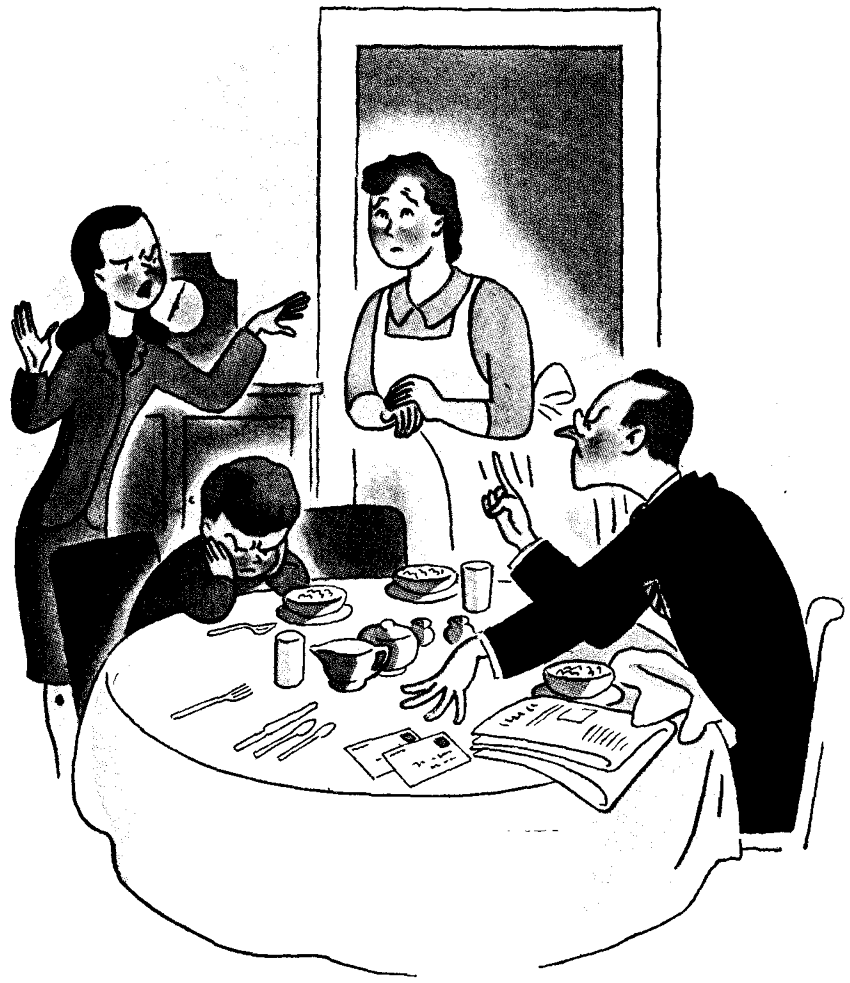
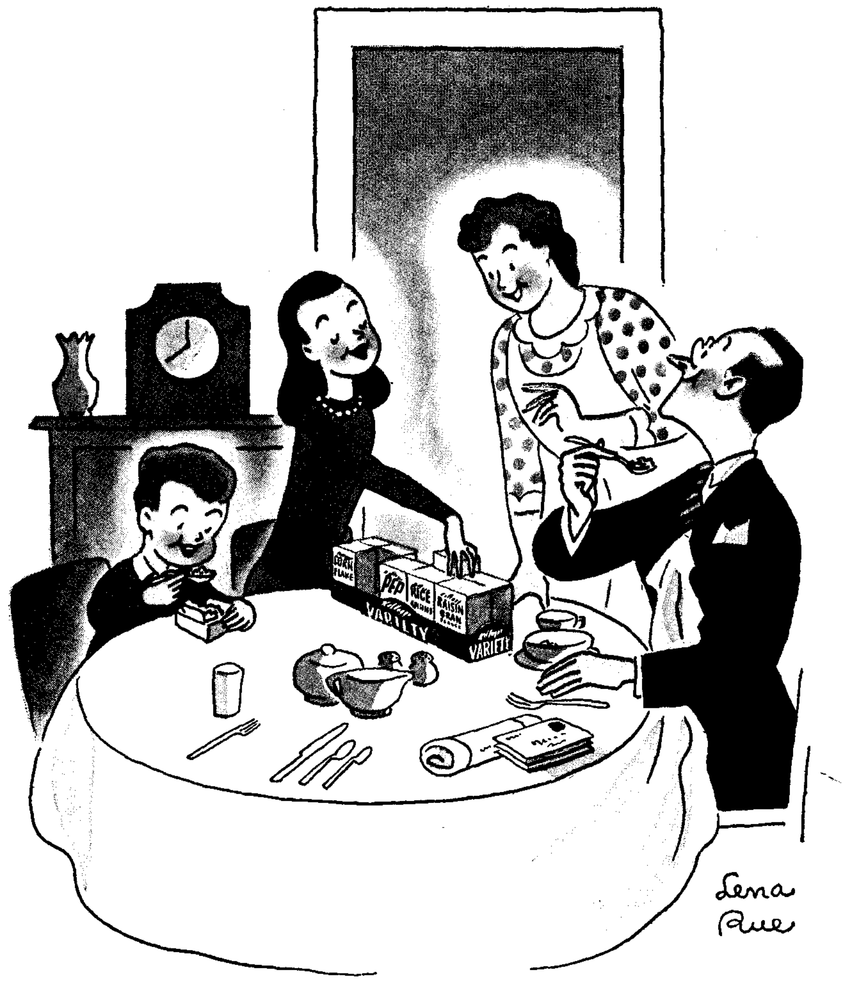


1. JUNIOR IS HOLDING OUT FOR KELLOGG'S PEP, SISTER PASSIONATELY DEMANDS KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES, WHILE POP STANDS PAT ON KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES (ATE IT WHEN HE WAS A BOY). MOTHER, GOING QUIETLY MAD TRYING TO GET A GOOD BREAKFAST INTO EVERYBODY, GETS BRIGHT IDEA—KELLOGG'S VARIETY! SO WHAT GIVES...


VARIETY
Lena Rue

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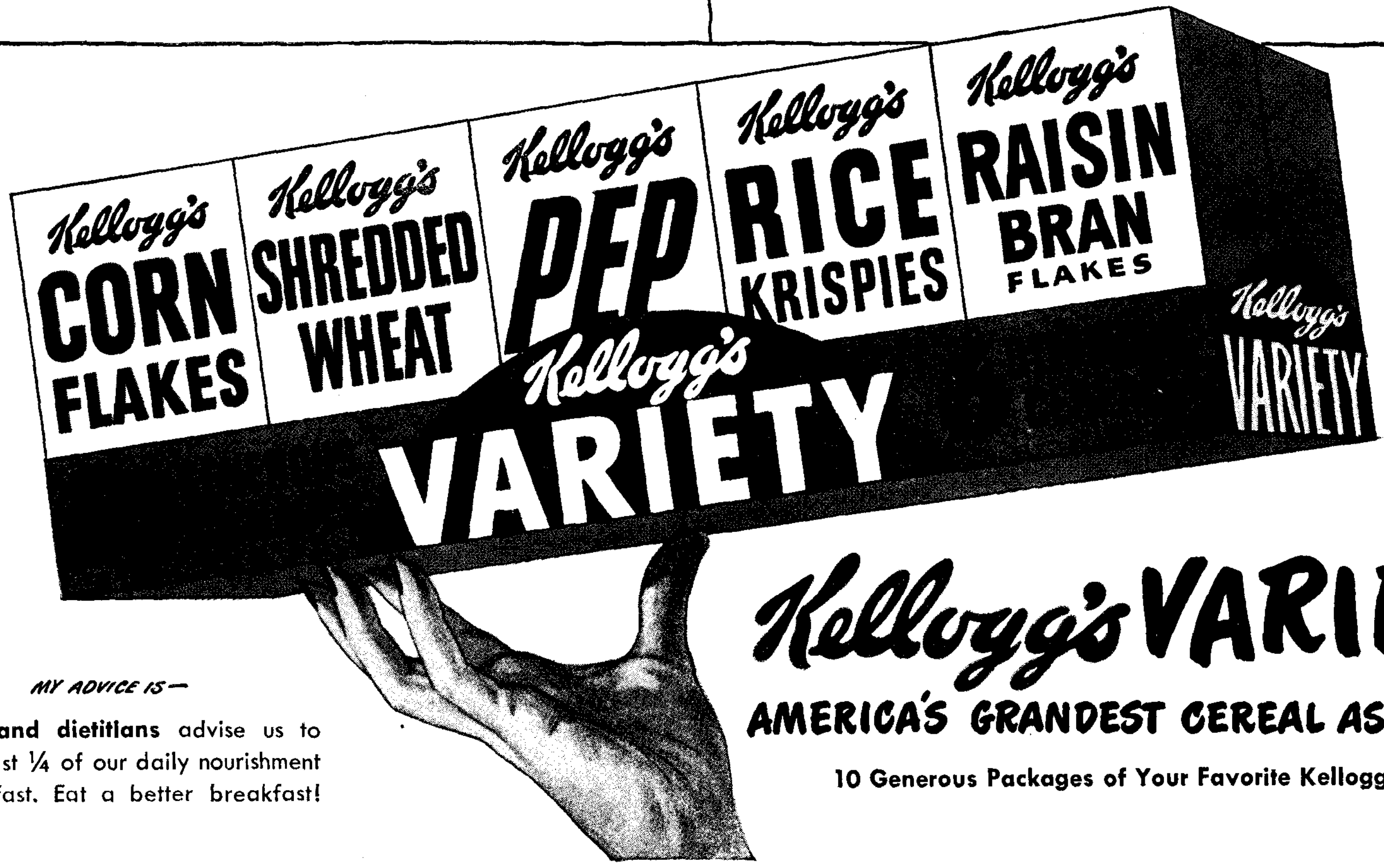
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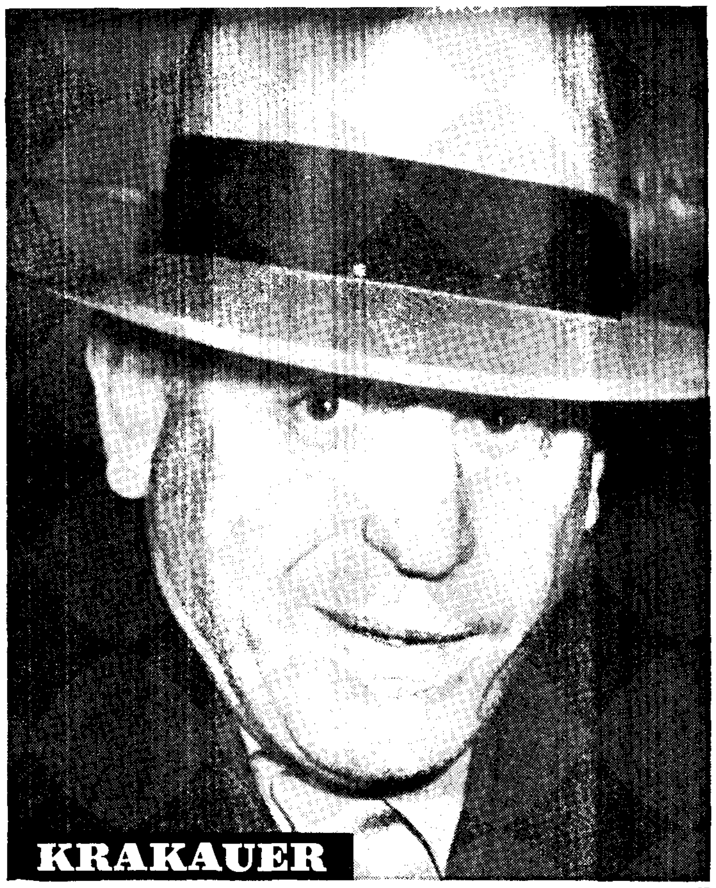
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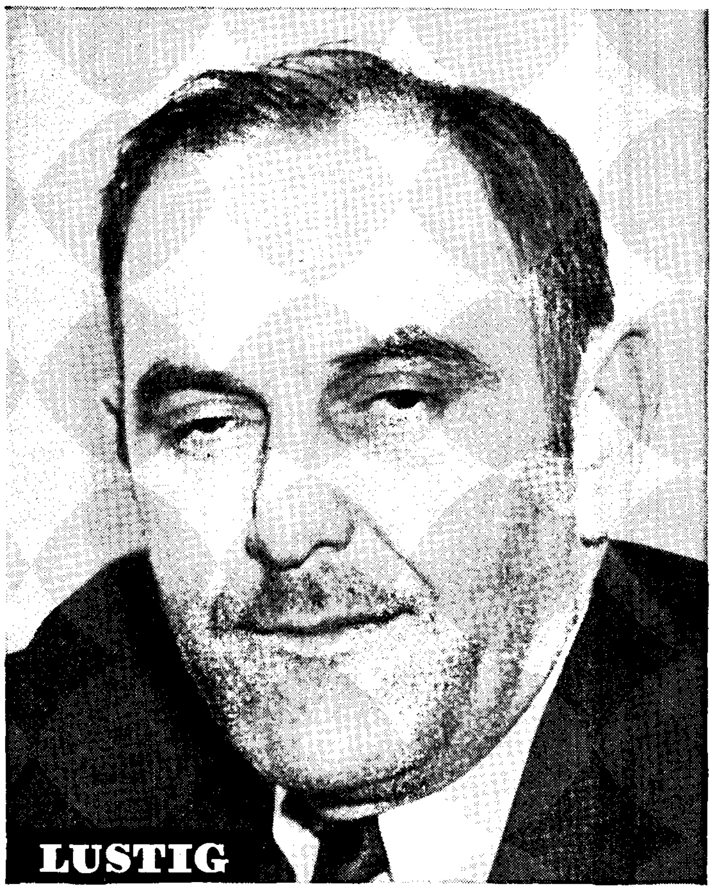
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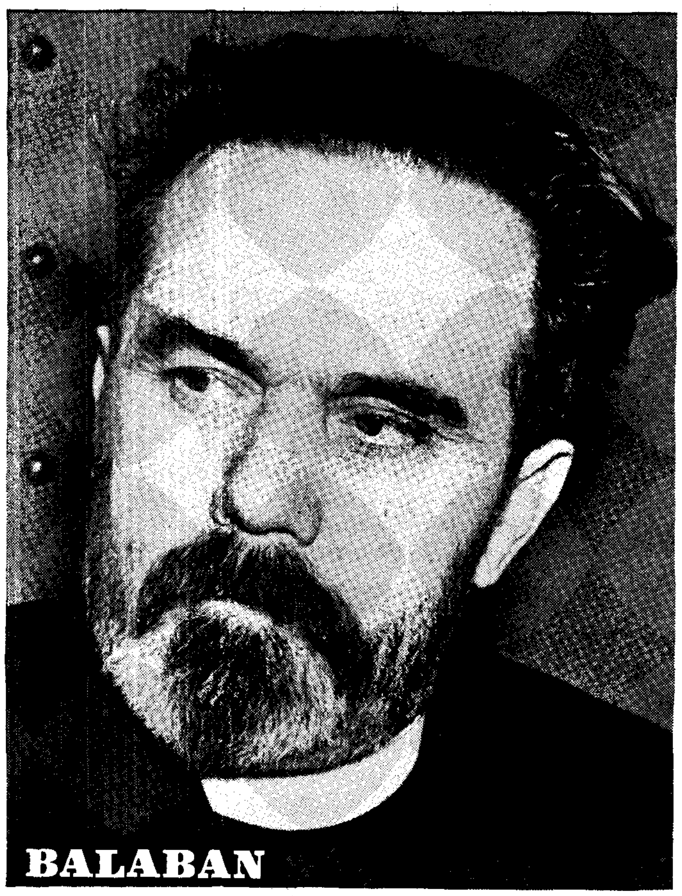
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UNDERCOVER MAN: IV

SMASHING THE PHONY-MONEY RINGS

BY FRANK J. WILSON

CHIEF, U.S. SECRET SERVICE, RETIRED

AS TOLD TO HOWARD WHITMAN

The hardest way in the world to make money is to make it, but counterfeiters won't believe it—until they are caught. The former chief of the Secret Service tells how his men tracked them down

WHEN I put Stan Phillips on a routine counterfeit case in Philadelphia I didn't expect him to get wound up in a murder. Did I say *a* murder? I should say a whole flock of murders. Because what Stan got himself into was a regular murder soufflé.

In 1938, the year after I became chief of the U.S. Secret Service, phony five-dollar bills began showing up with discouraging regularity in Philadelphia. They worked up as far north as New York and Boston. The counterfeit was a good job of engraving and printing; it had only one big flaw—the eyes in the portrait of Lincoln. If you looked closely you could see that Abe was a little cross-eyed.

I called Arnold Landvoight, the supervising agent in Philadelphia, to Washington. "Lanny," I said, "we've got trouble with counterfeits all over the country. I don't want this one to get the best of us."

"We've got only one suspect, Chief. An Italian, and he's no big shot. He's just been passing a few bills here and there," Lanny replied.

"That the same fellow we had a bead on three or four years ago?"

"No, no. That guy's name was Petrillo. Herman Petrillo."

"All right. Let's look in on Petrillo. Maybe he's got a hand in this mess," I suggested.

It was a twenty-to-one shot, one of those hunches a detective pulls out of the wild blue yonder when there's nothing down-to-earth to work on. Petrillo was Italian. And Lanny's suspect was Italian. They both worked out of Philadelphia. Maybe they were part of the same mob.

I roughed out a plan with Lanny. It involved Stan Phillips, one of the best undercover men the Secret Service ever had. He was to pose as a mug on the lam from Chicago, to seek out Petrillo and worm his way into his confidence.

Stan was a slim, sallow fellow, slow-moving and quiet. He could get a lot out of people just by hanging around and keeping his mouth shut. Within a couple of weeks he was having beers with Herman Petrillo in the underworld dives, and Philadelphia hoodlums were viewing him with professional awe.

Not to rush matters, Stan said nothing about counterfeits for several days. When he felt sure Petrillo trusted him he casually remarked, "I'm a little flush, Herman. Cleaned the boys out in a crap game. Where can I get some phonies?"

Petrillo gave out a blank look as though the sound waves had passed right by him. But Stan was not disturbed, as this is protocol for doing certain types of business in the underworld. Two days later Petrillo came up to him and abruptly announced, "I can steer you to some phonies. How much can you use?"

"Maybe a hundred bucks' worth," Stan said.

"Go 'way. My man ain't selling peanuts."

"All right. Couple hundred. But

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you got to get me a sample of the goods. I ain't buying blind."

"Sample—hell! My man's got the best merchandise on the market. He's got an engraver like Michelangelo."

Petrillo stopped talking and gave Stan a hard look.

"You know, Butch," he said, "you are a smart cookie. Maybe I got another proposition I could work you in on."

"Spill it," said Stan, blowing out smoke between his teeth.

"A woman I know's got a big insurance policy on her husband. If we would bump off the husband she would appreciate it very much. I think I could get you $500."

"It's out of my line. But it sounds interesting," Stan said with a lump in his throat like a golf ball.

"All you got to do is tail this jerk home and hit him over the head with a lead pipe," Petrillo suggested.

Suggestion Impresses Petrillo

Stan wanted to stall, but he also wanted to keep the deal alive. He inched closer to Petrillo and said, "What the hell are you, a butcher? Conking a guy with a lead pipe! Why not just bop him with a sandbag? Much cleaner."

Petrillo was impressed. Strictly Chicago finesse, he must have thought to himself. Stan stalled him along for a few days, debating the merits and esthetics of various forms of homicide. In the meantime we tipped off the Philadelphia police and sent a Secret Service agent and a detective to the home of the intended victim, only to find him deathly sick. He died in a hospital a few days later.

Petrillo, at his next meeting with Stan, said, "Forget about that job, Butch. The guy's wife took care of it herself. She fed him enough arsenic to kill a bull."

Stan pretended to be piqued at losing the deal, but quickly turned to other business. "How about those phonies you were going to get me?" he inquired.

"Okay. I got to go get 'em in Newark," said Petrillo.

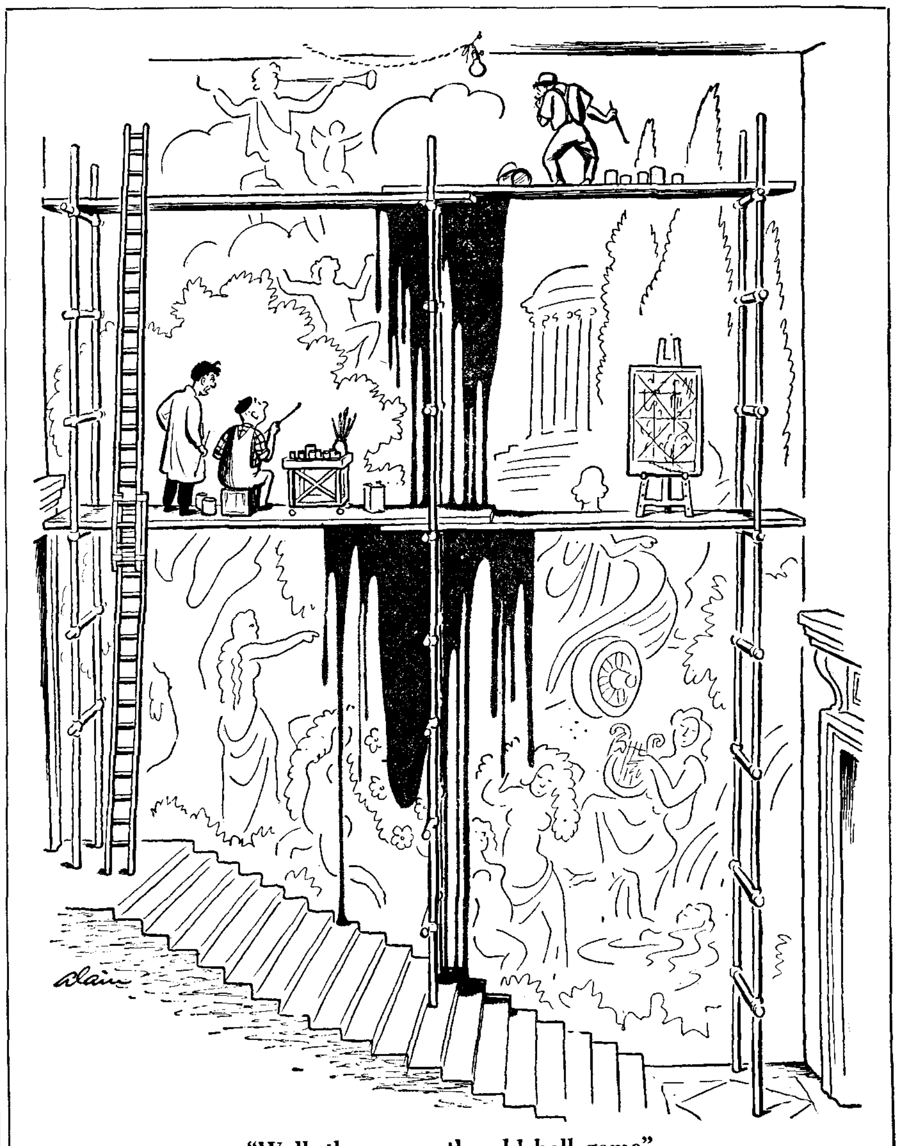
They arranged a meeting two days later at a roadside shack outside of Trenton. Stan was to pay $300. Petrillo was to give him $1,000 in counterfeit five-dollar bills.

We planted Secret Service agents in a gasoline station across from the shack, while Stan waited inside for Petrillo's arrival. Petrillo drove up on schedule. About two seconds after he handed Stan the packet of phony fives our agents converged on the scene. Petrillo took one look at their shooting irons and went along quietly.

Petrillo was a distributor, a middleman, for the counterfeiters. Later on we tracked down the plant men—the actual manufacturers—in Newark, and that was the end of the five-dollar bill with the cross-eyed Lincoln.

The end of Petrillo was something else again. He went to the electric chair as the leader of Philadelphia's notorious murder-for-insurance ring, which killed off several dozen husbands for the monetary convenience of their wives. In a setup like this, Petrillo tardily learned, you just don't farm out your killing to Stan Phillips of the Secret Service!

Counterfeiters are queer ducks. With some of them it's a disease. Like many of their fellow men, they have to make money. But we've caught coin counterfeiters making phony pennies that cost them more than a cent apiece to produce. Yet for sheer love of their work, none ever topped Arthur Bayliss and Baldwin Brill. These two master engravers were nabbed a long time ago for devoting their talents to phony one-hundred-dollar bills. They were packed off to prison in Philadelphia and shortly thereafter a new counterfeit, a phony twenty, appeared



COLLIER'S "Well, there goes the old ball game" DANIEL ALAIN

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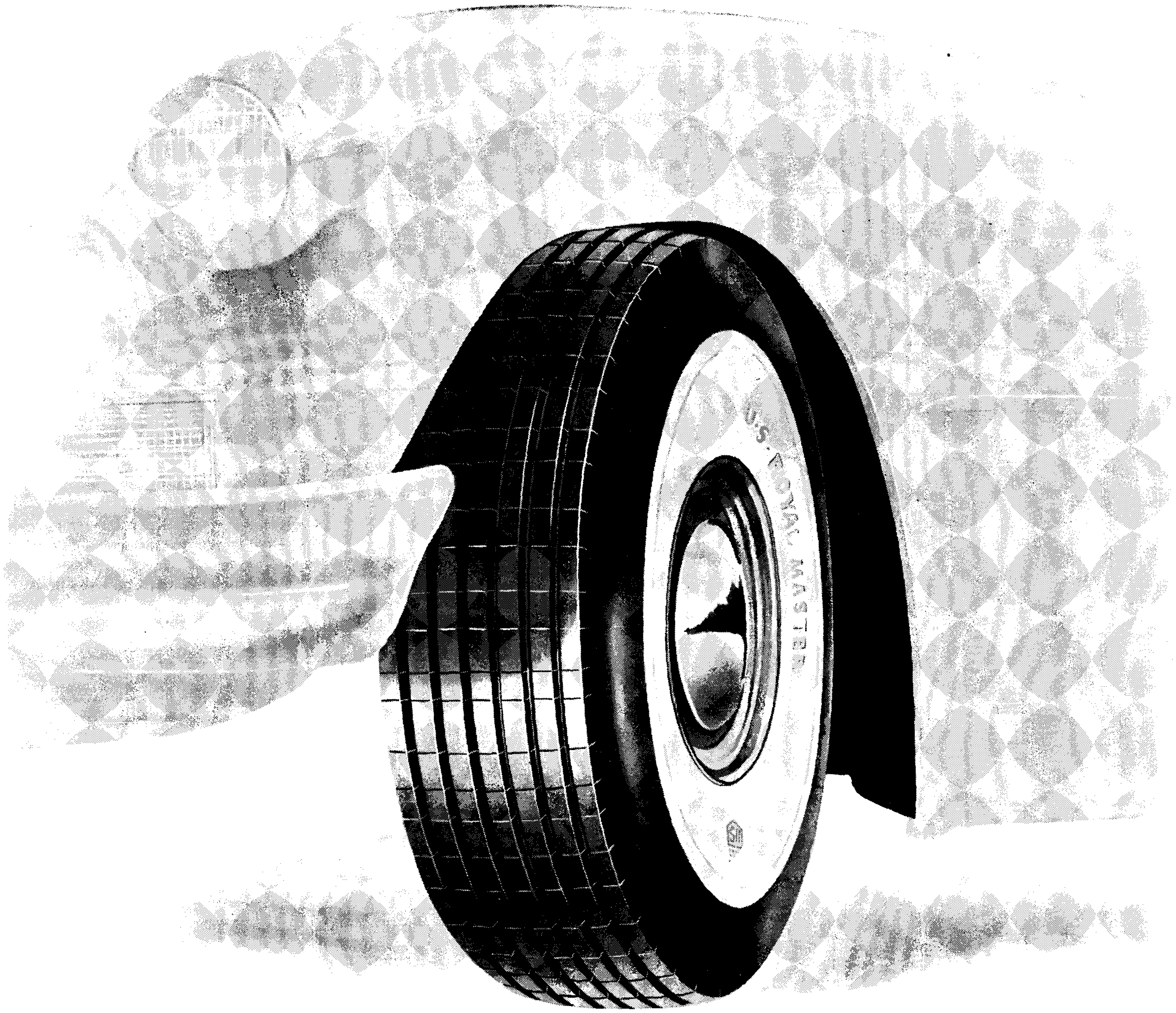

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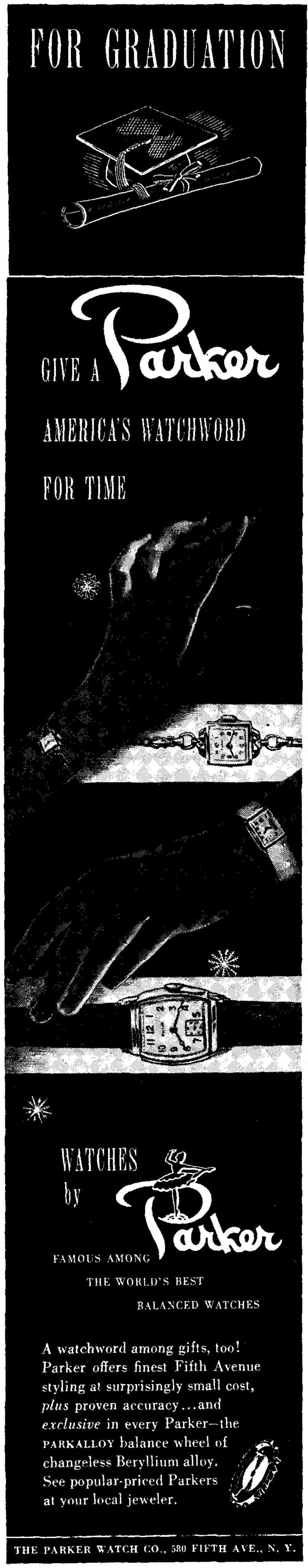
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THE PARKER WATCH CO., 580 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

with convincing traces of their style. A passer was caught, grilled, and finally admitted that Bayliss and Brill had been manufacturing the new bill right in their prison cell—engraving, printing and all!

When Bayliss and Brill again came up for trial the judge scoffed, "Utterly impossible, preposterous! No one could make counterfeits in a jail cell." Bayliss and Brill hauled themselves up righteously. Their pride wounded, they insisted on showing the judge exactly how it was done.

A strip of metal had been smuggled to them from the outside. They covered it with a sensitizing solution made of chemicals they extracted from their prison food. Then they split a good twenty-dollar bill painstakingly through the middle—through the thickness of the paper—so they came out with two tissue-thin halves, the front and back of the bill. They soaked them in oil to make them transparent, then placed them against the sensitized metal and let the strong sun from their prison window pour down upon them and burn an impression into the metal. They etched the plates with smuggled acids.

Expert chemists that they were, they then made a bleaching solution from food substances and bleached the ink off genuine one-dollar bills. This gave them government paper to print on. Each bleached dollar could be converted into a phony twenty. All they needed was a printing press.

Making Money in Prison

They sent to their colleagues on the outside the exact specifications for a printing press that would fit into a cigar box. This was carefully built and smuggled into the prison. Thereafter at night, Bayliss and Brill operated their counterfeit plant to their hearts' content.

Before the eyes of the flabbergasted judge they printed a few bills right in the courtroom, proving they were guilty but happily restoring their professional pride.

Victor Lustig, a confidence man known as the Count, put a new wrinkle in the profession by inventing and marketing a money-making machine. It was a garish gadget with flashing lights and ringing bells, capable of producing before your very eyes two ten-dollar bills for one.

The Count, with his prospective customer looking on, would insert one genuine ten-dollar bill and one blank piece of paper in the hopper. He would turn on the current, wait for the machine to get hot, and then press mysterious buttons as it flashed, clanged and buzzed. From an outlet at the bottom, the machine would belch two beautiful ten-dollar bills. These, of course, had been planted inside in advance. But it was a convincing demonstration.

Sometimes the Count would sell the entire machine at a fabulous price, then flee to another town and build a new one. Sometimes he simply agreed to manufacture a batch of money, carefully explaining to the customer that the machine could make only one duplicate for one bill. Thus, if the customer wanted $20,000 in phony money he had to bring in $10,000 in good money—with which, of course, the Count absconded.

When Secret Service agents nabbed the Count in New York he begged them to let him trim just one more sucker before going to jail. An incredible boob, he pointed out, was waiting for him in the lobby of one of the better-known hotels and it seemed a shame to let him get away. When the Count went off to Alcatraz he was still piqued at the Secret Service for making him miss that last simple swindle.

Counterfeiting, though a screwball profession, had become a big industry and a menace to our monetary system in the middle 1930s. Some $1,500,000 in phonies gushed through the channels of trade in 1936 alone. There had been a fivefold increase in a single decade. I knew that if the Secret Service didn't smash counterfeiting, and smash it fast, Americans might readily begin to lose faith in their money.

This made it embarrassing when, soon after I became chief, a flurry of counterfeiting broke out in Buffalo, New York—my own home town.

In short order I was in Buffalo looking through a magnifying glass with Agent-in-Charge Bill Karp at the counterfeit ten-dollar bill which was running wild in Buffalo and fanning out toward Rochester and Cincinnati.

It was a Federal Reserve note, a mighty good job. We had to look closely to see that the serial numbers were a little off color (the green was too dark) and the background of Hamilton's portrait blended too much with his head.

Karp and I planned our strategy, which particularly included a close watch of the small towns near by—Batavia, Lockport, Jamestown. I returned to Washington to wait for developments. For days and weeks there wasn't a single break in the case. Then a bony-faced fellow named Virgil Reynolds was arrested in Lockport passing one of the phony tens. He had thirty-three more phonies wadded up in the hubcap of his car. Also in the car was a muddy hat and a .45-caliber gun with three chambers empty.

Reynolds confessed to the counterfeit charge immediately. He wanted to plead guilty and take the rap. "Our boy is hiding something. Keep after him," I told Karp.

When the police in Buffalo examined Reynolds' personal possessions, Karp noticed an onyx ring with the letter "T" on it and a wrist watch initialed "A. M."

"What's the idea? Those aren't your initials," he said.

"Stuff I picked up in a pawnshop in Pittsburgh," Reynolds answered glibly.

The next day a body was found in a stone quarry near Lockport. It was hatless, punctured with three bullet holes, and finally was identified as a Pennsylvania character named Anthony Massaro.

Confessing a Murder

Without mentioning the finding of the body, Karp and Agent Eddie Manning had a little discussion with Reynolds. He admitted having a side-kick named Massaro but said he last saw him boarding a bus at Lockport, bound for Niagara Falls.

"That 'A. M.' on your wrist watch. Somebody might think that stood for Anthony Massaro," Karp casually remarked.

"Oh, that's just a coincidence. I got that watch years ago," Reynolds said.

"Did you ever call Anthony 'Tony'?" Manning inquired.

"Oh, sure."

"Then I'll tell you another coincidence," Manning went on. "That 'T' on your onyx ring could stand for Tony."

Reynolds swallowed hard.

"Did you see him get on the bus?" Karp continued.

"Sure."

"How come his muddy hat was found in your car?"

Reynolds froze. "I ain't talking to you cops," he sputtered.

The boys brought him in a meal of T-bone steak. When he had mopped his plate clean he said, "Give me a cigarette. Let me think a few minutes." As he ground the butt out he said, "I might as well give you guys the whole story. You probably know it all anyway.

"Sure, I killed him. But I killed him in self-defense. He propositioned me to go to Youngstown and get some counterfeits. I put up the money. We passed some in Erie and a couple of other towns. Then we got to Lockport. Tony began

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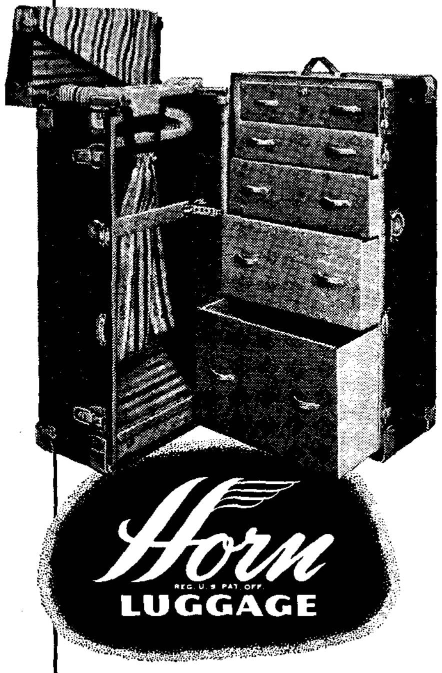
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BOBBY JONES
was a consistent winner, four times U. S. National Open Champ; three times Open Champion of Great Britain.
HE HAD THE "EDGE"!

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PAL
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HAS THE "EDGE" 5 ways—

1. Not just because the edges last longer
2. Not just because they shave smoother
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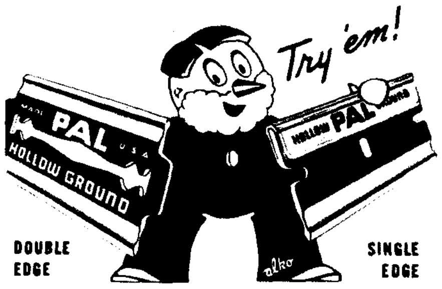
5. Not just because they're uniformly perfect

but PAL Hollow Ground has the "EDGE" in ALL 5 WAYS!



RUST-RESISTANT
4 for 10¢ 10 for 25¢ 25 for 59¢
ECONOMY SIZE 50 for $1.
AT ALL GOOD STORES
AL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES ARE MADE IN U. S. A., CANADA, GREAT
RITAIN AND SOUTH AMERICA AND ARE SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

drinking. We quarreled. I saw him reach for a gun. I let him have it."

Reynolds got a 20-year sentence for second-degree murder. The circulation of the phony ten-spot slowed down immediately and about a year afterward we cleaned out the heart of the racket in Ohio.

One of the most persistent counterfeiters I ever ran into was Alex Kerr, known as the Ice Skater. His specialty was phony half dollars. Kerr got away from us twice, once jumping bail in New York and once breaking out of jail in Florida, but each time he left us with a shiny new car, which Kerr had fitted out with a complete counterfeiting plant in the trunk compartment.

After Kerr broke out of jail in Coral Gables he seemed to vanish into thin air. I figured he was lying low and to me that meant he would fall back on the thing he liked to do best—his favorite sport, his hobby. Next to counterfeiting, Kerr had a passion for cutting figure eights on an ice pond.

Located Through Hobby

We trained some New York agents in ice skating and turned them loose. They skated at rink after rink, and finally spotted Alex Kerr cutting capers on the rink at the old World's Fair grounds in New York. Floating along backward with one leg arched high in the air and his arms outstretched like a dove, Kerr skated right into their arms and the next figure eight he saw was on his prison togs in a federal penitentiary.

Kerr's phony half dollars looked good enough to fool some of the people some of the time, but they were crude compared to the work of one *artiste* we encountered. This fellow made the most deceptive half dollar I ever saw. When we caught up with him we found his punch press so good that we moved it right into the mint in Philadelphia. It is now making genuine coins!

You never know just who might get mixed up in the counterfeit racket. Take the Defenders of Croatia case. In 1937 a bogus twenty-dollar bill began turning up in Detroit, Pittsburgh, Columbus and St. Louis. Our laboratory experts reported, "Expert workmanship. Even the paper is exactly like ours, colored silk fibers and all."

But the perfect counterfeit, like the perfect crime, never existed and never will. Sure, the paper was perfect. That's because it was U.S. Treasury paper; the counterfeiters simply bleached the ink off one-dollar bills and reprinted them into twenties. But they slipped up, as counterfeiters usually do, on the portrait in the center. They made Andrew Jackson's ear just a wee bit too long.

The first break we got came from a St. Louis store where one of these phonies had been passed.

"Why, a priest gave me that bill!" said the clerk, to our utter surprise.

He said he thought it was an Orthodox Yugoslavian priest who lived near by, one Reverend Father Sophrony Balaban. Much as we didn't like the idea, we put a tail on the priest and sure enough he led our agents to the St. Louis Union Station where he "accidentally" brushed up against a swarthy fellow who slipped him a fat, brown envelope.

The swarthy one turned out to be Nick Zrnety, an old-time counterfeiter who had been deported to Yugoslavia and tied up with a political society known as the Defenders of Croatia. To raise campaign funds he and his buddies returned to the United States and decided to float their own version of an American loan by grinding out bogus money.

Five Secret Service men raided their plant in a deserted house near Pittsburgh and caught Zrnety with his inky hands clumped around $50,000 in long-eared Jackson twenties. Father Balaban was promptly arrested in St. Louis, unfrocked and jailed along with nine others of the mob.

We used every trick in the book to nab counterfeiters but sometimes we got too smart for our own good. Down in San Antonio, Texas, in 1938, we jailed a counterfeit passer named David Werner, a tight-lipped fellow who wouldn't squeal on the dealer who was supplying him with phony tens.

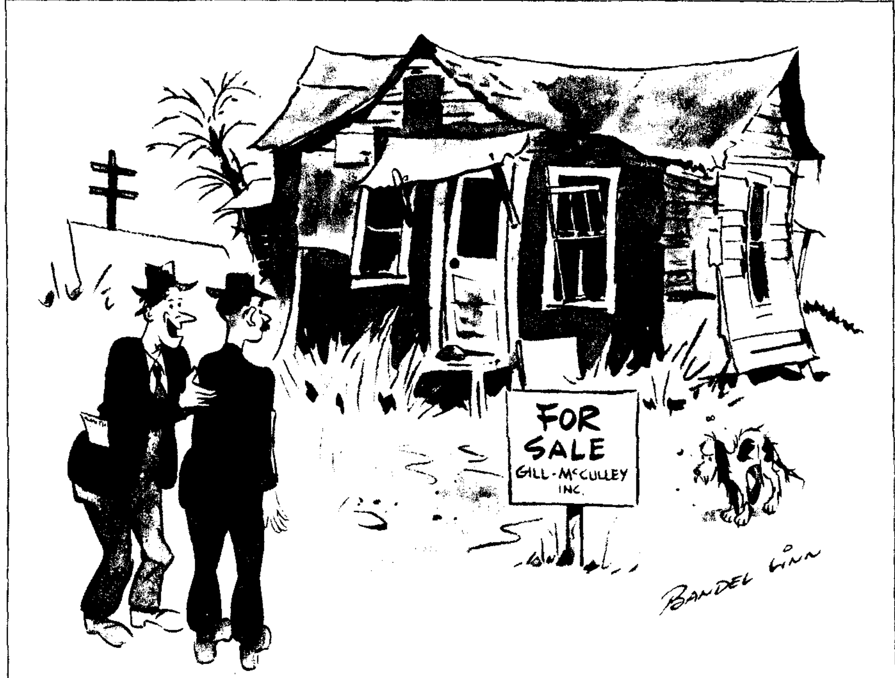
Perhaps a fellow prisoner could worm it out of him. "I've got just your man," said the jailer. "A scared kid named Joe Cain. He's waiting trial for robbing a gas station. He'll do anything for a break."

We put Cain in the cell next to Werner and he agreed to try for the information we wanted. A few days later, he told us jubilantly that he'd found out where Werner had hidden a big package of phonies. He gave us the number of a bus-station locker, and, true enough, we found therein a luscious wad of bad bills.

We felt Cain had done his best, even though he didn't get the name of the dealer, so we reported his co-operation and the local officials let him out on bail pending his trial.

Then darned if Cain didn't jump bail and hightail it to Palisade, New Jersey, straight to Werner's dealer, and get himself a crisp $1,000 worth of counterfeit money!

Lucky for us, he was careless how he



"There's only one drawback . . . it's pretty far from the schools!"

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EAGLE "CHEMI*SEALED" VERITHIN CARMINE RED 745

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Eat Right!
SHOTWELL'S ALMOND BIG YANK 10¢
FORTIFIED FOR BETTER NUTRITION
ALMOND BIG YANK
RIGHT FOR TASTE!
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Go Ahead—Enjoy Yourself

CONTAINS VITAMINS AND MINERALS FOR BETTER DIET-BALANCE

Almond Big Yank... whole toasted almonds, marshmallow center, fudge and Vitamins B1, B2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron.

You get better balanced nutrition from Almond Big Yank than from the average meal you eat! This bar contains added vitamins and minerals you need. When you crave a sweet, this is candy you can eat . . . and still eat right. You see, when you bite into a delicious Almond Big Yank, you get Vitamin B1 and B2 to help you assimilate sugar and get more energy value from it . . . niacin and iron for better dietary balance . . . and calcium, phosphate and Vitamin D for minerals that most of us don't get enough of in our daily meals. Yes, for candy that's well-balanced . . . *as food* . . . ask for foil-wrapped Almond Big Yank at your favorite candy counter . . . today!

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ShurMac 10¢
FORTIFIED FOR BETTER NUTRITION

Nougat Center . . . whole toasted almonds, whipped nougat, caramel, chocolate coating, plus Vitamins B1, B2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron.

Hi-Mac
SHOTWELL'S Hi-Mac

Nougat Center . . . whipped nougat center, caramel, chocolate coating . . . and contains Vitamins B1, B2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron.

spent it and the Secret Service boys in Houston grabbed him within a week or two. He knew he was in the soup now for double-crossing us. Again he agreed to play ball.

Cain was only twenty-one. He was a bean pole, six feet four with no more flesh on him than a soup chicken. "If you're going to help us *this time*, don't help us halfway. Do everything exactly as we tell you," I cautioned him.

Cain performed like a professional. He led one of our undercover men straight to David (Pete) Krakauer, a big-shot racketeer and counterfeit dealer in Palisade. Purchase of $3,000 in phonies was arranged. A couple of days later Krakauer drove his fancy limousine, with the goods in a neat parcel beside him, straight into a Secret Service ambush near the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge. This may have cured Krakauer of dealing in phony money but it seems to have failed to steer him straight. A few weeks ago he again headed for prison after having been convicted of the attempted pro-football fix in which players Hapes and Filchock were suspended.

The biggest and most dangerous counterfeit mob ever to operate in the United States was New York's Elizabeth Street Syndicate, which dealt in millions. It had the Secret Service running around in circles for ten years. Its bosses, 300-pound "Fats" Albano and 250-pound Joe Martel, had their headquarters in a political club and never let a phony bill come near them. Everything was done by remote control.

No Place for Squealers

Over the years our agents caught about five hundred passers who were supplied through Elizabeth Street but every one of them went to jail as mum as a pumpkin. It was one of the by-laws of the syndicate that any squealer would have his throat cut. Meanwhile Albano and Martel sallied through lower New York in chauffeured limousines, flicking the ashes of dollar cigars practically on the doorstep of the Elizabeth Street police station.

Peter Terhorst, alias the Dutchman, heard about the syndicate shortly after he entered the United States on a forged passport in 1936. Strolling in Columbus Circle, he ran into a dope peddler named Herman Pine, an old classmate from Leavenworth, where the Dutchman had done a counterfeiting stretch before being deported to Germany.

"Maybe we can do business together," Pine ventured.

"Good. Maybe we go into colored moving pictures. In Germany I hear it is going to be big business over here," said the Dutchman.

"Naw," said Pine. "Too much competition. How about that, uh, business you were in before?"

The Dutchman, surveying his thin, sensitive hands, replied, "I guess I remember a trick or two."

True, the Dutchman was a master etcher and printer. He and Pine made plans to print $2,000,000 in phonies. Just $2,000,000. No more, no less. The Elizabeth Street Syndicate was paying a wholesale price of $8 a hundred on good merchandise, so Pine calculated they could get $160,000 for their product. Subtract $10,000 for costs of production and they'd have $150,000 to split.

This suited the Dutchman. With his $75,000 he could buy a boat, sail to South America, and raise poppies for the opium trade. He had it all figured out.

Pine contacted one Rat Burnham, a middleman for the syndicate, and made the financial arrangements while the Dutchman went to work on the plates in an old photography studio on Broadway. Within a few weeks he was turning out homemade money of admittedly high caliber.

A few passers were picked up, and Bill Houghton, Secret Service supervising agent in New York, examined the new product. "It's almost perfect," he remarked. "If it weren't for a tiny defect in the 3 and 5 on the serial numbers this stuff would fool an expert."

Pine and the Dutchman had no reason to worry, for we weren't within a hundred miles of them. We knew this was a syndicate product because the passers were old crows we had run into before, but as usual none of them would talk. We didn't have the vaguest idea where the stuff was coming from. Still, Pine and the Dutchman started to worry.

They moved their plant way uptown to West 125th Street. Then they got worried again and moved it downtown to West 13th Street. But so far as we were concerned they'd have been just as safe in that old photography studio on Broadway.

The thing that finally trapped them was the elephantine memories of a couple of Secret Service men named Eddie Connors and Gabriel DeFiore. Pine and the Dutchman were walking down the street one day when Eddie and Gabe came strolling by. Both saw something irritatingly familiar about the Dutchman.

"Isn't that the guy we sent back to Germany?"

"Two bits it is!"

They hauled in Pine and the Dutchman, and fingerprint records quickly confirmed their belief. Pine was released, since there was nothing against him but his Leavenworth record. But the Dutchman having returned to the country illegally, was held for redeportation.

This was strictly an act. We had more elaborate plans for the Dutchman than a one-way boat ride. And as for Pine, we shadowed him from the minute he left our office. As we expected, Pine put a shyster to work requesting low bail for the Dutchman pending his deportation hearing. Fine. We agreed to low bail; in fact we encouraged it. We couldn't get anything on the Dutchman so long as he sat on Ellis Island!

Our agents shadowed Pine to a grubby little apartment on West 13th Street. They holed up in an apartment across the street and watched his comings and goings. Other mysterious characters, including one Red Miller, a known counterfeit dealer, were seen ducking into the place. One evening, as our men spied from across the street, a curtain flapped in the wind and against the bright lights of the apartment appeared the unmistakable silhouette of the Dutchman.

End of Elizabeth Street Syndicate

Our boys had seen enough. They raided the place. The Dutchman was so surprised he almost caught his thin hand in the printing press. He was in the midst of turning out twenties, having already produced a neat pile of fives and tens—$50,000 worth.

Pine and the Dutchman, horse traders to the end, split the Elizabeth Street Syndicate wide open in order to win a better deal for themselves. They got off with four-year sentences, but it was worth it. The fat boys of Elizabeth Street were sentenced to fifteen years each and their syndicate, by then a $4,000,000 enterprise, simmered down and expired like a punctured balloon.

Nobody is making any big money in the counterfeit racket any more. From a national menace in 1936, counterfeiting has become merely a nuisance today. Last year only $70,000 in counterfeit money was circulated in the entire country. Most of the underworld knows by now that about the hardest way in the world to make money is to *make* it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The adventures of the undercover man in guarding world-famous personages will be recounted in next week's issue.*

COME INTO THE GARDEN MRS. BROSHOTSKY

Continued from page 13

was taking a sun bath on her side lawn, full in the view of everyone on Hillcrest Avenue. The girl, darkhaired, gold-colored, compact in white shorts—and apparently nothing else—was lying on her stomach, laughing up at Tad.

"Tad Roundtree, you come in the house this minute! This *minute,* do you hear me?"

"Ah—I got to go in," he said to the girl. He looked around, and did not see Grace. His voice dropped, pleaded. "Maria, come on; when are you going to tell me whether you'll go with me or not? I already got the *bid!"*

Inviting her to the school dance! Grace gasped. He would go behind his mother's back, betray her—

"When I get good and ready," Maria was saying. "You run along now to your mama. She wants her little boy."

Grace turned to her husband. "Do you see that? That girl has him so that he doesn't know whether he's coming or going! Now I want you to go in there and *tell* them," she said balefully, "or I'll phone the real-estate man and put this house up for sale tonight!"

"What the hell am I supposed to tell them?"

"Tell them to—well, for one thing, tell them to keep that little trollop inside till she has some clothes on her!"

"But all the kids her age go around in —well—"

But somehow none of them managed to look quite as naked as Maria Broshotsky, thought Grace. "Tell them American people don't hang *bedding* out their windows, and then leave it there all Saturday afternoon; and tell them to get those damned tin cans off the porch railing with those distressed-looking geraniums in them"—Grace had many instructions, many grievances—"lights blazing; one shade up, one shade down—*rags* of curtains, making the place look like a gypsy fortuneteller's—garbage pail left out till all hours—those filthy animals out in the back, breeding all kinds of disease." . . . The dog, Sloppy—no! She couldn't, *couldn't* think of that!

"Here I am working and slaving on this place, and then they come along and make a laughingstock of it with their lazy dirty ways—" The trouble was that the Roundtrees hadn't bought in the best part of town. She could see that now, too late. They had bought next to the declining house where the refined Misses Portman lived with their invalid father; when he died in March, the Portman "girls" packed up and left, and the terrible Broshotskys moved in. "Tell them their rubbish blows in on top of my garden day after day, and—"

"Oh, all right, all *right!"*

She hadn't really expected Arthur to obey her, or even to listen attentively; she had been talking to relieve her pent-up anger. But he rose, martyrlike, and prepared to go. He took a step, rubbed his neck.

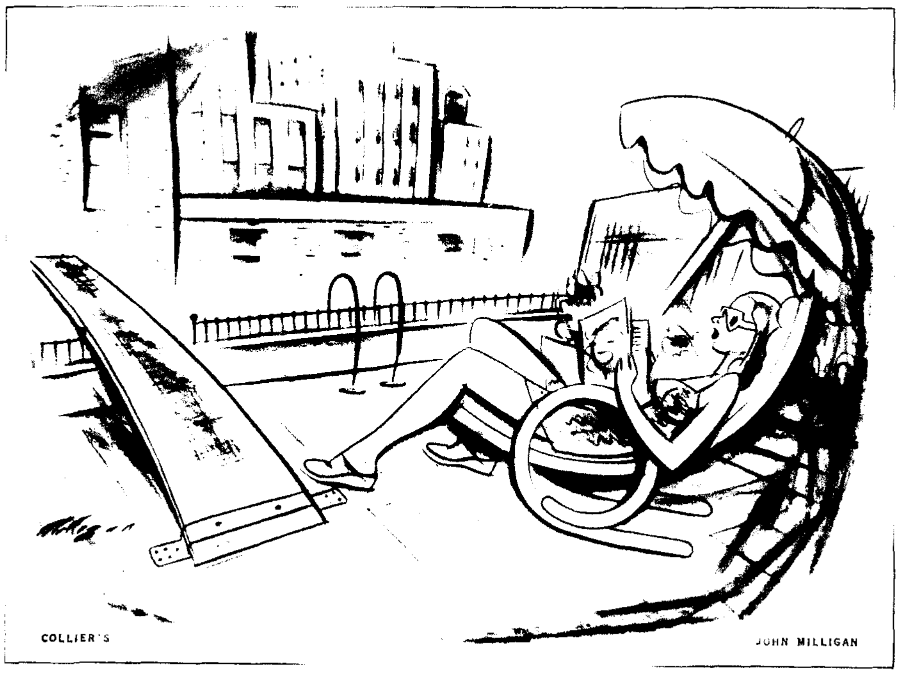
"Let me get washed first!" he cried, losing his nerve. "Damned barber got hair all down my neck!" Angrily he went up the stairs. "Come home expecting to find a little peace and quiet, and all I get is tirades about those damned foreigners." The bathroom door slammed. And almost immediately the grandfather's clock on the landing chimed. It was four-thirty.

Four-thirty. How—how long would the meeting last? Were they perhaps considering her name now, deciding whether to admit her or not? If I fail, she thought—oh, but she must not fail!—if I don't make it, it will all be because of those ignorant swine next door.

Her pale cheeks fanned hot again at the memory of what had happened that afternoon. Oh, it was too cruel, too hideous! *Just* when she had wanted to appear at her very best. . . .

THERE was no use telling Arthur what had happened—what was the cause of her present turmoil. No use bringing that into the discussion at all. Men wouldn't understand. But here you were—you had moved into not quite the best part of a new neighborhood, but you did everything in your power to make your place attractive, to conform to the highest standards, and meet the right sort of friends. Joining the Parent-Teachers, the Community Chest, the Civic League, the Garden Club. And then bit by bit as you began to strip the outer petals, you caught a glimpse of that closed little corporation, the Questers, the Women's Club to which belonged only the most utterly select. Dull if you will, but it was the mightiest, the most sought-after.

"Some women just never get invited at *all,"* her new friend Lollie Martin explained on dropping in one afternoon. Lollie Martin, a Quester by reason of old family, was well into her forties, plump, unmarried, and very annoying, but Grace had cultivated Lollie in the hope of using her as a wedge. "They notice you at other



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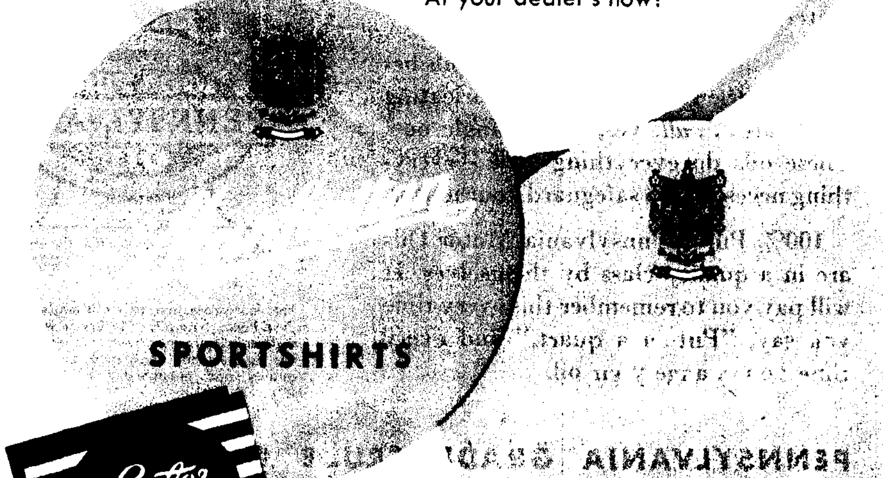

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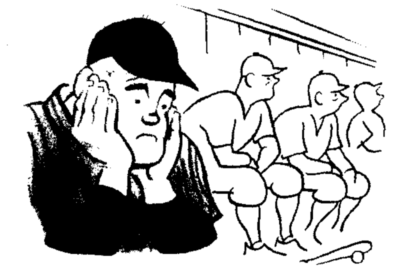
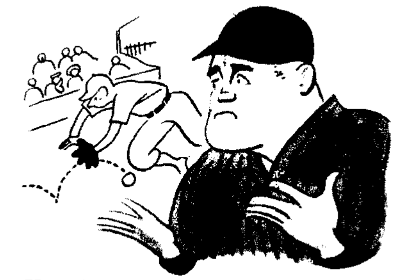
GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!

by Berry

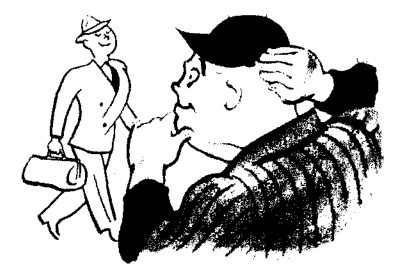


Every day I'm wearin' out my end of the bench.....

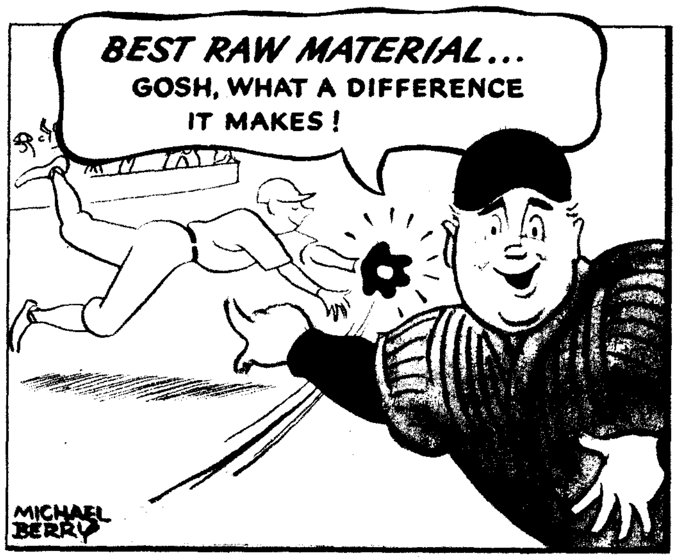


Wonderin' how can I get Grade A ball from a Grade Z shortstop...

Just when I am ready to quit managin' an' try to catch on as umpire........



Comes a kid from the sticks with talent of a real big-leaguer...



BEST RAW MATERIAL... GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!
MICHAEL BERRY

Oil Quality STARTS with Raw Material

MOTOR OILS vary as much as shortstops . . . and in both, quality of raw material determines quality of finished product.

100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils, as the name guarantees, are made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude, choicest raw material for making motor oils.

They are known as "balanced" oils because of their balance of all lubricating essentials . . . *all*, yes, every single one. These oils do everything well — everything necessary to safeguard your motor.

100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils are in a quality class by themselves. It will pay you to remember this every time you say, "Put in a quart," and every time you change your oil.

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PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania

meetings and things, and how you behave"—Lollie blinked—"Grace, did you see my bag?—Oh, I bet I left it in the drugstore when I—"

"Aren't you sitting on it, Lollie?"

"Oh, for pity sakes, am I?" Lollie heaved herself and all her little packages out of the barrel chair. "Ups! Yes, here it—my heavens, if I ever lost that! It has Mama's prescription in it. And you know Doctor Tom—that's what we call him, cause we've known him so long—he brought me into the world when I was just a teeny-weeny—"

"Lollie, you were telling me something about the Questers." Grace managed to keep her voice even, to keep from noticing that Lollie's overshoes were leaking tiny dark rivulets on the beige carpet.

"Oh, yes. Oh, *was* I?"

"How they—how they notice you at other meet—"

"Oh! Well, as I say, they notice you, and then after a long, long, long while, if they decide you're the Right Type, why then someone proposes your name—"

Arthur was inclined to laugh at the society notices in the local newspaper. "Well, I see where the Questers got together—yep, the girls are settling the world's affairs again. 'Mrs. John B. Wyant, Jr., read a paper on delphiniums; Mrs. J. Roy Battersby discussed the atomic bomb'—that must have been hot—'and Miss Marjorie Ann Robertson addressed the meeting on Persia, Yesterday and Today.' "

No, Grace reflected, no man would understand. It wasn't what the Questers did at their Thursday readings; it was more how you felt at all the other meetings, while Mrs. Crosby Page, ringleader of the Questers, smiled and extended her gloved finger tips, and all the while, kept you at your distance, kept you outside. It was that feeling of being excluded.

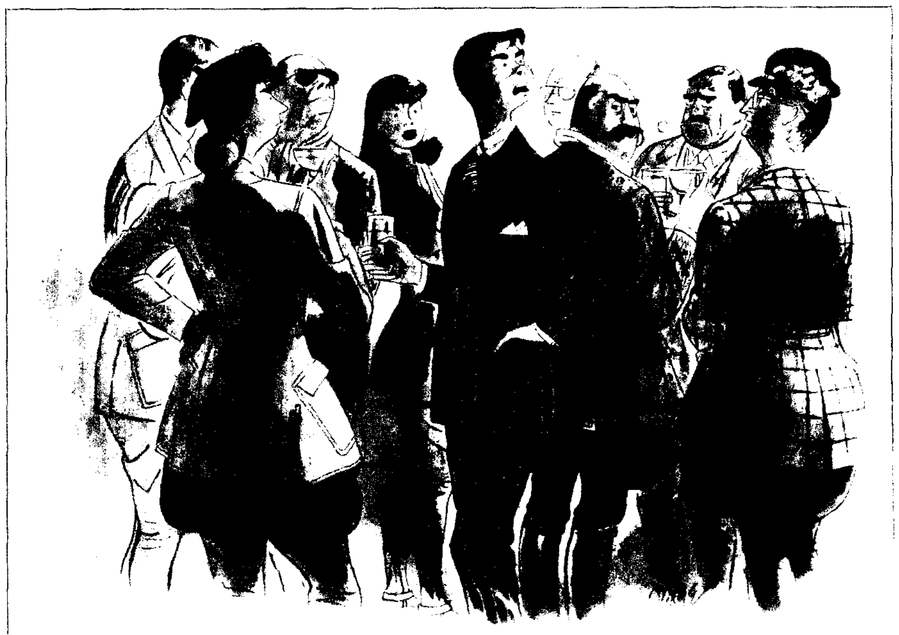
"W-well—well, yes, if you really want," Lollie Martin said in confusion, having been recently engineered into the position, "I—I suppose I *could* propose your name at the next meeting—" She could do more than that, Grace thought, and she *would*. Before Lollie left that afternoon, she was, against her better judgment, agreeing to bring Mrs. Crosby Page over to meet Grace again—that estimable matron never recalled meeting Grace when later they saw each other on the street—agreeing to bring her over a half hour or so before the Questers held their final meeting of the season.

Grace was sure Mrs. Crosby Page would approve of her seen against the background of her home, and garden; but just to make doubly sure, she and Sophie the maid, and Mrs. Monahan who came in to help, and Nick the gardener had worked like horses. That was yesterday. The windows were washed; all the organdy curtains had been laundered; the furniture was waxed; the floors were polished; the vacuum cleaner ran all day long. In the evening, aching with weariness, Grace went out and cut the flowers for the house. Her iris bed was at its best. It was better, she thought, than anything Old Lady Page ever laid her eyes on. Tomorrow, the day of the trial, there would be very little to do. *"Mrs. Arthur Roundtree gave a most interesting talk on the iris."* "Why, yes, Mrs. Page, I'd be delighted to pour. . . ."

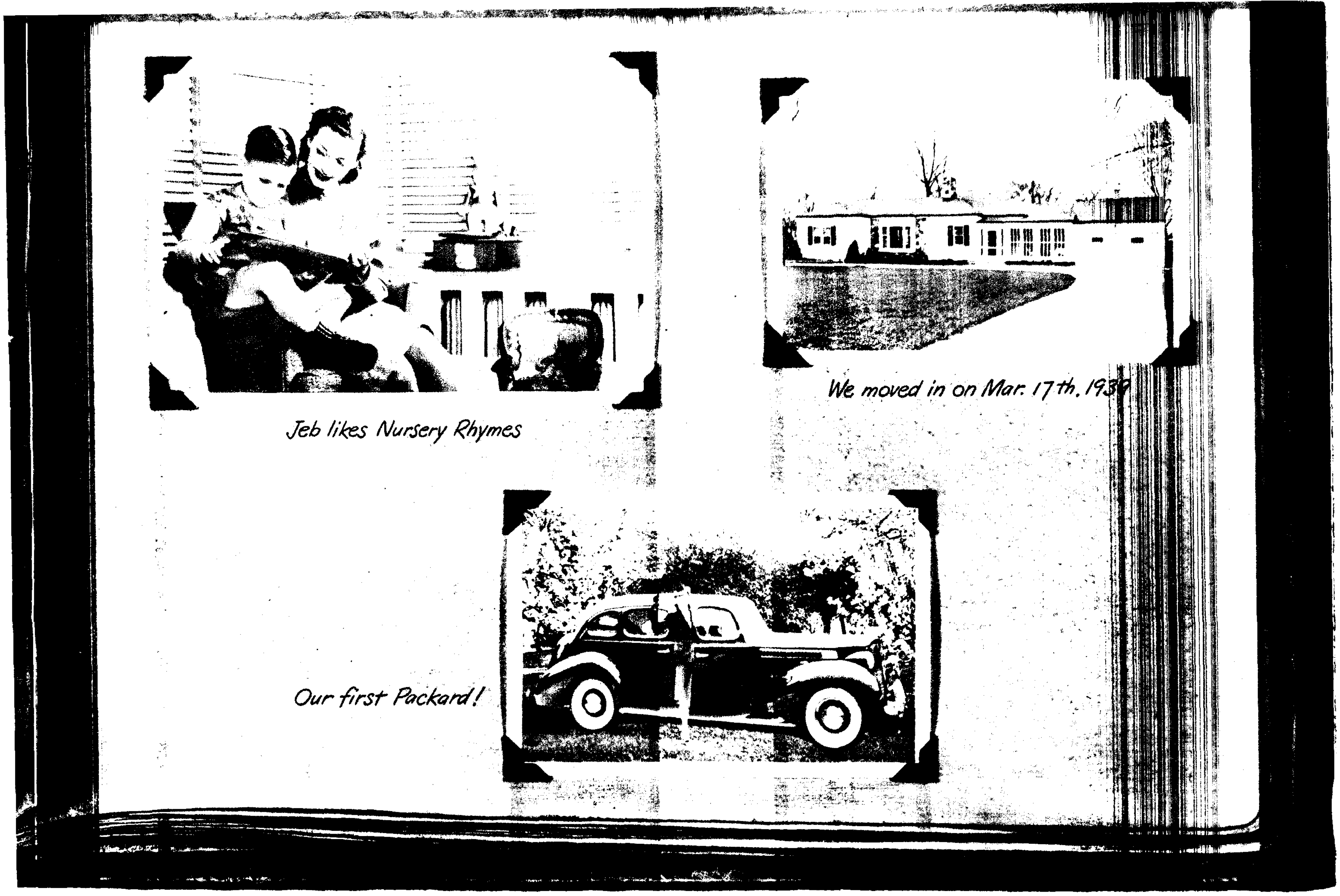
AT TWO this afternoon, she had finished arranging the flowers. She had taken a course in that, and had a very successful Oriental arrangement on the desk, with a pottery figure, unfortunately of a little Dutch girl; there was a huge bowl of pink peonies on the hall console; red roses in the dining room, shell-pink Van Fleets in her bedroom. Secure in the knowledge that Mrs. Crosby Page could turn the house inside out from cellar to attic, and find nothing to lift an eyebrow at, Grace put on her fresh white-silk dress, brushed her hair, made up her mouth—then removed most of the lipstick—and went out to tell Nick that that would be all, he could leave. Mrs. Crosby Page would see everything serene. A casual—but not too casual—and charming Grace Roundtree was going to be found reading in her well-appointed living room. "Why, yes—I did it myself. Why, *thank* you, Mrs. Page; I'm glad you think it's—"

The heels of her blue-and-white spectator shoes sank slightly into the freshly watered lawn. Glancing for a moment at her iris bed, she thought she had suddenly gone mad. The garden spun crazily before her eyes. Rooted up, lying every which way, wilting in the hot sunshine, the iris were torn, were strewn, were flung all over the lawn; and there was a vast hole, a scattering of dirt, as if a shell had landed and exploded. Her dazed eyes fixed on Sloppy, the foreigners' dog, as he bounded around the side of the house with the largest, blackest iris of all trailing from his mouth. He began to race over the lawn gamboling, worrying the tattered iris.

"Nick! *Nick!*" she screamed as soon as she could form any sound. "Nick, come and—this *dog!*" Nick, busy in the garage, did not hear. The dog flung down the iris, and barked happily. Mrs. Broshotsky, like a brown golliwogg, had popped up suddenly across the hedge, grinning and dumpy in her white dress,



COLLIER'S "Phee-yooie!—I smell horses!" JOHN RUGE


Jeb likes Nursery Rhymes
We moved in on Mar. 17th, 1939
Our first Packard!

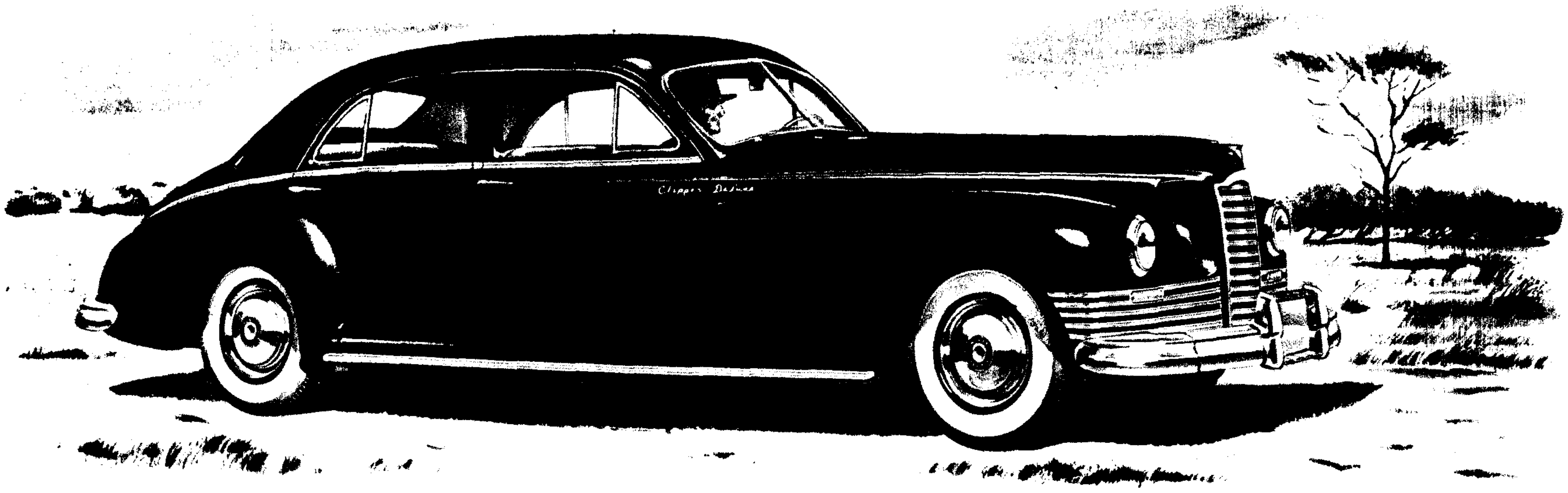
A man has a right to be sentimental!

About some things—his home, the ones he loves . . . yes, and his first Packard—a man has a right to be sentimental.

As a matter of fact, we who build Packard cars are rather sentimental ourselves—about two things . . .

One is the loyalty of Packard owners, who keep coming back to us, year after year, for their *next* new car.

The other is the fact that so many of them have gone out of their way to tell us . . . "Packard is a good company to do business with."


Clipper Deluxe

Packard . . . ask the man who owns one!

"...take 5"

When fish don't bite for Freddie White,
His Revelation still tastes right.
And though the fish remain alive,
He'll just sit back, relax, take five.

...take Revelation!

TAKE five minutes of pure pleasure with five great tobaccos in one perfect blend—Revelation Pipe Tobacco! Slow-burning and free-burning tobaccos are skillfully balanced so your pipe smokes *smooth, cool, fragrant* . . . and so steady!

Take 5! Take Burley for body, Carolina for color, Virginia for vigor, Latakia for lusciousness and Perique for piquancy.

"–take 5" glorious tobaccos in one great BLEND

REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO
"It's Mild and Mellow"

Made by the special PHILIP MORRIS process!

her short coarse gray-white hair springing vitally upward, outward.

"Sloppy!" she called. "That bad dog. What's he do over in your yard?" Her tone was friendly. "Sloppy, come back! He won't hurt you." The woman, who had been trying for weeks to engage Grace in conversation, finally delivered the first sentences to pass between them, and smiled.

"*Hurt* me?" Grace gasped. "I—why, I—why, I wish you could see the *damage* he's done to my iris! My *iris!*" The moment was strange, a little wild. The woman—was she deaf?—was still smiling, but leaning inquiringly nearer the hedge.

"Yes, he is good dog, he likes a play."

Grace brushed violently at a gnat on her eyelid. "But my iris!"

"—Eyes?"

She doesn't understand *English,* Grace thought, wishing she had never *touched* her eye.

"He rooted up all my *iris,* I tell you! My—my *flowers!*"

"Flowers? Oh!" Light dawned. Mrs. Broshotsky made an expansive, operatic gesture. "Beautiful flowers! Beautiful! All the time I am looking. Beautiful!"

"What I'm trying to tell you," Grace cried so loudly that her throat hurt, "is that your dog uprooted my—my iris! Made a total *wreck* of the place—I should bring *suit*—"

"—Please?" Mrs. Broshotsky seemed to indicate that she could not hear. Convinced that the woman still thought she was describing some frightful operation on her eye, Grace began to repeat, even louder. She was so intent, so furious that she never heard the car at all until its white-walled tires scraped softly against the curb; by then she was too deep in her diatribe to be distracted.

". . . dirty disgrace, making a regular Hogan's Alley of the whole neighborhood," she was shrilling, when she turned, and in horror saw stout Lollie Martin, and much stouter Mrs. Crosby Page in their flower-trimmed hats, listening to her in popeyed astonishment. Listening to her railing like a fishwife, she thought. There was a frozen moment. Mrs. Broshotsky retreated, turning to bestow smiles all about, excusing herself, making odd little nods.

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Page, how're *you?*" Grace cried, and cursed herself for not awaiting the usual introduction. She went forward hastily, conscious that her face was splotched with red, her throat raw from shouting; and she ripped open the door of the car.

"Oh—oh, er—Grace," Lollie said, "I—we—I thought we'd stop off for just a little minute or two." She glanced coaxingly, uneasily, at her companion. "I—I wanted Mrs. Page to see your garden—"

"Oh, yes! Why, of course! Won't you come in? I'm afraid it isn't at its very best right now. I've been working on it though like a dog—" Oh, *God!* Whatever made her say that? "And then the dog next door rooted up all the iris I was saving just to show you—" In a nightmare she caught the flustered signal from Lollie's pink glove, heard herself babbling wild incoherencies, chattering like something wound up, unable to stop, because it was so evident that stout, small-mouthed Mrs. Page hadn't wanted to come at all.

And somehow beginning on the tour of the garden, all the light, informed little things that Grace had planned to say deserted her, and she found herself blurting out, ". . . lots and lots of well-rotted chicken manure, you know?" and giving a high, vulgar whinny of laughter.

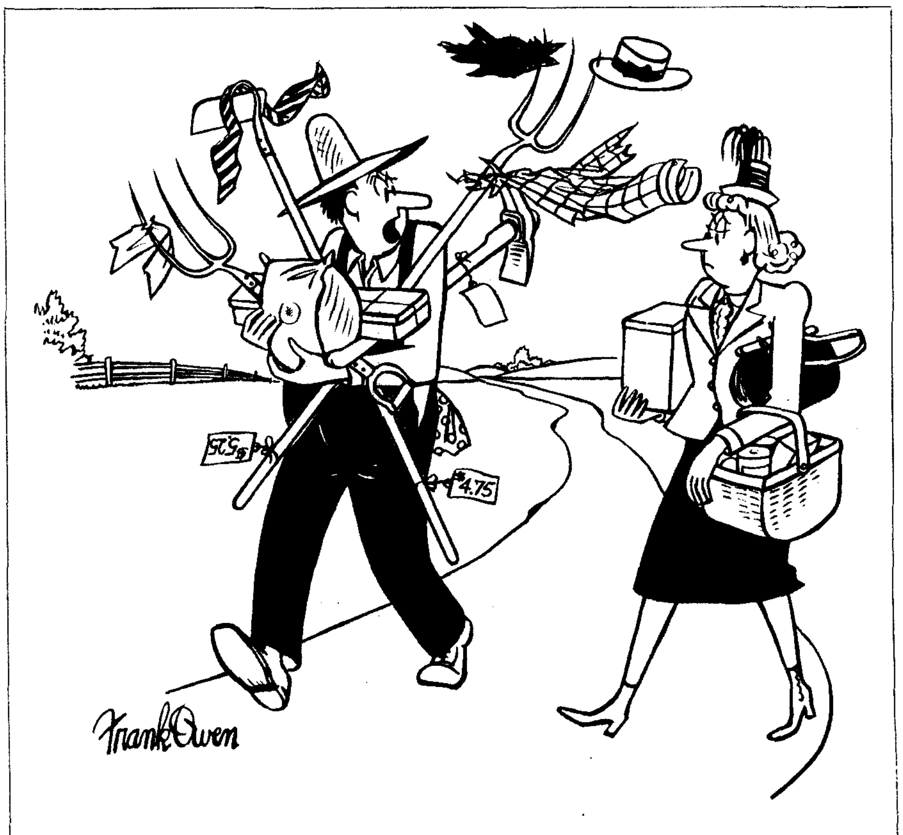
THEY passed the azaleas without a word of comment or praise from Mrs. Crosby Page—the bushes seemed of a sudden to have dwindled, to look cheap and commonplace—and then they rounded the house. Mrs. Broshotsky, on the other side of the hedge, had brought out a pan, and was sitting in the sun, shelling peas.

"Nice day," she called companionably to the ladies. "Too nice to stay in and work!" She sat with the pan between her knees, her heavy brown legs extended in pink socks and black shoes, the sun glinting on the springy white hair, the untrammeled curves and bulges.

"Best to ignore her," Grace murmured, hoping Mrs. Crosby Page would assume the woman was a cook. "*Here,* I was going to put in a row of dwarf marigol—"

"See my guinea pigs?" called Mrs. Broshotsky. "See my rabbits?—Hey! *Missis!* See my guinea pigs?" A horrible hot surge swept over Grace. What could Mrs. Crosby Page think but that Grace and her demented neighbor were friendly, and that Grace was now guilty of some snobbish exclusion?

"Have you h-had any luck at all with



COLLIER'S "Did you ever see a bigger crowd of people in town?" FRANK OWEN

. . . THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE

ESTERBROOK'S skill in making accurately-graded pen points *has never been matched.* That's why there's no fountain pen that can fit *your* writing style more precisely than an Esterbrook.

Write with it before you buy it. Make your personal point selection on the spot! From 33 different point styles choose the one exactly right for the way you write.

And, should you ever damage this point, you can duplicate it and replace it on a moment's notice.

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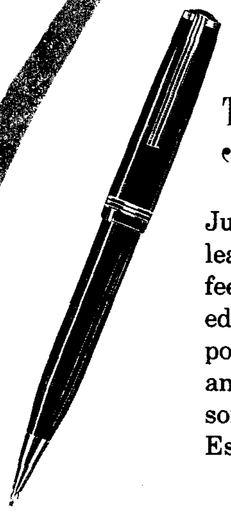
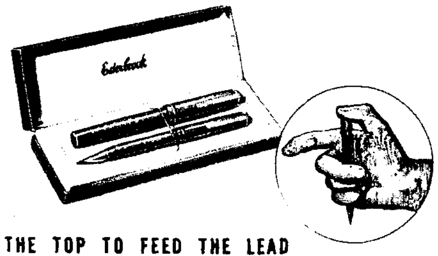
RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

Always writes your way!



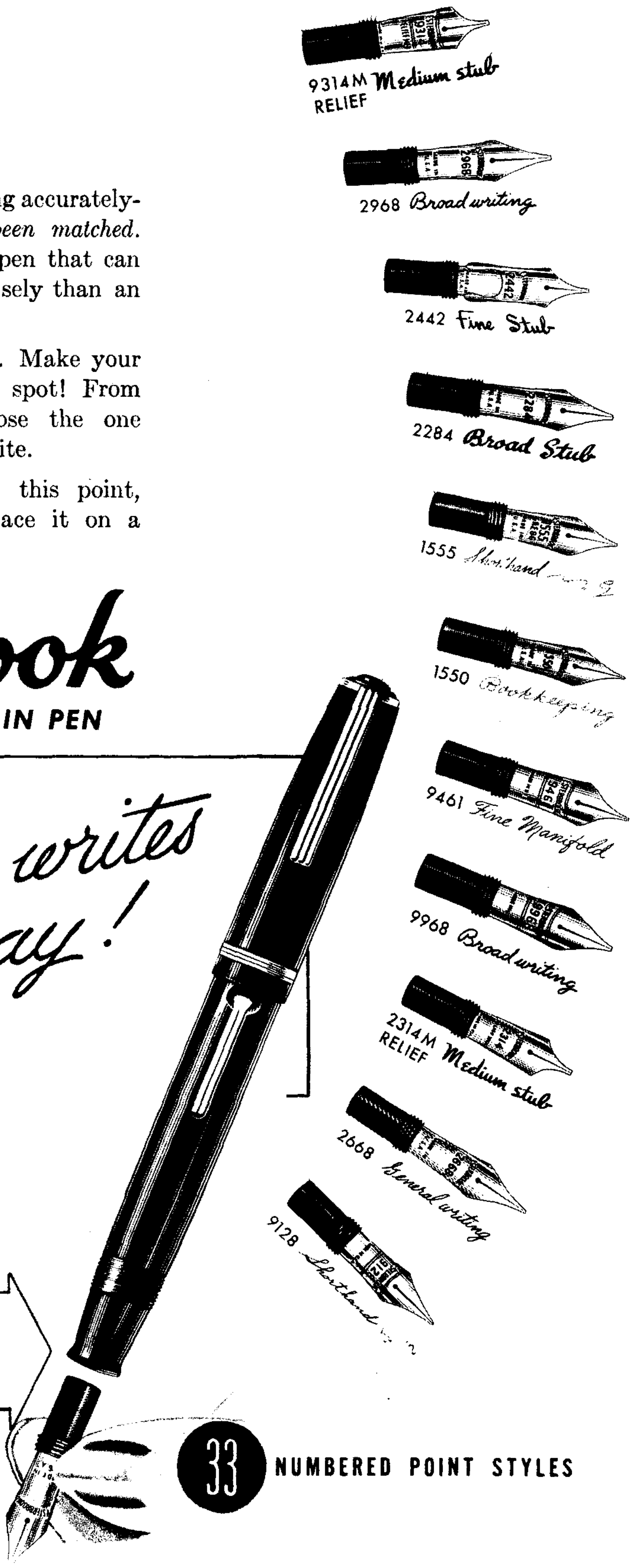
THE ESTERBROOK "PUSH" PENCIL

Just push the top to feed the lead. Holds two feet of lead . . . feeds it as you need it. Patented tip holds lead firmly at the point . . . eliminates "wobble" and "jamming". In six handsome colors to match your Esterbrook Fountain Pen.


Esterbrook

PUSH THE TOP TO FEED THE LEAD

TO SELECT OR RENEW . . . HERE'S ALL YOU DO


9314M Medium stub
RELIEF
2968 Broad writing
2442 Fine Stub
2284 Broad Stub
1555 Shorthand
1550 Bookkeeping
9461 Fine Manifold
9968 Broad writing
2314M Medium stub
RELIEF
2668 General writing
9128 Shorthand
33

NUMBERED POINT STYLES

NO REPAIR DELAY . . . JUST UNSCREW IT . . . THEN "RENEW" IT.

What does your palm tell you about your E.Q.*?

MOUNT OF JUPITER *and the Jupiterian (index) finger hold the key to ambition and leadership. Strongly marked Jupiterians have vitality and the power to command.*

LIFE LINE *indicates health and physical strength. Measuring nervous and muscular power, a well-marked life line suggests success.*

THUMB *is a powerful influence. A large thumb holds will-power and determination, and the ability to force success against any obstacle.*

MOUNT OF VENUS. *Strong Venusians embody love, sympathy, warmth and attractiveness. They are happy, healthy, full of the joy of living.*

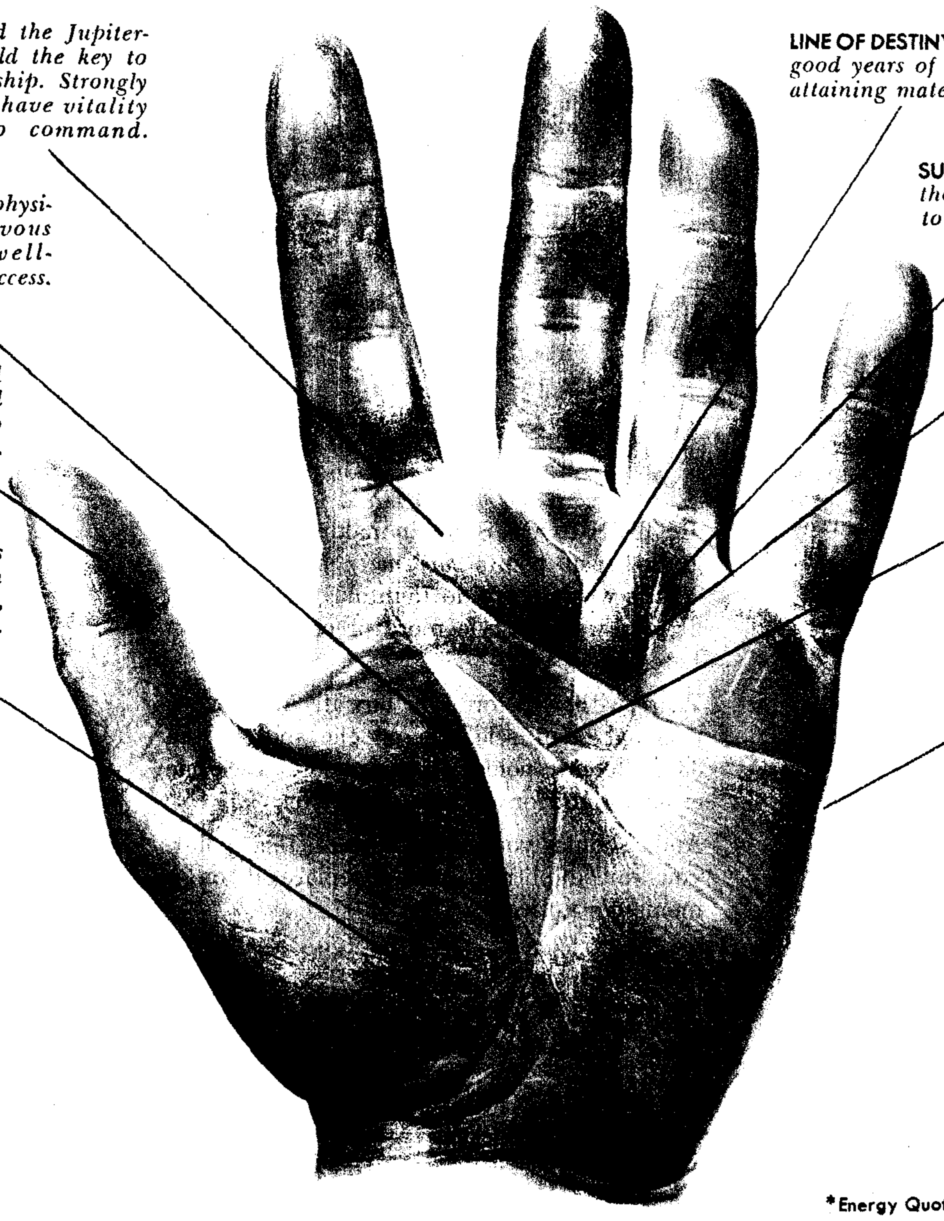
LINE OF DESTINY *indicates good years of progress in attaining material things.*

SUCCESS LINE *(or Apollo Line) marks those who possess the inherent ability to gain artistic fame, and fortune.*

HEART LINE *clearly, strongly marked indicates good health, vitality, personal magnetism and attractiveness to both sexes.*

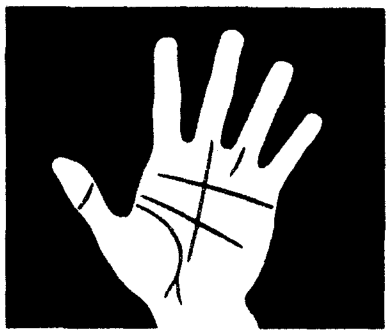
HEAD LINE *gauges mental development and direction. Its course suggests the practical versus the inventive type of mind.*

MOUNT OF MARS *typifies courage, boldness and resourcefulness, and the ability to lead in war and peace with equal success.*

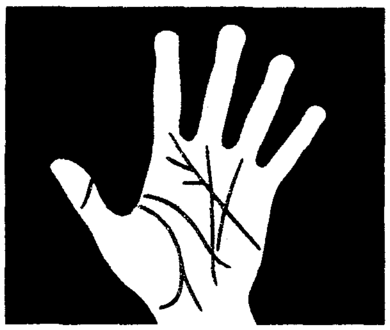


*Energy Quota

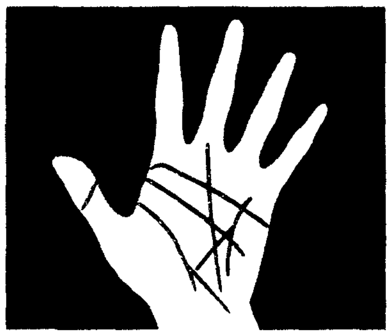
MASCULINE TYPES



MARTIANS and JUPITERIANS, with square finger tips and strongly marked mounts, are the organizer, soldier, salesman type . . . men of action who normally "burn" more dextrose sugar than less active types.



SPATULATE FINGERS, with distinct Heart and Success Lines, are often found in engineers, architects, artists, actors and composers, whose mental and physical activities demand substantial amounts of dextrose.



SATURNIANS, frequently with knotty fingers and well-defined Head and Destiny Lines, are long and lean physically. Thinkers, executives, inventors, scientists . . . their mental activity is powered by dextrose sugar.

Does your hand reveal your destiny? For centuries philosophers have believed it does. In ancient China and Greece, wise men like Aristotle observed the remarkable fact that the hands of no two human beings . . not even those of identical twins . . are exactly alike.

They pondered over these differences . . studied the varying shape of fingers, size of "mounts", length and strength of lines. They determined that clues to man's personality, character and talents lie truly "in the hollow of his hand".

Some students of palmistry believe that the pattern of the hand even indicates one's physical tendencies which, in turn, reveal one's "E. Q.", the Energy Quota, the amount of energy expended in a day's normal activity.

Human energy is usually measured in calories, produced by dextrose. It is the "fuel" sugar of the body, the basic carbohydrate. No matter what your occupation and activity, all muscular and mental effort is powered chiefly by dextrose . . a pure white sparkling sugar always present in the blood stream, and all tissue cells of the body.

The more active and energetic you are, the more dextrose you use. Study this page. It may reveal your Energy Quota, and remind you that your body is constantly using dextrose sugar for energy.

This page is presented for your interest by Corn Products Refining Company, one of the producers of dextrose.

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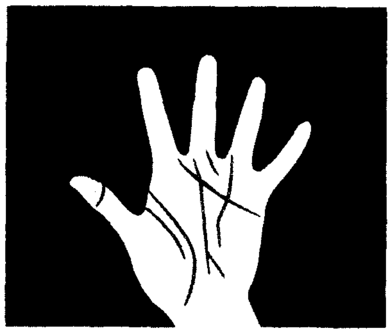
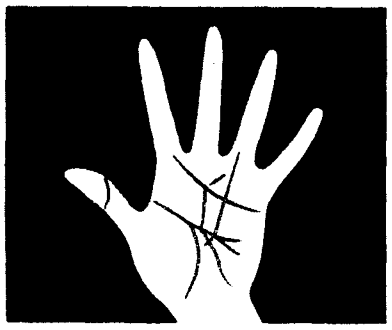
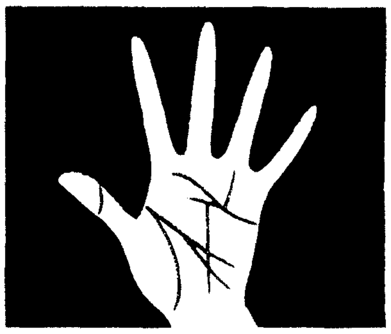
FEMININE TYPES



DOUBLE LIFE Line, with a short hand and mixed fingers, suggests women whose vitality, energy and leadership make them good mothers or successful business women. They use more dextrose sugar than the average.



VENUSIANS are "good mixers", generous, lovable, the marrying type. With tapering fingers they do well in occupations like luxury selling or interior decorating. They expend more energy . . . use much dextrose sugar.

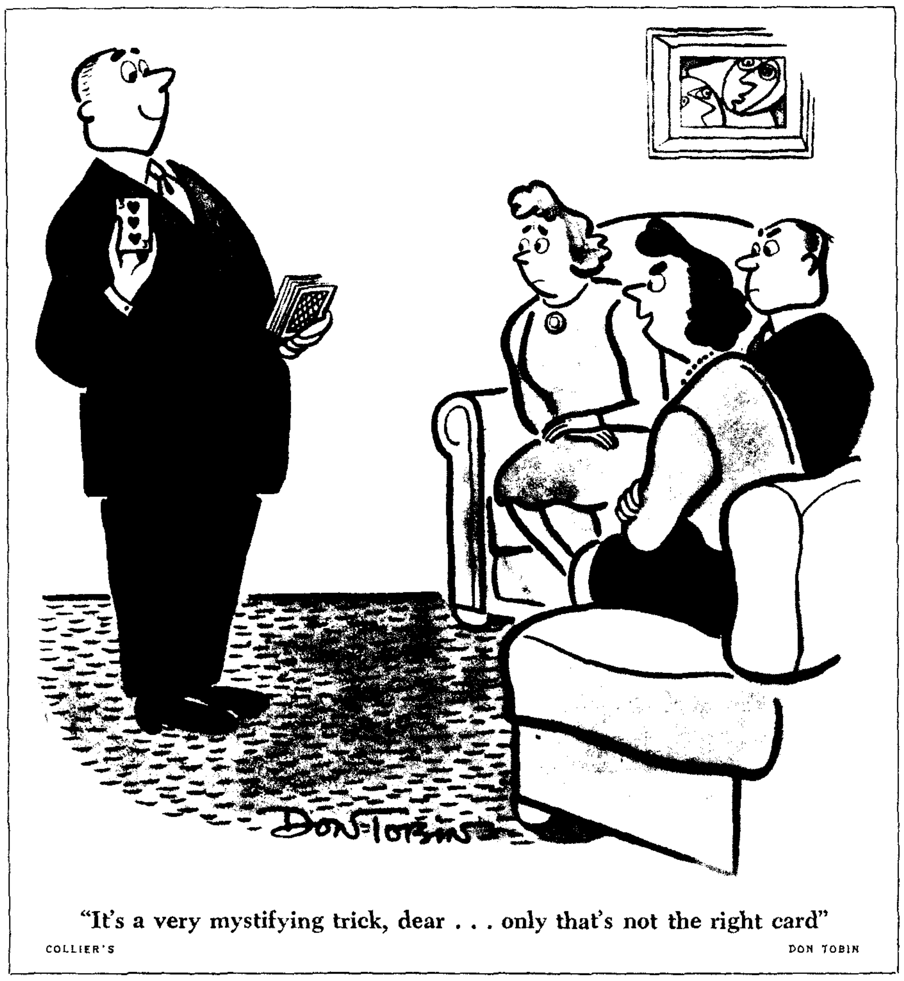


LONG FINGERS, with a long Thumb and strong Life Line, often mark women who painstakingly succeed as painters, writers, actresses or musicians. Their expenditure of nervous energy is replaced by dextrose.

the new tuberous begonias?" Grace asked eagerly, while Mrs. Page stared across the hedge, her small round eyes dilating. The foreign woman had picked up a live black-and-white guinea pig, and before Grace's reeling senses, she kissed it, cuddled it for a dreadful, coy moment against her neck, smiling over it ingratiatingly at the three of them.

"Ain't she got a nice garden?" she inquired generously, indicating Grace with a thrust of the guinea pig.

Grace pushed her guests stumbling down the path. But as they came around to the front of the house again, the nightmare deepened. She saw the garden hose lying there on the lawn, and she heard Nick's voice raised in banter with Sophie's. Sophie was evidently at the kitchen window, and Nick just beneath it at the faucet. Grace was on the point of saying, "Watch out for that hose," when it gushed to life, writhed, snapped about on the grass, and sprayed Mrs. Crosby Page from the knees down.



"It's a very mystifying trick, dear . . . only that's not the right card"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

"Ni-i-ck! Turn that *off!* Oh! There—oh, I'm so dread—did you get *wet?* Oh! All over your stockings. Oh, I'm so *sorry*, Mrs. Page! Perhaps I could—" No, she'd never fit into them. "Perhaps you'd like to come inside?" And why in God's name hadn't she thought of that at once, in the beginning? With sudden hope, she laid the entire burden of redeeming herself on the charm of her interior decorating. But Mrs. Page, eyes more dilated than ever, put out an unsteady hand for Lollie, and murmured that really she must be leaving, she had stayed too long—

JUST what sort of impression had been created, Grace didn't know. Now, two hours later, she was beginning to think that it surely couldn't have seemed as disastrous to the others as it had to her. After all, accidents did happen. Anyone could get sprayed with a hose. . . . And see a woman kiss a guinea pig, a mocking voice replied.

Arthur came down the stairs, putting on a tweed jacket.

"Well, I'll go over there," he said, "but I don't suppose it will do a damned bit of good. I don't even know what I'm going to say to them!" He was begging to be released from the ordeal. Grace met his gaze with eyes that were contemptuous; her lips were an unrelenting line. Reading his defeat, Arthur Roundtree turned and went.

Grace ran over and knelt on the Duncan Phyfe sofa, watching from the side window. Late sunlight fell in stripes and lacy patterns over him as he walked up the street, turned in the Broshotskys' path, hesitantly placed his foot on the first sagging step, and paused, frowning with distaste. "Go a-*head!*" Grace urged half aloud. "Don't just *stand* there!"

HE WENT up, and as he neared the top, the front door opened, and the girl, still in shorts and a striped halter, stepped out quickly, and closed the door after her, almost as if she were ready to guard the place. The black hair swung beside her shoulders, framing that golden face. Grace saw the furled scarlet mouth say something; then Arthur said something. The girl had come to the edge of the porch, and remained standing. Arthur got no farther than the top step. It made him look like a book salesman, Grace thought. A few minutes passed with Arthur talking; he pointed to the row of shabby geraniums on the side rail, and the girl looked at them in surprise. She shrugged, said something.

Why didn't Arthur see the *parents?* What was the use of talking to that girl? —Oh, of course he'd muff the whole thing! She might have *known!* . . . Now the girl appeared to be doing most of the talking, and slowly the back of Arthur's neck, and his ears, grew brick red. He tried to interrupt several times, but the girl kept right on, her head wagging, her eyes narrowed. "—your own damned *business!*" Grace heard, and abruptly the girl turned her bare back, and entered the house, giving the door a loud slam. Arthur stood there a few moments. Fool, Grace flung at him. Idiot! Imbecile! He left, came down again through the stripes, the lace patterns of sunlight, turned in his own path.

"*Well?*" Grace jumped off the sofa. "What'd you say? I suppose—"

"Now don't start in on me," he cried warningly. "Just let me alone. I—"

"Why didn't you see *them?* Why'd you bother talking to—"

"Let me alone! Sending me over there on your fool's errands. Next time you want to start something, go and do your own dirty work!"

"At least I could do better than you! I never heard of anything so ridiculous in all my life! Talking to that snip! What'd you *say?* You—"

"Well, like a dope, I told her what *you* said, about the—the animals, and she—she tells me they belong to a girl in her biology class who's going away with her family for the week end, and she's just minding them—" Grace felt the ground give way under her. "And personally, if you want to know something, I think it was damned decent of her to take care of them."

"Oh, of course, Softie, *you'd* think it was decent! Just let her come out in her shorts, and—"

"Now cut that out!" His eyes had a pale, dangerous hardness. Clearly this was not the time to pursue the argument, but Grace could not stop.

"Was that *all* you said to her? I might have known you'd make an issue of the least important thing of—"

"No, that *wasn't* all! I told her about the rest of it"—his face reddened—"and the kid says *moving* here to a street and a neighborhood like this—well, she meant it represented something pretty big to her family; it was a big step forward because they had come over here, and worked damned hard to get someplace, but right now they don't have any money left over to *make* repairs, or fix the place up. They're lucky to *have* the house—"

"Well, we're not lucky to have them!" Grace stormed. "They have no business moving to a—"

"Quit yelling at me! You wanted to know what she said, and I'll *tell* you! She says her people don't understand English very well, and you can't expect them to catch onto our ways all at once, that it will take them a little while to know how people live around here. They thought everyone out in the country was going to be decent and friendly, but *we've* been so lousy-nasty, we can go to hell!"

"W-well of—of all the nerve!—and you let her get away with that on you! You're a forceful one, I must say!"

"As it was, I felt like a dog standing there, listening to that kid telling me where to get off—"

"Well, she wouldn't tell me! I'd tell the whole family they ought to be run—"

THERE came a tap at the screen door. Grace's head swerved sharply. She saw white-haired Mrs. Broshotsky standing there. There was a moment of stillness, then something told Grace that everything was about to play right into her hands.

"Yes?" said Grace sharply.

"Please?— What is?— Something is wrong? My daughter does not tell me. I hear something." The woman stood talking through the screen door, smiling, pointing vaguely to her own house.

"Yes," Grace said, "something *is* wrong. Very wrong." She took a step, pulled open the screen door. "Come in a moment." The woman entered, ducked a nod at Arthur, smiled nervously. Grace took a breath of air. "Mrs. Whatever-your-name-is, my husband just went over to your house to tell you what a—what an eyesore you're making of the—"

"Eye? Sore?"

Oh, my God, Grace thought with despair, we're back to that; she thinks I'm talking about my *eyes* all the time!

"Yes, eyesore!" she cried loudly. "Disgrace! People in this neighborhood simply don't keep their houses as you keep yours."

"Something I do—not right? Wrong? Something—excuse me; I do not understand—with my eyes?"

Change Over!
19
1
JUNE

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William Penn Shannon

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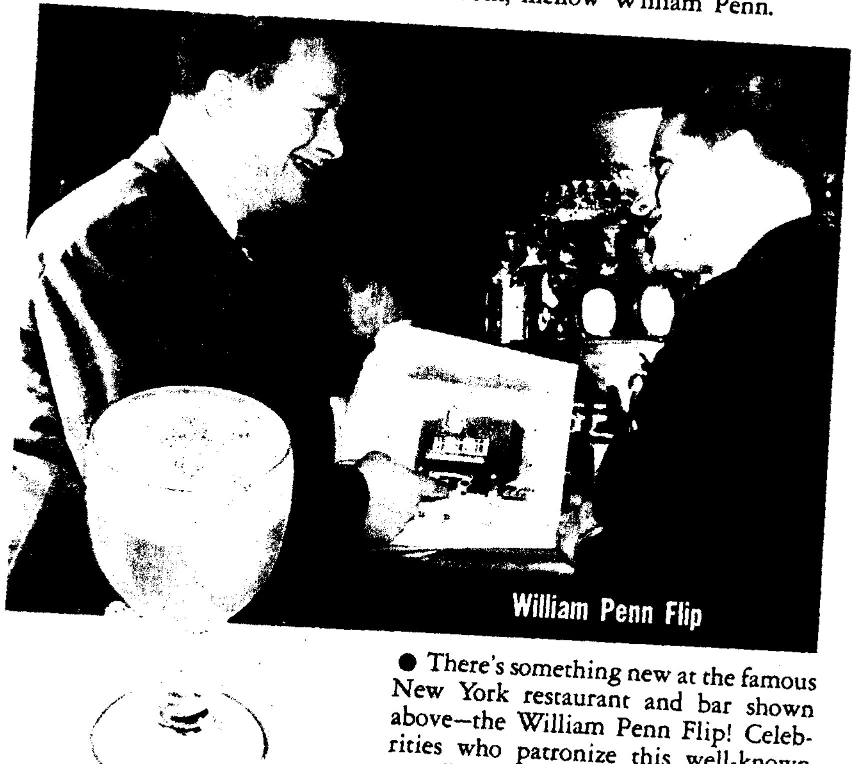
William Penn Sour

● Yachting members of the renowned Detroit club, above, rate the new William Penn Sour "smooth sailing!" William Penn is a fine whiskey that's mild and rich straight—blends perfectly in all kinds of mixed drinks.



William Penn Flip

● There's something new at the famous New York restaurant and bar shown above—the William Penn Flip! Celebrities who patronize this well-known spot "go" for the smooth perfection of genial William Penn Whiskey.

William Penn Royal

● Connoisseurs of good living, at the noted Philadelphia restaurant, shown above, vote the new William Penn Royal *tops* among after dinner drinks. Straight William Penn Whiskey is wonderfully mild and mellow, too!

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● At home in the best places, William Penn definitely "belongs" in this leading Cleveland club. Unvarying taste and high quality are things you'll long remember in a William Penn Highball.

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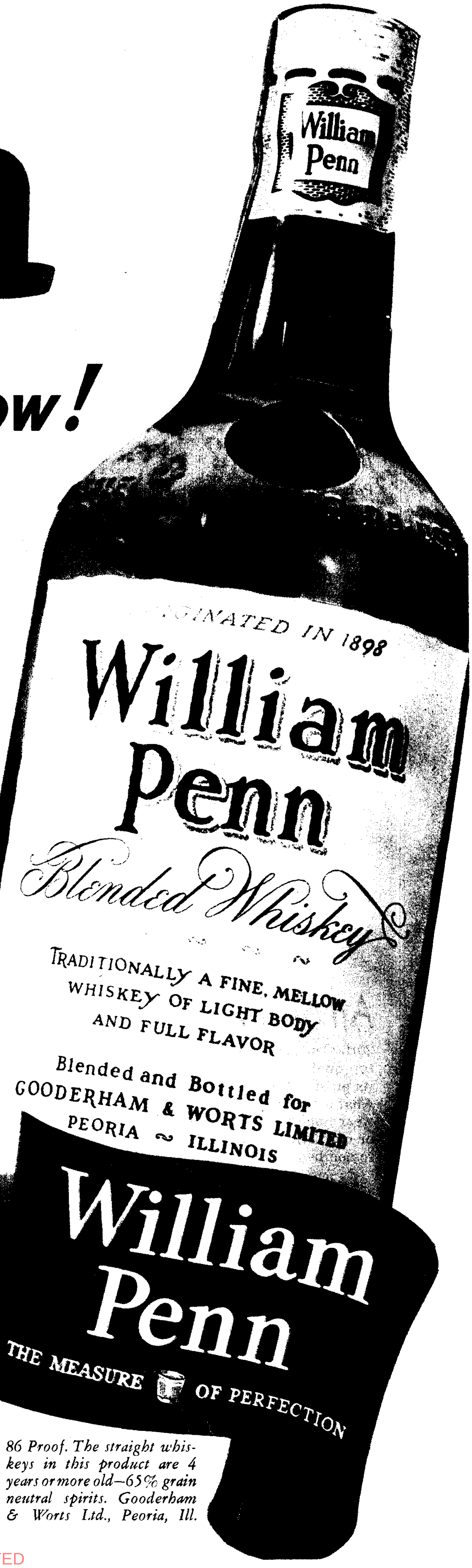
● Making new friends all the time, William Penn is a genial and welcome "mixer" in this famed New York restaurant. Try the flavorful William Penn Old-Fashioned. You'll like it!

William Penn Collins

● In this luxurious bar, high atop a San Francisco hotel, William Penn is enjoyed for its mildness and rich flavor. It's perfect in mixed drinks such as the William Penn Collins.

William Penn Manhattan

● Part of the magic that pleases guests in this distinguished Boston hotel restaurant—is William Penn! Mild, rich-tasting, it's extra-smooth in William Penn Manhattans. No wonder it's served in the best places!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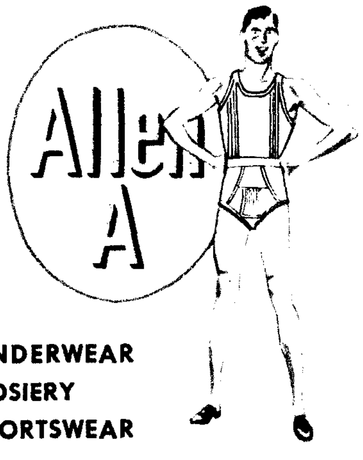

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

"Yes, you must be *blind* if you can't see that your house sticks out like a sore thumb—" the woman looked at Grace as if Grace were insane. Sore eyes. Sore thumb. . . . "Ragtag, down-at-the-heel—" the woman's bulging eyes traveled in complete amazement to Grace's heels. Grace could have struck her across the face. "It's the very likes of you," she burst out wrathfully, "coming into a decent neighborhood, and running it down with your old blankets and tin cans, and rags strung all over the place! You people wonder why you're so disliked! That's one of the reasons!"

Mrs. Broshotsky understood her now, and all signs of stupidity and deafness vanished. She fell back before the onslaught. "Bringing your dirty, lazy, European ways in on top of us—" A froth of spittle had gathered at the corners of Grace's mouth. Arthur was saying something to check her, but she ignored him and advanced on the woman. "You're in America now, and you ought to act as if you were! And if you can't do that, then you ought to go back where you came from, because *we don't want you here!*"

THE woman backed to the door, her eyes sick-looking, almost terrified, Grace thought in panic. The door opened, and the woman scuttled down the path, looking back once over her shoulder with terror, disbelief. Grace stood trembling from head to foot, more than a little sick. A cord worked prominently in her throat.

"My God, you've gone crazy!" Arthur said. "Next thing you know, they'll be carting you out of here in a straight jac—"

She wheeled on him. "I've not gone a bit crazy! I'm glad I said what I did! Pigs! They ought to stay where they—"

"Now that's about enough out of you. I'm sick and tired of the whole thing. Sick and tired of hearing you nag. Nag, nag, *nag!* I feel like lighting out of here so damned fast— It's a wonder you wouldn't get wise to yourself." They stared at each other. This had nothing to do with the woman, she thought: This was strictly between Grace and Arthur. "You've turned out to be what I'd call a damned unpleasant woman. I don't know how I stood you all these years. I must have been a fool." He walked away.

Her eyes followed his retreating back with consternation. What— Why this sudden *personal* attack? What treacherous, long-buried resentments—? Her entire world seemed to be crashing and toppling all about her!

They ate in almost complete silence. And for once Grace could not be soothed by the sight of crystal chandelier, scarlet roses. What good was any of it, when inside she was weeping? Arthur and Tad, both annoyingly righteous and superior, ate their strawberries, their eyes cast down. I've come to some frightful, *illuminating moment in my life,* Grace thought, when my husband and son no longer—when they both . . . The undiscovered thought retreated from her, dissolved, as her mind wandered to the Questers' meeting, to the drapery of one window that needed straightening, to her face in the mirrored wall opposite, pale, with its upstanding curve of dark hair; the white dress, the green sweater.

Shortly before eight, the telephone rang. Up till then, the living room held that particular stillness, broken only by the turn or crackle of a newspaper, that follows a family argument. Tad went to the hall landing to answer the telephone.

"Mother," his voice was low, correct, "—it's for you."

"For me?" She looked at him levelly. "Thank you." To outward appearances elaborately calm, she crossed the silent room, went up the steps. "Hello? Yes? —Oh, Lollie, yes! This is Grace!" She was shaken, weak; she wished there were a chair near by. "How did—how are you, Lollie?" Oh, Lollie was just fine. "How—how did the meeting go?"

"Oh, the meeting went over fine. At least everyone said it was a very *successful* meeting. . . ." Parched, spongelike, Grace drew reassurance from this; inwardly she started to soften, to smile. "They—they voted on the new members, Grace—" Lollie sounded playful.

"Oh, did they?" asked Grace, smiling.

"Yes, they voted, and—Grace, just a minute; Mama's saying someth— What, Mama? I can't *hear* you—" Lollie's voice had diminished, trailed far away. "No, I don't know where they are," said the tiny voice. "I never *saw* them. Did you look on your bureau?" Lollie's voice returned in full strength; more than full strength. At first it screamed in Grace's ear. "Mama can't find her embroidery scissors. Now where was I?— Oh, yes. Well, they took a vo— I said the *bureau,* Mama! Mama's getting so hard of hearing lately— Well, look, Grace. They said they'd love to have you in, just simply *love* to—because you're a very good friend of mine, but there'd been such a long waiting list of other people ahead of you, and in all fairness to them—well, *you* understand—"

Grace almost fell over on the floor. Her wrist could hardly support the weight of the warm, slippery telephone. A sharp, corroding pain went through her heart. There *was* no waiting list! Stupid Lollie had told her only a few days ago that that was the excuse they always gave when anyone was blackballed.

"—I see," she managed to say. "Yes, well, I—well, it was awfully nice of you to call—and Lollie, m-maybe some other time?" Grace asked in an effort to salvage something from the wreckage.

"Well—er, well, I don't know, Grace." A chiding firmness came into Lollie's voice. "After all, we—we have a very long waiting list, and to be perfectly frank about it, if I were you, Grace"—a certain relenting was discernible in the tone—"I think I'd just forget all about it."

A moment later, Grace put down the telephone. When she stood there on the landing, everything before her eyes seemed to have darkened, as if the lights had suddenly dimmed. It was this pain, this scalding sense of shame! After planning so long, being so careful at the other meetings to be particularly charming to Mrs. Crosby Page, smiling up at her—to be turned down, found not good enough.

Tears blurred her eyes, and quickly, with gathering speed, she went up to her unlighted bedroom, sank down at the dressing table, and buried her face in her hands. Oh, better if she had never bothered, never ventured, than to have so exposed herself! How would she ever face them again? They must have discussed her when her name came up. *"That rather pushy little person—"* Grace turned the knife, gave it an extra twist to relieve some pain buried deeper. *"My dear, Lollie Martin made me stop off there this afternoon, and we caught her screaming like a wild woman at her neighbor. I'm sure she's not at all the sort we'd ever—"*

ARTHUR started up the stairs. Listening, she lifted her head, patted her cheeks; with a wavelike motion, she passed her hand over her upswept hair. She jumped to her feet, pretended to be straightening the perfume bottles.

"Grace—" he paused in the doorway, "I uh—I just wanted to say I'm sorry for—for what I said."

"That's all right, Arthur."

"I didn't mean to go—flying off the handle like that. I apologize."

"—I guess I—lost my temper too," she said, looking down in the dimness at her forefinger pressing the glass top of the table.

"Well—" Coins jingled in his pocket.

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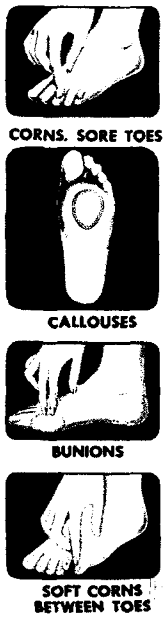

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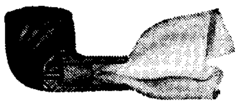

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"Probably you've been working too hard." Hungry for sympathy and understanding, she agreed; yes, yes, she thought, that's it! I have! Tears of comfort came to her eyes. "And then your nerves are all shot," he added.

"I suppose you're right. . . ." But she resented that, resented it deeply. It was unfair! Humiliating! What earthly right had he to assume any such thing? I've worked as hard as I can to make a nice, comfortable home for him—and that's the thanks I get: Your nerves are shot! And what she resented more was the knowledge that his apology freed him, squared him, while hers had not. She still felt weighted down with—

"Try taking it easier for a while," he suggested. "You'll last longer." And he went down the hall to his den.

GRACE went downstairs, but she could no longer bear the sight of the rooms so beautiful by lamplight, so finished. They seemed empty, useless; they mocked her. The pain struck through again, and sent her outdoors. Evening had fallen; there was a bluish, silvery bloom over everything. The cooling air, laden with honeysuckle, moved past her cheeks. She breathed it in, and suddenly felt as if her heart would break. Tears, scalding tears, burned her eyelids, ready to fall. Unwanted, unwelcome here. Unable to make the grade. As soon as things get better, she thought, we could move away. She turned her head to look at the house next door.

There was something different about it. It took her a moment to see—the shades were even, sedately lowered; the tin cans were down from the porch railing. Mrs. Broshotsky had marked out an elaborate, anchor-shaped flower bed into which she was hastily transplanting the geranium slips. Now in the silver gloom, she straightened up to rest her back.

For a mesmerized moment the two women stared at each other. *"They thought everyone was going to be decent and friendly. . . ."* In Grace's mind, a window shade fell down with a sudden clatter. We're the *same*, Grace thought, the both of us! Both of us only looking, hoping for acceptance, wanting to be welcomed, to be taken inside. . . . Perhaps right now—oh yes, it must—that same ache, the same thwarted groping must be in that breast too. And I put it there.

Grace Roundtree stared at her victim.

"Will be nice?" ventured Mrs. Broshotsky, talking perhaps to the air, "my garden?"

"I—Mrs. Br—" Grace's throat locked for a moment. She moistened her lips and tried again. "I—I was just noticing how—how really b-bright your garden's going to be!" It was going to look hideous, just a clutter of straggly plants. "Really, awfully—they're—they're geraniums, aren't they?" She went down the little incline, and across to the hedge.

Good Woman— Somehow the phrase rang, echoed in her mind as she approached Mrs. Broshotsky. For all the self-pity she felt, and pity for the woman across the hedge, Grace recognized—and writhed at the realization—that there was a certain ineffable integrity about Mrs. Br[illegible]oshtsky. Grace Roundtree knew that she herself was not a Good Woman. But somehow the need to pretend—no, dammit, it was more than a pretense—the need to make a genuine effort to regain some of the decency, the self-respect she had lost was strong in her.

When she tried to smile, two tears slipped down her cheeks. She brushed them away. Mrs. Broshotsky saw her, and for a delicate moment Grace thought they might revert to their old routine about the eyes. But Mrs. Broshotsky understood, and tactfully turned her head.

"I don't mind workin'," she said. "Just if they come out good—so much to do here."

"Well the—the soil is rather poor around here, you see, and needs lots of—of cultivation." In the dimness, Mrs. Broshotsky's outlines were motherly, and Grace tried to draw comfort from that. "If you'd like, I have a number of taller things that really could stand thinning. They'd be nice for a background there. You'd just have to coax them a little—"

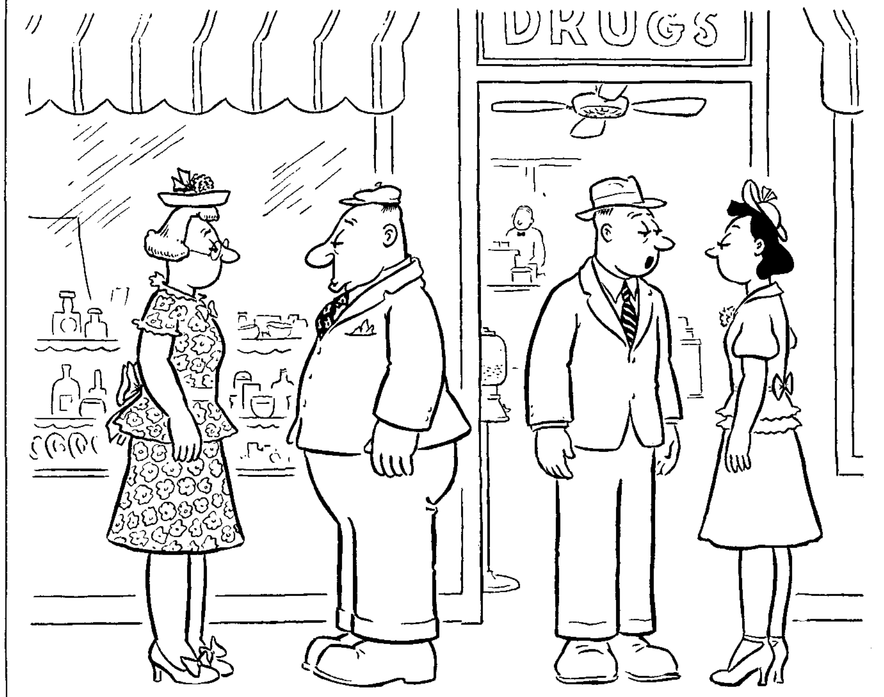
"I'll coax," Mrs. Broshotsky promised. "I'll do. Just tell me—"

"Well—" Grace hesitated, then let everything go. "Well, if you—do you have a minute to spare?" Grace's back screen door slammed lightly with its double tap, and Tad's figure flashed past the corner of her eye. At the same time, there was the flicker of a pale dress in the Broshotskys' back garden. "If—if you'll come in a minute," Grace was saying to Mrs. Broshotsky as the two young figures came together across the back hedge, "I'd be only too glad to show you how I—wait." She went down to the gate, and held it open.

"Won't you come in, please?" she asked.

THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



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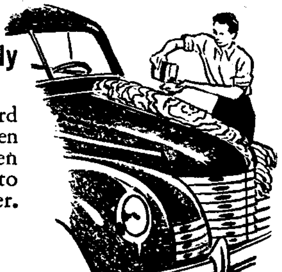

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THE WIDOW OF WAGON GAP

Continued from page 21

bench and started out of the room, and then he remembered something and came back.

"It just came to me," Judge Benbow said, "Matt Hawkins owed me eleven dollars. You can drop it by the office any time."

The way it turned out there was not much danger of my Uncle Chad trying to leave town unless he wanted to walk. It seemed that Mr. Hawkins had owed money to almost everybody in the county and by the time Uncle Chad had paid these debts he had sold his horse and saddle, and his bedroll. He did not sell his gun. The reason for that was that, considering the state of mind he was in, it occurred to him that he might want to kill himself with it.

He was living in a boardinghouse for five dollars a week and not spending any outside money, but even at that he had to keep humping to meet expenses. He was paying Aunt Trudy fifty dollars a month, and he had to hold down two jobs to do it. He clerked in a grocery store during the day, and swept the Elkhorn Saloon at night. That was humiliating enough to a man who had been a top hand with a cattle outfit, but that wasn't the worst of it. When Judge Benbow interpreted the word *maintenance* he interpreted it in its broadest sense, so to speak. As a result my Uncle Chad got up early every morning and went out to Aunt Trudy's house to cut the firewood, and carry out the ashes.

THE whole procedure surprised my Aunt Trudy as much as it did Uncle Chad, except it surprised her in a different way. She'd been accustomed to doing things for herself all her life, and in the beginning she wasn't sure that she relished any outside help, especially, coming as it did, from a total stranger. She mentioned the matter to Judge Benbow.

"Gertrude," Judge Benbow said, "never look a gift horse in the mouth. You teach your school and leave the interpretation of the law to me."

He did not tell Aunt Trudy what he had in mind. The way Judge Benbow looked at it my Uncle Chad was a good-looking young man, and industrious, and a better-than-average prospect as a husband. He figured if he could keep Uncle Chad and Aunt Trudy together, more or less, that something was apt to result.

Something did, but it was not what Judge Benbow had expected. What resulted was one of the finest flowering two-handed feuds ever seen by man.

It was not that my Aunt Trudy was antagonistic. It was the first time she had ever had any masculine support in the household, and she was inclined to look on my Uncle Chad with a certain degree of favor. But this feeling was not reciprocated. In my Uncle Chad's opinion, Aunt Trudy was nothing but a female millstone around his neck, and it never occurred to him that she was also a good-looking girl—until Judge Benbow brought it to his attention.

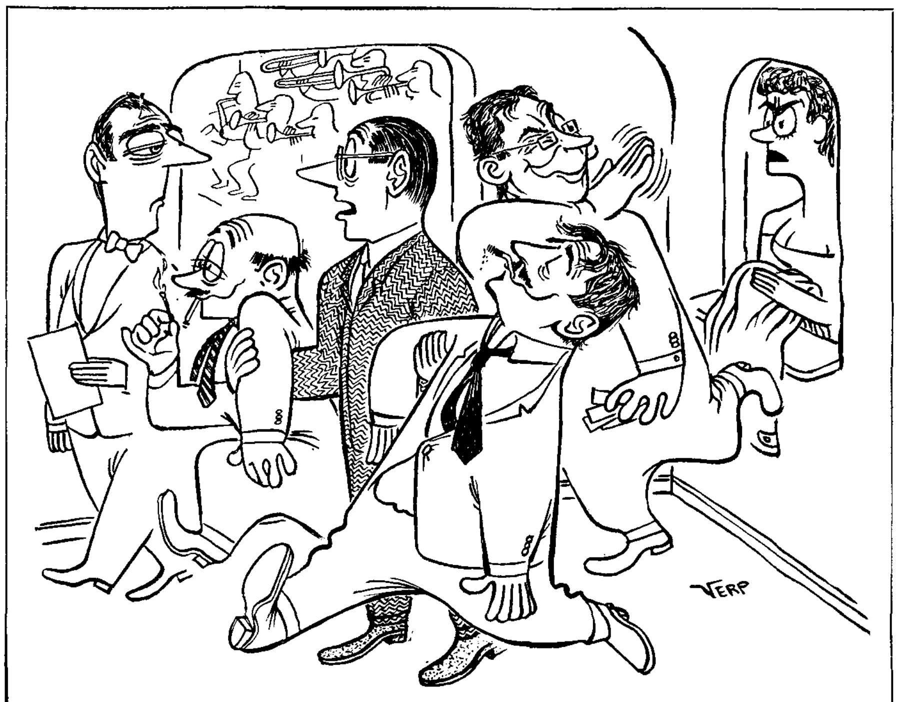
That all took place the following summer. It had been one of the longest winters my Uncle Chad had ever put in. He estimated that he had chopped maybe fifty cords of wood, and carried out two trainloads of ashes and cleared up to two, three hundred acres of snow. When the warm weather came he didn't have so much wood to chop, or so many ashes to carry out, which eased the situation somewhat—and things would probably have gone on the way they were going if it had not been for a man by the name of Burdick. It seems that Mr. Burdick had been a friend of Mr. Hawkins. He worked on a ranch outside of Wagon Gap, and on the occasions when he came to town he would start drinking in the Elkhorn Saloon, and swear revenge for the shooting of his best friend, and then when he got drunk enough he would try to pick a fight with my Uncle Chad.

Uncle Chad wouldn't fight him. He would take all the abuse that Mr. Burdick had to offer and walk away from it.

Nobody in Wagon Gap could understand it, and my Uncle Chad didn't volunteer any information. That is he didn't volunteer any information until one night he was mopping out the Elkhorn Saloon, and Judge Benbow, who was standing at the bar, asked him about it.

Uncle Chad leaned his mop against the bar. "Well," he said, "I will tell you. It is not that I would not like to kick all of his condemned teeth down his condemned throat and hang his hide up to dry. The trouble is I'm afraid he might be married, and in my present financial condition I don't figure that I can support two women unless I figure to give up eating entirely."

Judge Benbow poured himself a drink, and out of sympathy for my Uncle Chad's predicament he bought one for Uncle Chad. Uncle Chad drank it.



COLLIER'S "I'm new here. They're showing me the town" VIRGIL PARTCH

"If there is any way," Uncle Chad said, "that you figure I can circumvent the law, so to speak, in case this Burdick is *matrimonially entangled*, I will bring you his ears on the biggest platter the Busy Bee Café can provide."

Judge Benbow poured himself another drink.

"It occurs to me," Judge Benbow said, "that Mrs. Hawkins is a remarkably attractive woman."

"Would you kindly explain to me," Uncle Chad said, "just what the hell Mrs. Hawkins has to do with the question in hand?"

"It seems to me," Judge Benbow said, "that she provides the solution."

He slid the bottle over toward my Uncle Chad.

"A bird," Judge Benbow said, "cannot fly on one wing."

Uncle Chad poured himself a drink.

"There is an old adage to the effect," Judge Benbow said, "that two can live as cheaply as one. At the moment you are maintaining two establishments. If you were to combine them, so to speak, in the holy bonds of matrimony the accrued surplus might allow you to—ahem—follow other pursuits."

That was an idea that had not occurred to Uncle Chad, but he was quick to see the possibilities.

"You figure," Uncle Chad said, "that if I was to marry Mrs. Hawkins, I could afford to shoot Mr. Burdick, married or not?"

"Roughly speaking," Judge Benbow said, "that was what I had in mind."

Uncle Chad picked his drink up from the bar.

"Regards," Uncle Chad said.

AUNT TRUDY was a little baffled at first by Uncle Chad's sudden reversal of form, but after a while she accepted it as a matter of course. After his talk with the judge he took to dropping in of an evening to inquire after Aunt Trudy's welfare, and to suggest certain things that might be done around the house. These visits were brief and comparatively businesslike at first, until one night Aunt Trudy invited him in and brought out a pitcher of cold lemonade and some fresh gingerbread that, by a strange coincidence, she had happened to make that afternoon. This state of affairs progressed logically to a game of cribbage in the evenings, a pursuit in which my Aunt Trudy was proficient enough to win Uncle Chad's approval, and careful enough to see that he eventually won.

After five or six weeks of this my Uncle Chad considered that the spadework had been done, so to speak, and he went all the way. He memorized a few appropriate quotations from a dog-eared volume of Shakespeare, put on his best white shirt, and borrowed a mandolin.

They were married the following August. It was a select ceremony presided over by Judge Benbow, and attended by the bartender from the Elkhorn Saloon, who acted as best man, and a person named Bevis who had dropped in to engage the judge to defend him on a horse-stealing charge in the adjoining county.

"And by the powers vested in me by the incorporated township of Wagon Gap and environs," Judge Benbow said, "I hereby pronounce you man and wife."

Uncle Chad kissed Aunt Trudy. Then he walked across the room and strapped on his gun belt.

"If you will excuse me," Uncle Chad said, "there is a little unfinished business I have to take care of."

My Aunt Trudy did not understand

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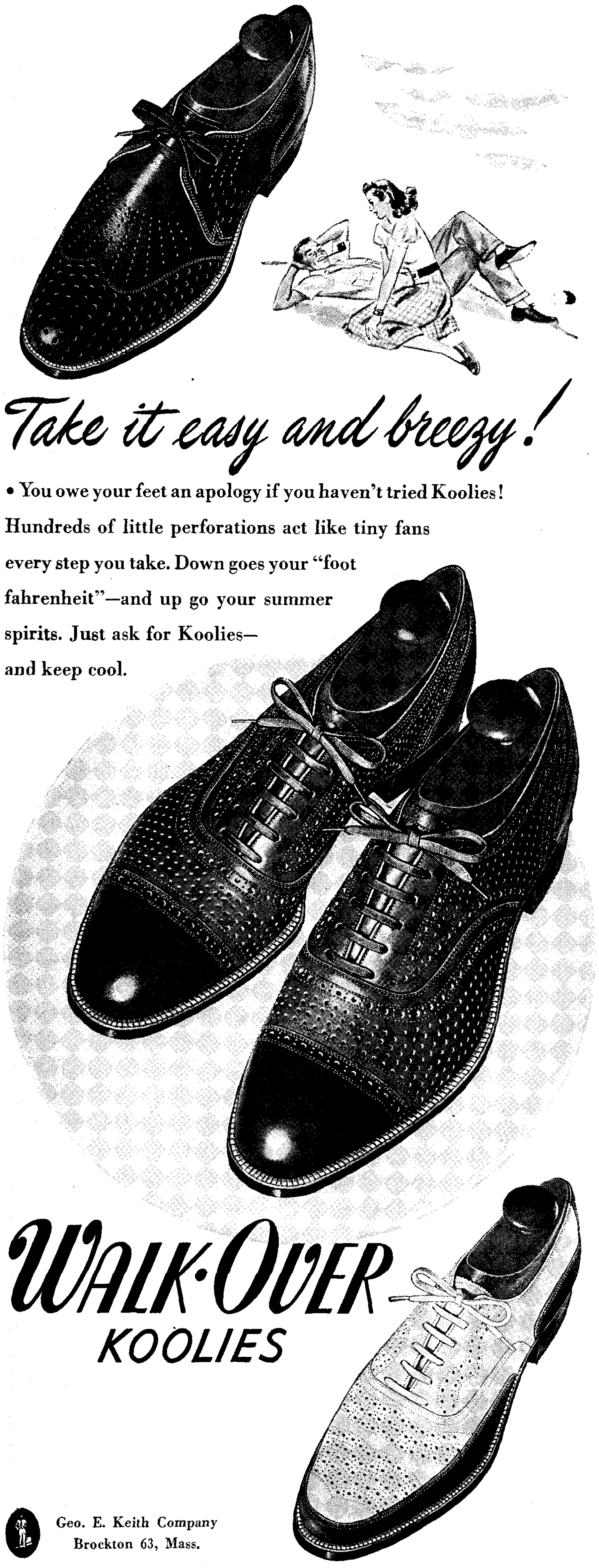

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what was going on. She asked where my Uncle Chad was going and Uncle Chad told her.

"I am going down and shoot that so and so Burdick," Uncle Chad said, and walked out the door.

Judge Benbow and Aunt Trudy took out after him, but Judge Benbow was old and fat, and Aunt Trudy was wearing a long dress which hampered her considerably, and they did not catch up with him in time.

MR. BURDICK was standing at the bar when Uncle Chad came in. Uncle Chad did not waste any time.

"Mr. Burdick," Uncle Chad said, "you have been swinging a big loop around this town for maybe the last seven, eight months, and I figure it is about time I took the slack out of your rope. I will count to three," Uncle Chad said, "and then you had better start reaching."

By the time Uncle Chad had got to "one" all the customers were behind the bar or under the table.

"Two," Uncle Chad *said.*

Then he said, "Three," and the front door banged open and my Aunt Trudy *yelled,* "Chad."

Uncle Chad turned his head, which turned out to be a tactical error.

Mr. Burdick shot him when he wasn't looking.

It was an hour later when my Uncle Chad came to. He was lying in a bed with clean sheets on it and Judge Benbow was there, and a man who looked like a doctor, and the first thing Uncle Chad saw when he opened his eyes was my Aunt Trudy bending over him. Aunt Trudy was crying.

"Chad," Aunt Trudy said. "Speak to me."

"I intend to," Uncle Chad said. He sat straight up in bed. "Just what in the name of holy Joseph do you mean by yelling at me at a time like that," Uncle Chad said. "*You might have got me* shot." He looked down at the bandages. "As a matter of fact," Uncle Chad said, "*it occurs to me that you did get me shot.*"

My Aunt Trudy went on crying. The doctor told my Uncle Chad to lie down and Uncle Chad told him to go to hell. Judge Benbow stepped up to the bed.

"Son," Judge Benbow said, "I admit it *seemed like an unpropitious* moment to give tongue, so to speak, but she did it for your own good. I had neglected to tell you," Judge Benbow said, "but I have been making inquiries. It seems that Mr. Burdick has a wife and four children in Butte, and is indebted to the moment of four thousand dollars."

"In that case," Uncle Chad said, "all is forgiven."

He lay back on the bed. Then he had his idea and sat up again.

"Doc," Uncle Chad said, "how bad am I hurt?"

It seemed the doctor was more accustomed to working on animals than he was on human beings and he wasn't taking any chances.

"Well," the doctor said, "it's a little early to say."

"That is enough for me," Uncle Chad said. He lay down again, and he was *smiling like he was enjoying himself.* "I am going to be permanently disabled," Uncle Chad said, "and that so-and-so will have to support me for the rest of my life."

My Aunt Trudy stopped crying.

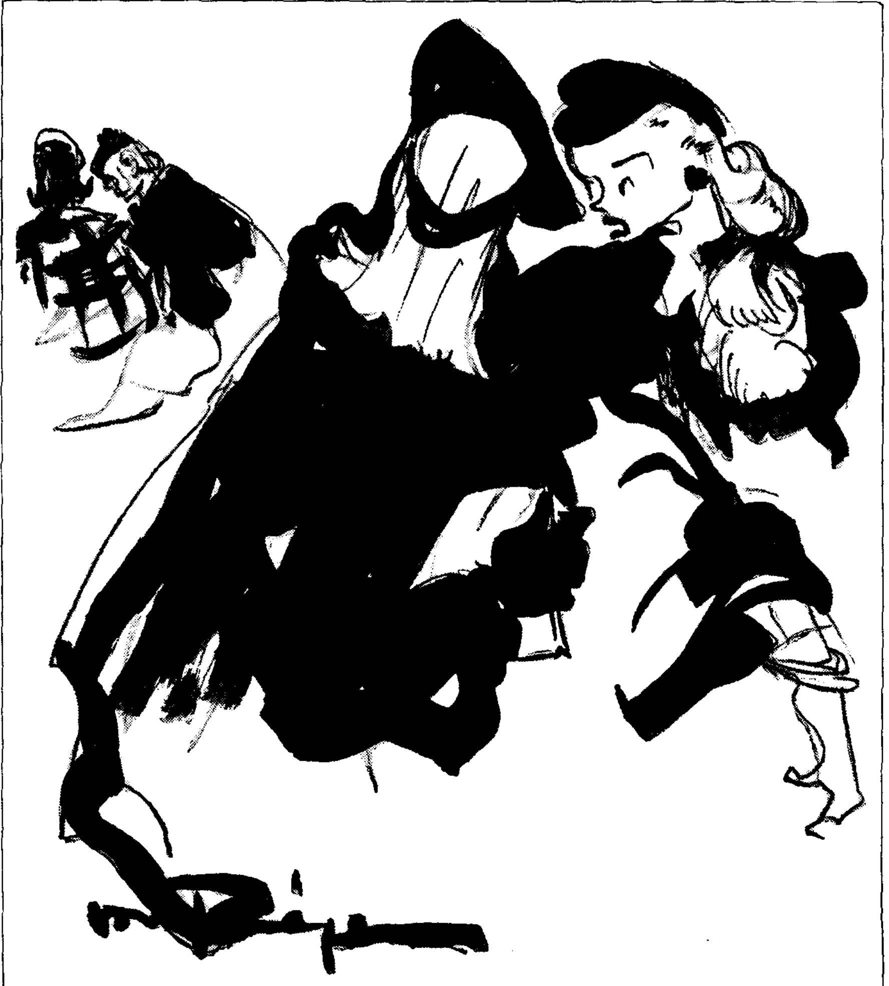
"You are going to do nothing of the sort," Aunt Trudy said. "I've saved six hundred dollars out of the money you gave me and I'll tell you what you're going to do. You are going to get well in two weeks, and we will homestead some land and buy cows with the six hundred dollars, and someday you will be one of the biggest cattlemen in the state."

My Uncle Chad sat up in bed again.

"Trudy," Uncle Chad said, "you are a beautiful woman, but being the head of this household as of tonight I will make any decisions that have to be made. And when I say I am going to be permanently disabled," Uncle Chad said, "I am going to be permanently disabled," and he lay back down on the bed.

My Uncle Chad is one of the biggest cattlemen in the state.

THE END



"She ought to take better care of herself. She looks older than her daughter"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

● *This reproduction was made from a 4"x5" transparency size.*

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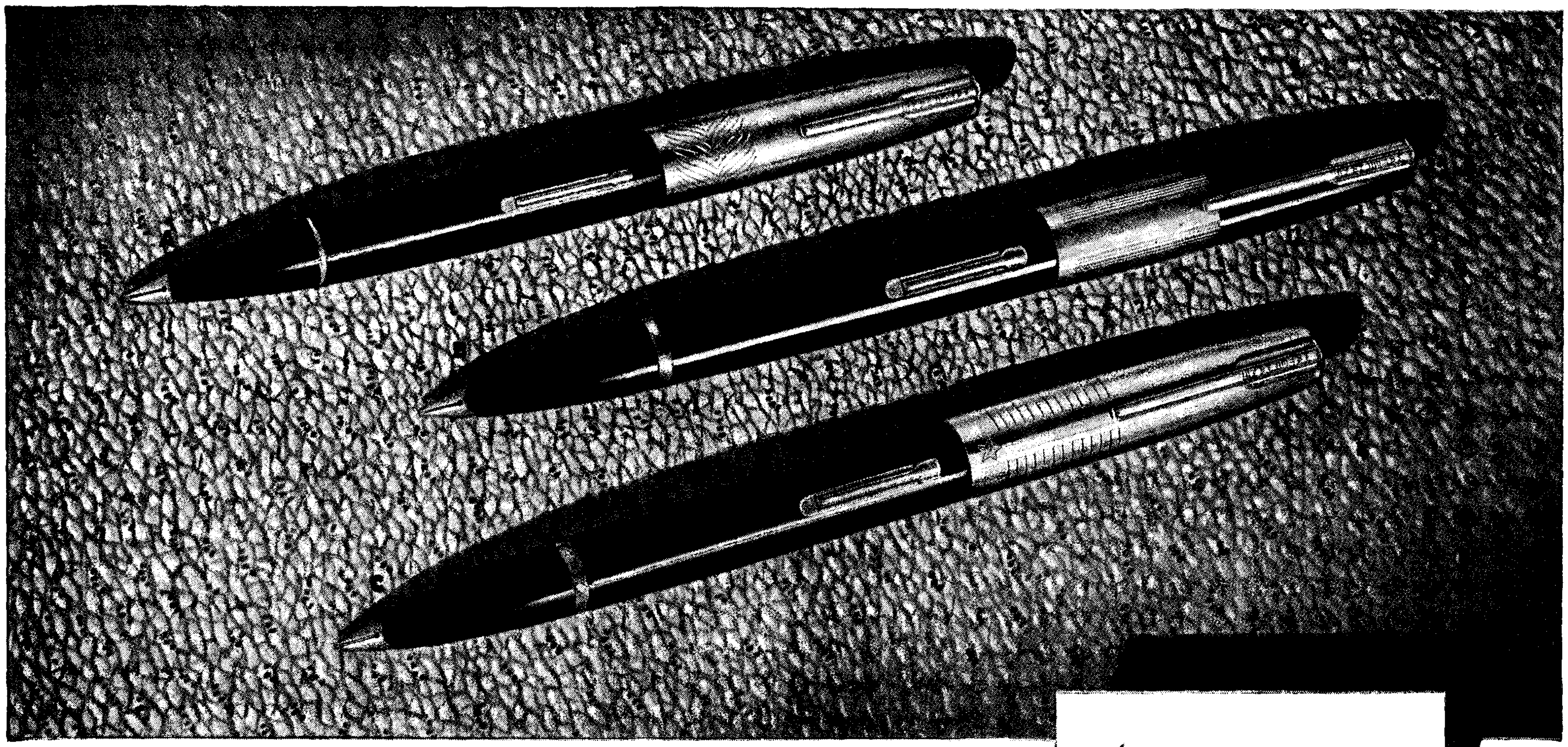

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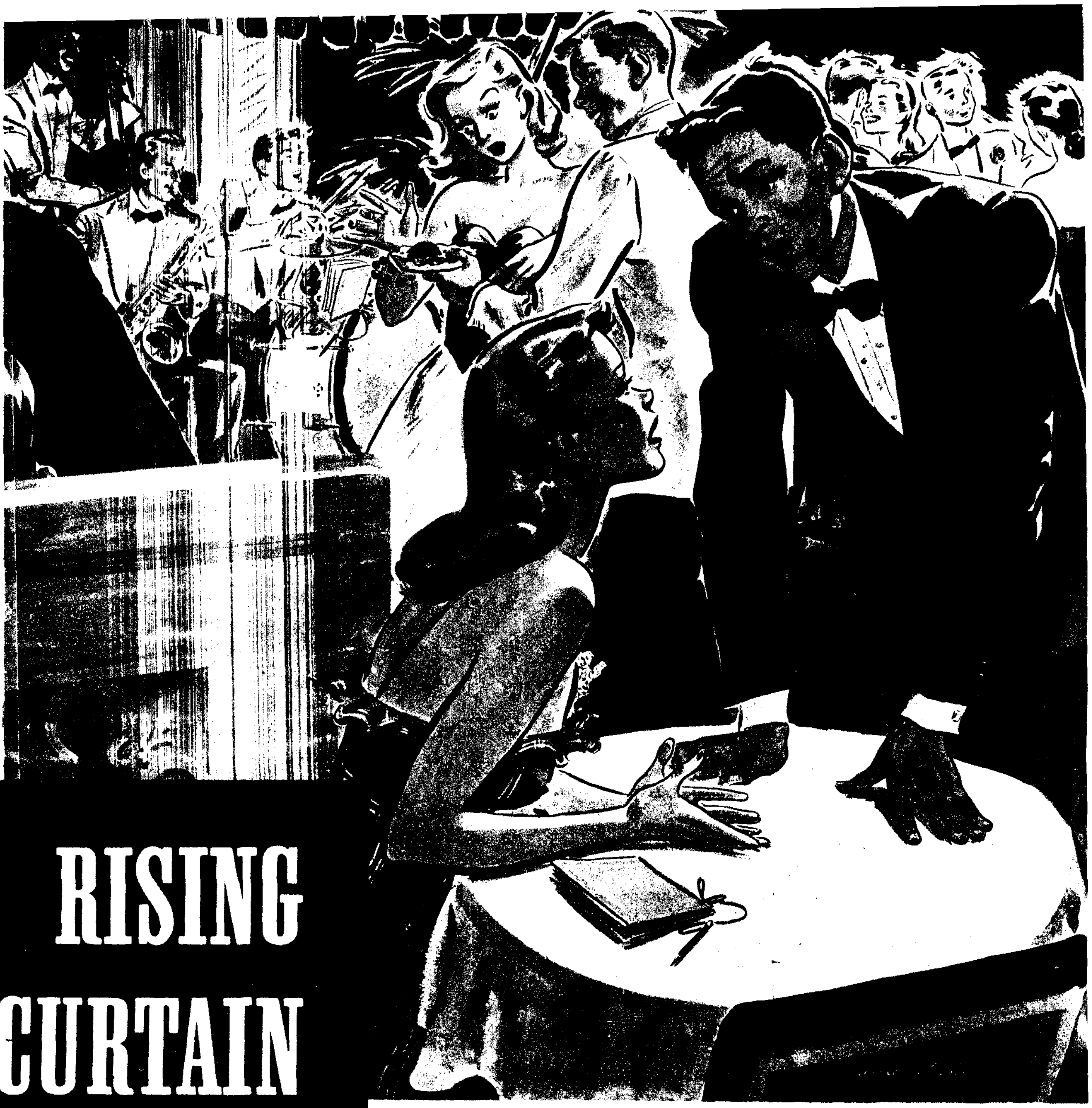

"I'll give up the scholarship if you want me to stay here," Mary said. "That's crazy," Peter protested. "You're beginning to sound like me"

RISING CURTAIN

BY SYLVIA SHIRLEY

THE entire Lundstret household was sore at itself and at one another, and all because of Mary Kelloway who lived next door and had no escort to the high-school prom.

Mrs. Lundstret thought her husband ought to persuade their son Dirk, who was eighteen and experienced in such matters, to ask Mary. Mr. Lundstret said he'd be hanged first. He wasn't going to meddle in any teenage nonsense, and if the girl had half an ounce of gray matter, she could think up a smart way of getting a fellow to take her. It wasn't his problem—let her parents worry about it.

In the end Mrs. Lundstret had her way. Mrs. Kelloway was her oldest friend in town, and it was unthinkable that a nice girl like Mary should have her whole social life ruined because she was too shy to ask anyone to squire her to this last and most important event of her girlhood.

Dirk put up even more of a fight than his father. "Intimidation, that's what it is," he bellowed. "I can just hear my crowd giving me the heehaw! High-school dance . . . little Mary Kelloway!"

His father refused to see that it would be a tragedy. "It won't kill you. You were friends all your life before you started your freshman year at college. What's wrong with Mary?"

"Nothing, nothing." Dirk's scathing sarcasm fell on deaf ears. "She's a kid, that's what."

"All right, let me put it this way: I'm asking you as a favor to your mother, who is awfully cut up about it. Mrs. Kelloway's spent a silly fortune on Mary's dress and cried her eyes out because she's afraid folks'll say, what's the use in a girl's walking off with a scholarship when she hasn't got a beau."

"Okay, what *is* the use? Nobody wants a girl too smart for her own good!"

Mr. Lundstret waved his hands over his head. "I'll discuss that with you twenty years from now. Right now, do me a favor and ask this girl for the date."

"Sure, first it's a date. Next thing you know, you'll want me to marry her, as a favor to somebody's grandmother." He banged out of the room. "Such altruism in this family," he addressed the house at large. "I do Pop a favor, Pop does Mom a favor, Mom does Old Lady Kelloway a favor and the first thing you know, Mary'll act like she's doing me a favor."

His mother and father heard him lift the receiver in the hall, held their breaths, and avoided each other's eyes.

The phone rang and rang and it seemed hours before anyone answered. Finally Dirk heard Mary's voice.

"Hello, this is Dirk Lundstret. What're you doing?"

"Praying."

"In the middle of the afternoon?"

"Well, no. I mean, I guess I was daydreaming, and that's a little like praying."

"Oh." You couldn't get away from it: Mary was deep. "Well, look, what I wanted to ask . . . Of course I know it's late, but may I take you to your prom?"

Mary did not answer. She had made up her mind that she was not meant to go, and she had hardened herself to the expectancy of not going. Suddenly the vision of the green plaid dress in its transparent sack (hanging in her mother's closet because she could not bear to look at it) became too beautiful for endurance. Her eyes brimmed over.

"Hello, Mary? Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes. Thank you, Dirk. I'd love to go with you." There, the words were out, her promise to herself broken. She saw herself in the dress, gaily dancing, and no one guessing how her heart ached under the tight bodice.

"What color is your dress? I mean do you want any special flowers to go with it?"

"Tea roses, I guess. No, please, I'd like valley lilies."

"Lilies! Aren't those for funerals?"

She started to giggle. "These are tiny little bells. The florist'll know. What time will you come by for me?"

"Whatever time you say."

"Well, not too early, I guess. You know these affairs are always such bores."

"Sure," said Dirk. That was a woman for you: got the whole world wound up in social red tape, and then complained about being bored.

Dirk was too healthy a young man to feel martyred for more than two and a half days, but by Friday evening, he started to grumble all over again. His father, unmoved, fixed his tie for him, as Dirk said, "I don't even know what to talk to her about. She never says anything first."

"You don't know how lucky you are," Mr. Lundstret said.

"She never knows when you're

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joking. Takes everything you say so seriously. Besides, I hate going to her house. You never know where to look. Her mother acts like you've come to call on her, not Mary, and that's a fact!" At this point, his father had an uncontrollable fit of coughing.

Dirk cut across the adjoining lawns, and leaped the low shrubs bordering the little path to Mary's door, as he had not done for many months. He straightened his tie, squared his shoulders and pressed the buzzer.

Mary opened the door, and he barely looked at her. But he was glad she wasn't the kind of girl who kept a fellow waiting forever while she figured out a proper entrance.

Murmuring that she must get her wrap, she left him standing in the overfurnished living room. The chairs were so low it took as much effort to lower yourself into them as to lift yourself out. Every flat surface was covered with miniature figurines. He was just thinking that he would have liked, with one careless sweep of his hand, to shove a table clear of all the fanciful little animals, when he realized that Mrs. Kelloway was curled in one of the chairs at the far corner of the room.

"Uh, good evening," he said, looking at the shelves of porcelain dogs over her head.

"Well," Mrs. Kelloway said brightly, "how do you like the way our little lump of a girl looks tonight?"

"She didn't look a bit lumpy to me," Dirk said, feeling spiteful.

HE TURNED to see Mary standing in the doorway, tying a bit of elbow-length fluff over her shoulders. He had no way of knowing whether she'd heard, but her mother's laughter was too bright, so he said, with more feeling than he understood, "I think you look very nice."

Mary lifted her head slightly, flushed and smiled. Her rounded forehead seemed very big and childlike, bumping out over her flower-blue eyes. When she smiled, her chin went a little off center. She was pretty cute, Dirk decided.

"Will you carry this for me, in case I need them?" She held out her eyeglass case. "It won't fit in my bag."

"I should say." Dirk slipped her glasses into his pocket.

"Mary always expects to find a book somewhere," Mrs. Kelloway laughed at her.

"You never can tell," Dirk answered. He noticed that Mary did not say good night very warmly to her mother, and he felt sorry that Mary should be so hurt. Families were probably all alike. Always bickering. It didn't matter that he could not like Mrs. Kelloway, but it seemed too bad that Mary should feel the impression her mother left on other people. His own mother, well, he could get sore as anything at her—but she was his mother.

Together they went down the stone steps. The cab he'd ordered from town was already waiting, and, deftly, he helped Mary in.

"Nice night," he said companionably.

"Yes."

"June's a pretty good month, anyhow."

"The best."

They rode on in silence. Dirk tried again. "I'll bet you're all excited about going out to Amity College this fall."

"Oh, yes, I am!" she answered eagerly, and he was glad he'd hit the right subject. "It's something I've dreamed of for a long time . . . to be on my own."

"Well, anybody can see you had to do more than dream to get the scholarship."

"It was hardly anything. If you want something badly, you scarcely know how hard you really are working."

"I don't know. I wanted to go up to Amity, too, but I didn't make any scholarship. I would have liked to anyway, as a regular student, but my parents decided it would be less expensive right here in Underhill."

Mary considered this for a moment. "That's different. What was important for you was to *go* to college, not *where* to go."

"Well, it takes more money out of town."

"I know. Even I'll have to get a job. I want to be absolutely free."

"Well, gosh, a young girl like you is entitled to expect some help from her folks."

"Apparently I'm not entitled to the things I expect."

Dirk fidgeted. She was certainly too profound for him. He wanted to tell her so, but she went right on:

"It would be nice if you could total up all the things you owed to people, things you took from them when you were too little to know what they were, or because you couldn't help yourself, and then kind of write out a check for them."

"Oh, people don't expect that," he objected. Why did she have to be so gloomy. Did she mean him, too? "What are you going to major in?"

She thought about it a while. "I don't know yet. I suppose I'll end up teaching. But you know what I'd really like to be?"

He looked at her. "What?"

"A human being."

"But we're *all* human beings!"

"Yes. Isn't it sad?"

"Say, are you kidding?" His look of amazement gave way to laughter, and he thought how pretty she could look. What was the matter with the guys in this town, anyway?

The cab slowed down to get in line with the others moving up to the Celestial Dance Palace. "Well, I guess we're here," Dirk said.

"Yes, thank you for asking me, Dirk."

"Oh, it was nothing." Girls were supposed to say that at the end of the evening, not in the beginning.

"I'm glad it's nothing to you," Mary said, and Dirk sat up. She didn't have to start getting sarcastic with him. Nuts to these smart women, anyway. But when he looked at her, and saw that her face had an indrawn, pathetic look, he wondered whether she knew he had been forced to take her to this dance.

THIS so unbalanced him, that waiting for Mary to come from the powder room he forgot his annoyance at being pushed here tonight. He even forgot to hope that he wouldn't know too many of these high-school kids. Had she wanted him to take her, and engineered the whole plot against him? Did her mother make her go with him, and then laugh at her? Or did she need to come here so badly that it did not matter how it was managed? It occurred to him that this was probably the first time he'd ever tried to put himself in another's place, to figure from someone else's angle. He felt almost immodest.

From where he stood, Dirk could see the passing dancers. The room seemed full of beautiful girls who looked like paper-lace valentines come to life. He felt a warm excitement flow up to him, and he looked around impatiently for Mary.

She was standing not a foot away, squinting slightly over his shoulder.

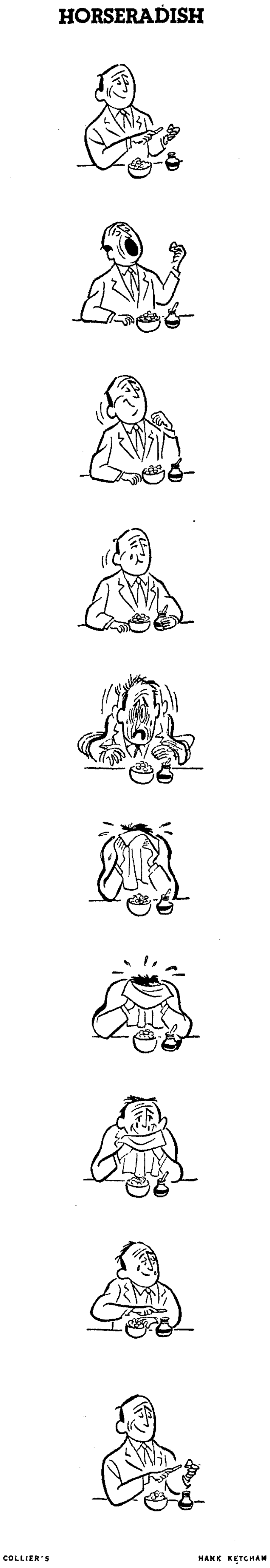
"Oh, there you are. What are you trying to see?"

She laughed a little, swiveling one palm on the other, as he took her elbow, leading her onto the ballroom floor. "I thought I saw someone I knew."

"Sure, you probably know everybody." He put one arm around her waist and was surprised to find how slim it was. Girls were continually and pleasantly deceiving.

"I don't dance very well," she faltered.

"Never admit such a thing, gal, just relax and let the music carry you. There, that's fine." For several awkward moments he propelled her along, until gradu-



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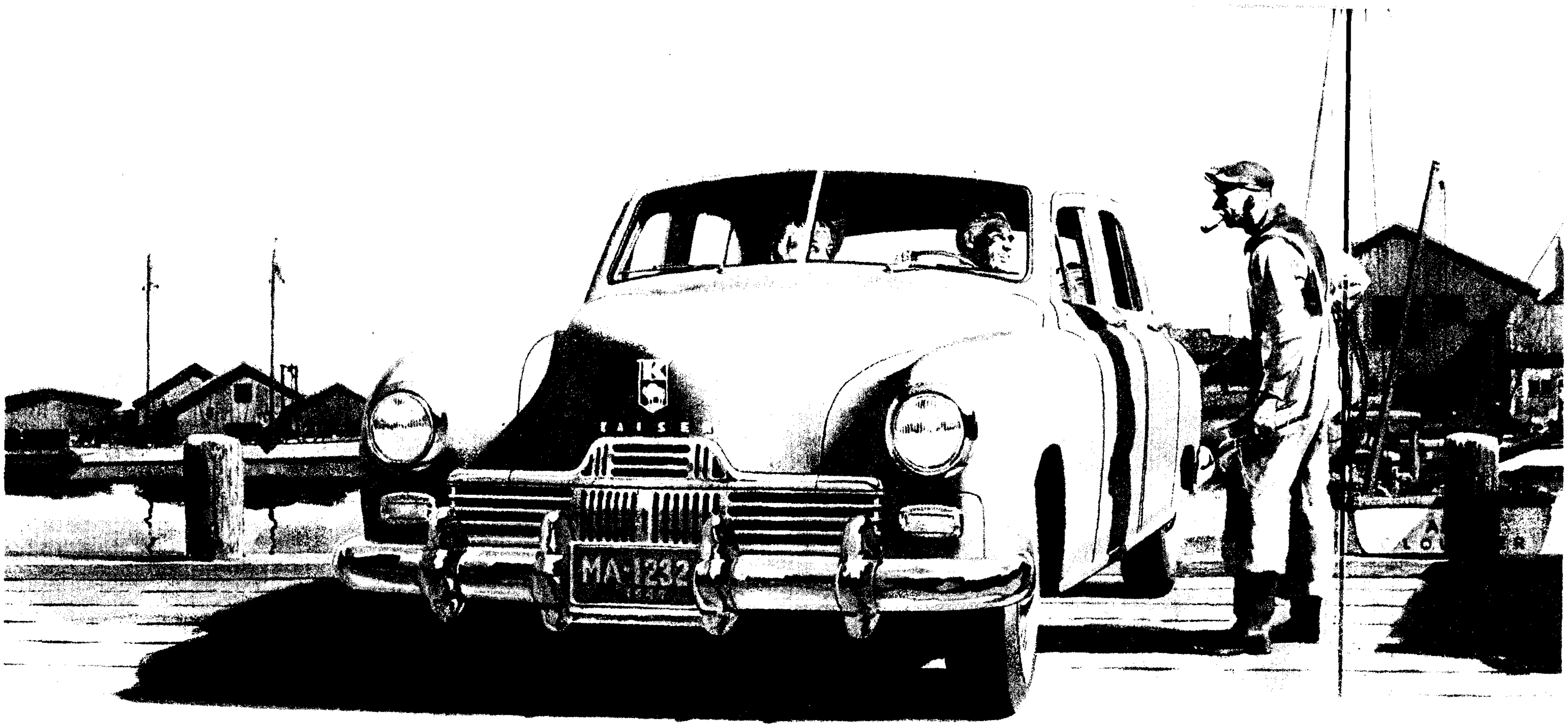

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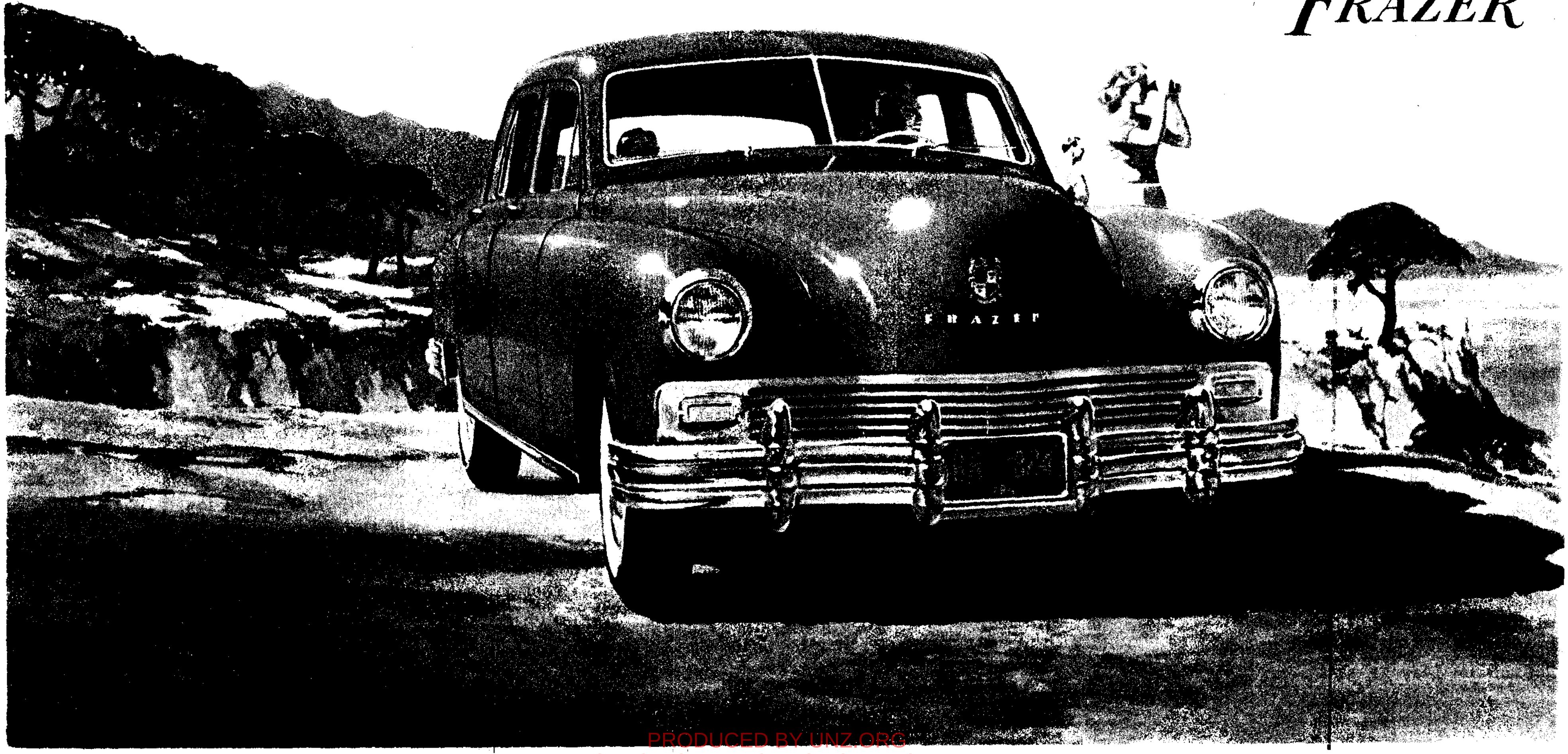


ally she fell into an easy rhythm. "Good," Dirk said.

"Just wait. When they change to something hot, you'll have to find a better partner."

They bumped into a couple who separated their dreamy faces to smile at them. "Don't you hate these dances?" the girl asked, "such bores."

"Sure," Dirk said, under his breath, maneuvering Mary out of the way. "She probably broke her neck to get here, though." He was sorry the minute he said it. Mary stiffened suddenly, so that he stepped on her foot.

"Maybe I ought to put my glasses on. I keep thinking I see people."

He laughed at her. "You sure do! Most of them those 'sad human beings' you were talking about a while back."

"No, I mean . . ." she laughed, too, and he tightened his hold on her.

"Are you looking for someone special?" Dirk asked.

"No. I just thought I saw Peter Rink."

DIRK turned his head, his glance weaving in and out over the heads of the crowd. "Way back there? Across the room?" He looked at her, grinning. "You don't need glasses if you recognized him from here."

"Oh." Her face went very white. "Who's with him?"

"Looks like one of those Frosch sisters. Yeah, Polly. He's no dope, taking out his boss' daughter. How'd you know him, if you have to squint like that?"

"Oh, I guess I recognized the shape of his head, or something," she ran the tip of her tongue over her lips.

"Gosh, do you specialize in head-hunting?" She did not answer, and he decided that wasn't such a funny remark. "Maybe you'd like to sit the rest of this out?"

"No, no!" She seemed to be herself again, except that she kept dancing too fast.

At length the band paused, and he led Mary to one of the alcoves that lined the walls. "Would you like a drink?"

"No, thank you."

"Maybe a sherbet?"

"No. Don't go away." She busied herself with the delicate valley lilies on her dress. "I forgot to thank you for the flowers, Dirk. They're perfect for this dress."

He started to say it was nothing, but stopped in time. He didn't want her to be sarcastic again.

The dancing started again. They sat in silence. Sometimes passing couples waved and threw out greetings to them. He did not see Rink or Polly Frosch, and wondered if Mary was waiting for them.

At last she said, "I'd like an ice now, Dirk, please."

"Sure thing. You wait here." He got up too quickly, glad to be off. He had to skirt the whirling, reckless crowd.

On the return trip he nearly had the refreshment kicked out of his hand. More than once he had to duck. So intent was he on bringing the sweet back unharmed that he lost his way and had to go back around. The alcoves all looked alike and there seemed to be a group in every one.

The ice was beginning to get squishy in the fluted paper dish, when he recognized Peter Rink, bending down, leaning over Mary. The boy kept thrusting one long bony hand through his hair. His face was flushed and distressed. Mary just sat there listening, her hands in their odd little gesture of agitation: one palm pivoting on the other, fingers going in opposite directions.

Dirk did not know whether to advance or disappear. He wanted to be gallant, but he was also curious and a little disturbed. And it was a new feeling because the disturbance was not for himself but for someone else.

Shifting the plate to his other hand, he thought how upset Mrs. Kelloway would be if she knew that Mary showed a special interest in this boy who worked in the school cafeteria, and ran errands for the grocer after school hours. He decided he liked Peter Rink, if only because he had earned Mary's concern. Because he could not stand still, Dirk came closer.

"Hello, there," he said, not very loud. They did not look up.

"But Mary, you said you didn't care if you *never* went to a prom," Peter said.

"I said it because I thought you wouldn't have the money for a tux. No prom would mean anything to me without you."

"You had no right to worry about the expense. If you'd only said you wanted to come, I'd have gotten the money somewhere. You know that."

"Don't say that, Peter!"

"But it's true."

"Listen," said Dirk. "Do you want this ice, or not?" But they were too intent on each other to see him.

"It frightens me when you say those things. I don't ever want you to do anything out of reach for me," Mary said.

"Can't you see that those are the only things anybody would want to do for you, Mary . . . I . . ."

"That's why you brought Polly."

"What else was I to do? She knew I wasn't going, and she was dying to see a senior prom. She got her father to advance me the money."

"You could have said you were sick. I prayed that I would be."

"Yes—so you show up with Dirk Lundstret. You'll be going away from here soon enough and you'll be educated to admire guys like that, with plenty of pocket money from Papa—"

"Now look here," said Dirk, bristling. Peter didn't have to go being envious of him. His father wasn't Mr. Vanastorbilt, exactly. But if Mary and Peter heard him, they gave no sign.

"Stop it, Peter. If you want me to stay here, I'll give up the scholarship!"

"That's crazy. You're beginning to sound like me. Look, we'll have all of this summer together, and—"

It was too late to make his presence known now. It would be an unforgivable intrusion. The ice melted all over the paper plate, and Dirk's hand was numb from it. He looked around for some place to dump it, and saw Polly Frosch.

Without any hesitation he went right to her, blocking her path. He thrust the goo at her. "Please have an ice. I've been watching you all evening. Are you new in town?"

Polly laughed. "Silly, I'm Polly Frosch. What's this mess?" indicating the mess.

"But you look so sophisticated in that dress. Come on, let's get some more of this stuff."

THE rest of the evening was spent in a frenzied attempt to keep Polly amused. "See," he said, "we're in the same boat. My girl and your boy friend." He paid her silly and extravagant compliments and knew he'd have a hell of a time extricating himself from her in the days to come.

But he did not know how else to keep her from Peter. And whatever it was that Peter and Mary had between them seemed more important to him than anything else he knew. It was as though in looking for disappointment he had stumbled on a revelation. Both discoveries were equally painful, but in different ways. Underneath his banter, he pondered on it, but could come to no reasonable conclusion. He hoped in his heart that whatever it was that was bothering Peter and Mary would soon be over for their sakes. They were too distraught, and yet too unified in their exclusion of the rest of the world. What good could come of it?

As he propelled Polly around the room, he caught glimpses of them. They were right where he had left them, only now Peter was sitting beside Mary, holding both her hands in his. They were still talking as though their very lives depended on what they were saying.

"What in the world do you suppose they're talking about?" Polly demanded.

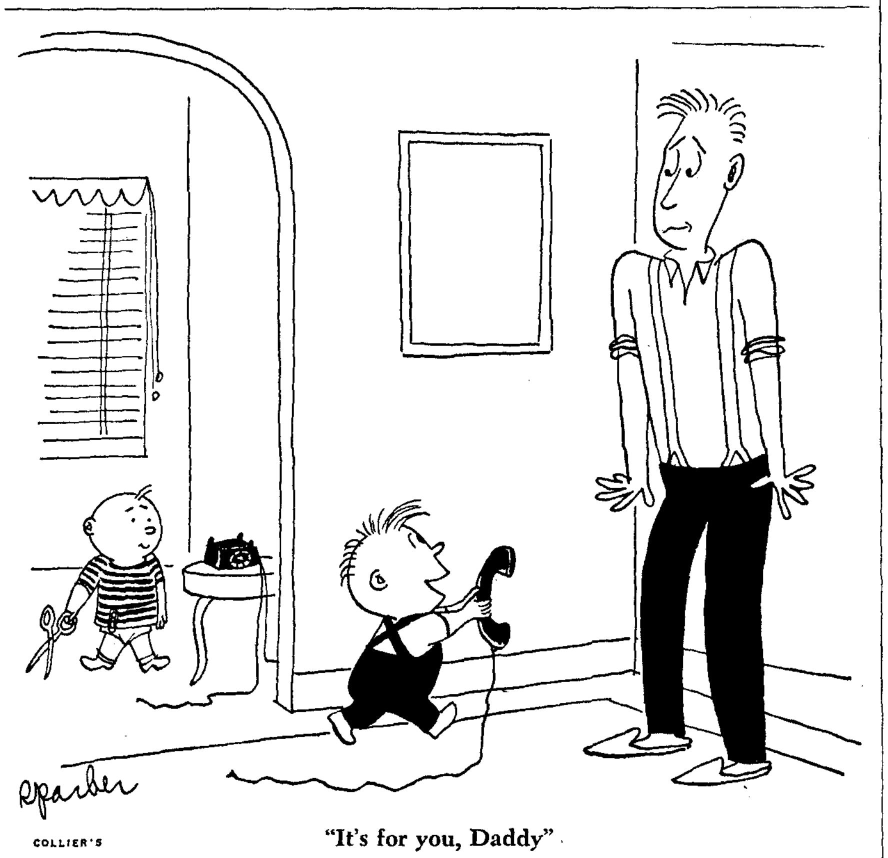
"You know Mary. She's probably explaining how the stock market works," Dirk said carelessly. He surrendered Polly to the captain of the football team. "I'll see if Mary'll excuse me from taking her home."

As he approached, he could see that they were still out of this world, so he put his hand on Peter's back. Peter looked up, and rose, a stubborn apprehension coming into his face, lengthening his jaw.

Dirk fished in his pockets. "I've got the check for Mary's wrap."

Peter looked at him silently. It seemed

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



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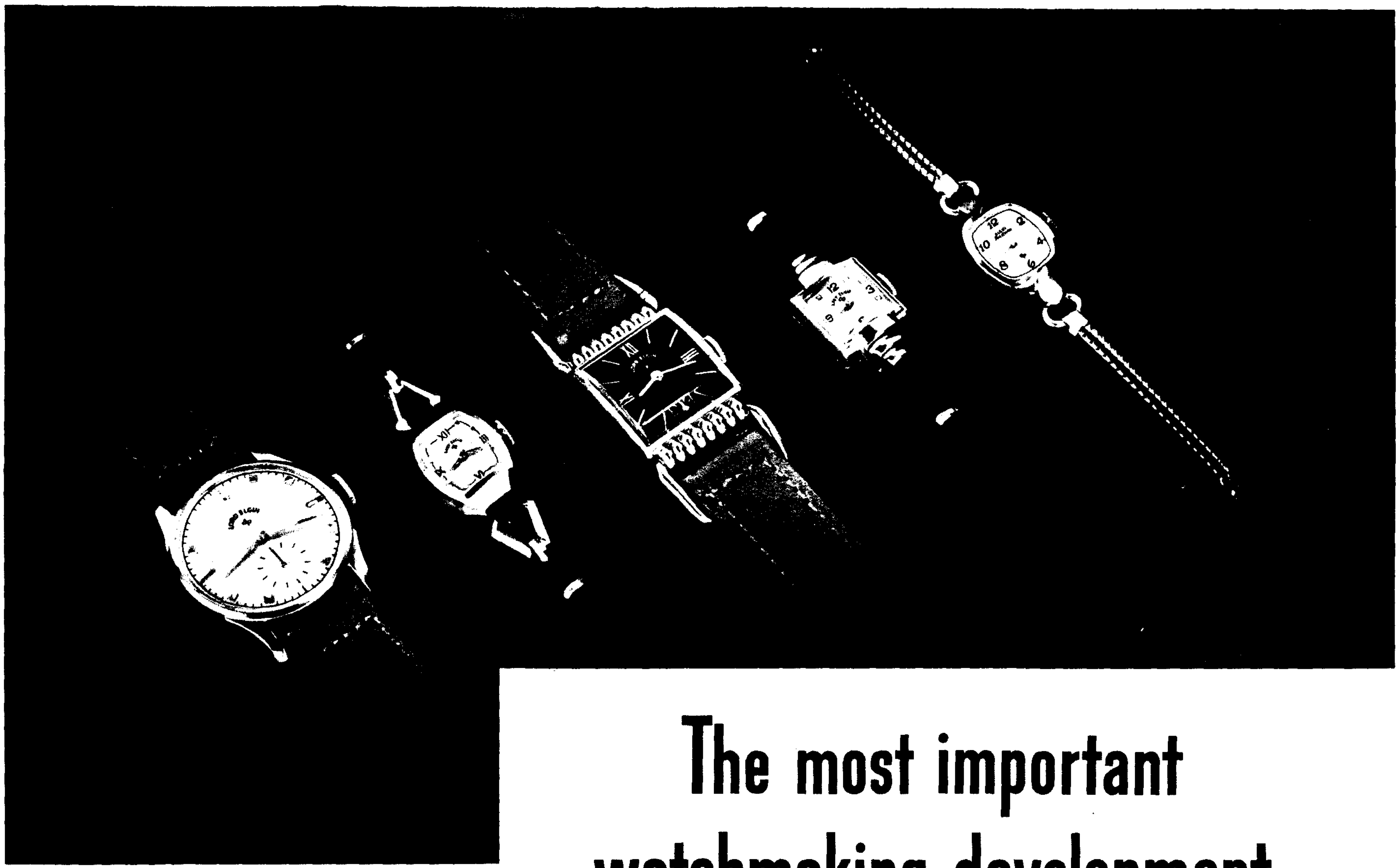

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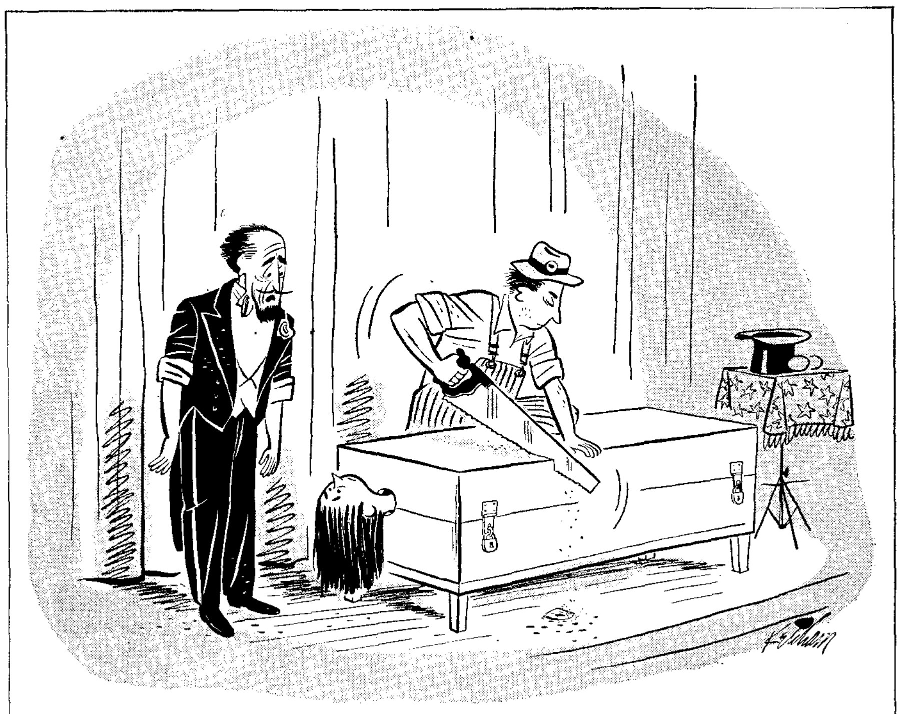


"Sorry, Martha, but you know how unions are in this town"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

to take him a long time to understand.

"I'll fix it with Polly if it's okay with Mary," Dirk said, wanting his conscious gallantry to be acknowledged, if only by a glance.

Peter swallowed, looking quickly at Mary who suddenly seemed far removed from both of them. She was rearranging Dirk's flowers, now slightly crumpled and yellowed.

PETER cleared his throat and handed over Polly's check. For a fraction of a second, as the metal disks were exchanged, the boys' hands touched, and Dirk felt a current of recognition flow from Peter to him, and back. He thought they ought to shake hands, and felt half ashamed, half glad that they did not.

"Most of the crowd's going to Hennessey's for waffles and ice cream," Dirk announced, as though it were his responsibility.

"I'm getting tired," Mary said. "Maybe we ought to leave now."

"If you say so, Mary," Peter answered.

"Good night, Dirk," Mary's voice was low and somehow special.

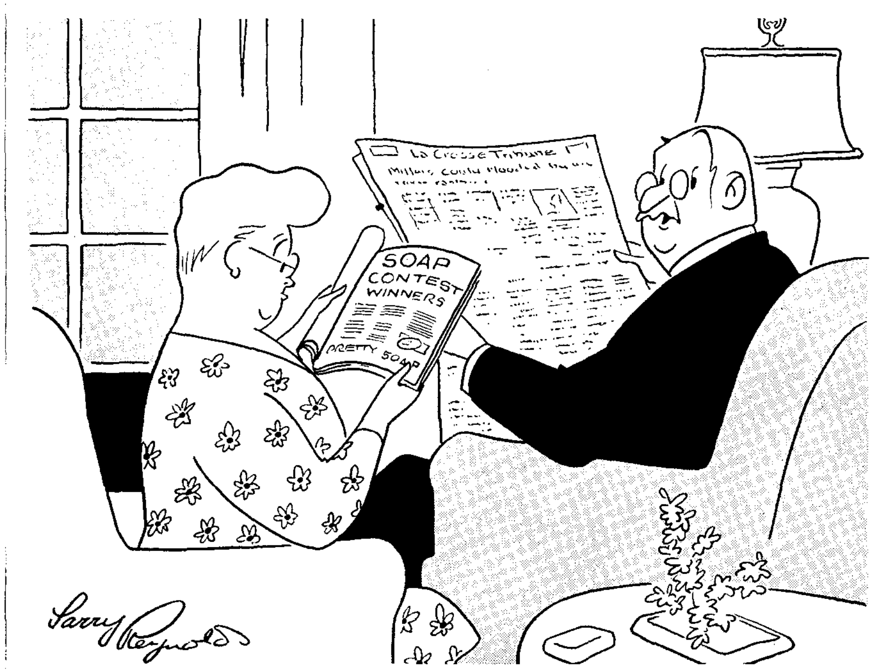
"See you around, Lundstret."

"Right." Dirk lingered a moment and watched them in the foyer. Peter Rink was clumsily holding Mary's little cape at one end, the ribbons dragging on the floor. Mary showed him how he ought to help her with it. So Peter handed it to her upside down, and they both laughed. He stopped behind her an instant as she tied it under her chin. Then she tilted back her head ever so slightly and hit it gently on Peter's shoulder. She was still laughing, but Peter was looking at her soberly, the intensity gone out of his face, replaced by something knowing and tender.

Dirk kept looking at them in sympathetic wonder. Something had happened that was bigger than any of them, and he had taken some small part in it. He didn't feel he wanted to change places with them; there was such an elusive and temporary quality in the whole thing. And yet he wished that someone would look at him as Mary had looked at Peter. He wanted to be called on to do some impossible feat, he wanted to feel the responsibility of his manhood.

As he turned away, he remembered Mary's eyeglasses in his pocket. Well, that could wait till tomorrow. After all, there was probably nothing she'd need them for tonight. He felt suddenly lonely, excluded, and went to look for Polly.

THE END



"What made you think you could finish a sentence in twenty-five words or less anyway?"

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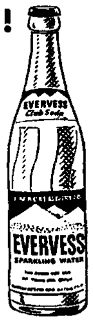

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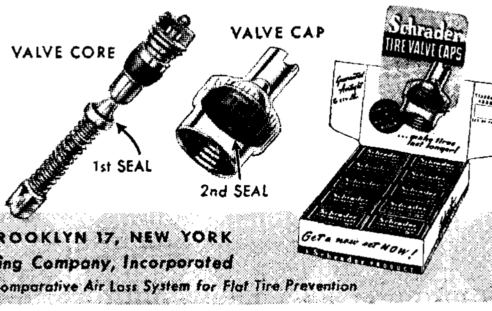

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THE STRANGER ON HORSEBACK

Continued from page 17

"Friends?" Cross suggested.

Rowe gave him a list. Hall and Elsie Simmonds. Jerry Bancroft. The Redmonds. Clark Hammond. "Mostly people I met in business," he explained.

"Nobody else?" Cross said, watching him. "No special friend of yours?"

"No," he said.

"Look," said Cross. "Ten years is a long time. In ten years, a man might make friends his wife doesn't know about. Just a friend, maybe, that he sees off and on. Some girl who gives him a build-up when he's low. If there's anyone like that, it'd be better if you told us about her now."

"There's no one like that," he said, flatly.

Cross nodded. "Maybe it's the other way around. Some guy a girl tries to be nice to, and he gets ideas. Maybe she finds out her husband suspects her, and tells the boy friend off."

"There was nothing like that," he said. "There was just Alice and me. There was always just the two of us."

Cross studied him a moment, shrugged. "All right," he said. "Let's have the rest of it. What happened today?"

HE TOLD them how he had rung the bell, the way he always did, to let Alice know he was coming, and how he had opened the door with his key. He had stood in the hallway a moment, waiting for her, and then he had dropped his hat on the chair in the corner and knocked on the bedroom door. He had knocked three times, and then he had opened the door and seen her.

"You called the police?" Cross asked.

"Yes," he said. "I called the police."

"I guess that covers it. You can go in now, Mr. Rowe."

He sat still, not moving.

Cross said again, "You can go in. You'll have to identify the body."

"I know her," he said, slowly. "I know who it is. It's my wife. I don't want to go in there."

The heavy-set one, Sergeant Hannigan, said, "It's a formality, Rowe. Makes it simpler." The sergeant dropped his feet from the rung of the chair opposite and stood up. "Come on."

Rowe didn't move. He said, "I can tell you how she is. She's half crumpled across the pillows. Her legs are drawn up as if she were trying to push something away from her. She has the knuckles of her left hand in her mouth."

Hannigan said, from the doorway, "She couldn't have fought much."

"She didn't fight," he said. "She never fought—anything." He said it to himself more than to Hannigan, knowing that the detective had no way of understanding how important that part of Alice was to the whole. "Her name is Alice Lee Rowe. Mrs. Carter R. Rowe. My wife." He felt that there was more he should say, but he didn't know what it was. "She was stabbed. There was a towel wrapped around a knife handle, and then she was stabbed with it."

"A quick end," Hannigan said. "The knife was rammed home hard, and then pulled out halfway."

He remembered that. The knife had seemed to go almost through her. He hadn't been sure but what it was through her, pinioning her to the bed.

"I did that," he said. "I drew it out a little. It seemed to go right through her."

"I see," Lieutenant Cross said. He said it as though he didn't see, as though he didn't understand why Rowe had had to draw it out a little, in case she were pinned to the bed. Now that Rowe thought of it himself, he realized that it had made no difference to her. But at the time, while he had been standing over her, it had seemed important, and he had grasped the end of the towel and drawn the knife out a little.

The knock at the door drew his mind from it. "Doc West," Cross said. "Or the lab boys." He nodded to the uniformed policeman to open the door.

It was both. The medical examiner was a square chunk of a man; the laboratory men were quick, thin-faced boys who might have been part of Rowe's own staff of accountants. The medical examiner nodded brusquely to Cross as he passed him on his way into the bedroom. The others lagged a moment in the doorway, exchanging greetings. The older one spied Hannigan and grinned. "You here?" he said. "Thought you'd been pastured."

"Next week," Hannigan told him. "Six more days and a life of ease."

Cross had opened the door to the little study off the living room. "You can wait in here, Mr. Rowe," he said. "And if you don't mind, I'd like the jacket you're wearing." The lieutenant turned to the lab men. "There's a towel around the knife," he explained. "When you check it, you might want that coat."

"*He* do it?" the younger one asked.

Cross scowled. "The way he tells it, nobody did it. Nobody at all. Unless it was a stranger who passed by on horseback."

Hannigan led Rowe by the arm to the bedroom. "Let's get this over with," the detective said. "You can close your eyes, for all I care. Just tell me who she is. It'll save us all trouble."

He didn't look at her. He looked beyond her at the window, at the little ring dangling from the shade. He said, "She's my wife, Alice." He stood there, keeping his eyes on the curtain ring, until Hannigan turned him gently and guided him to the door of the study.

He wondered what they would do to her. He had read somewhere that they were callous in their work, but he knew that she was still beautiful, even in death, and he hoped that her beauty would make them handle her tenderly. Lines of Thomas Hood came back to him, and he felt the urge inside him to recite them aloud:

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!"

HE ROSE to his feet as though to leave the study, and the uniformed policeman stirred in his chair. Rowe checked himself and stepped to his desk, rummaging for cigarettes. He found a crumpled package and lighted one, and then, remembering, held the package out. The policeman leaned forward, caught himself, and leaned back. He was on duty. He couldn't smoke. But Rowe could smoke. *He* was free to do what he wished. He could open the bottom drawer of his desk and have a drink of the Scotch they'd been saving for Christmas. He could take off his shoes, or his tie. There was a policeman in the room watching him, and yet he could do whatever he might wish, and the policeman could not prevent him. Suddenly he understood what there was that he could not do, what they meant to keep him from doing, and the policeman made sense to him. There was a reason for him, just as there was a reason for everything.

"I'm not going to kill myself," Rowe said.

He watched the policeman whip out his notebook and write, "I'm not going to kill myself"; and after that he didn't say anything else. He just sat there, smoking the cigarettes and staring at nothing, until he heard Cross call from the other room and Hannigan opened the door.

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the telephone table, his hands braced behind his back, as though he were getting ready to push away from it. "All right, Rowe," he said. "We've got a lot of it. It was a nice idea. It would have been hard to prove that you'd come in twice today. But you were seen the second time. Why was it *twice,* Rowe? Why did you leave, and then come back? And why didn't you tell us about the first time?"

Rowe shook his head. He had forgotten that part. It was something he *hadn't* done; what he might have done instead of calling the police. When the man's hand had caught his shoulder in the street he had known there was no place to go but back. The two times were one in his mind.

Cross pushed himself away from the table. He picked up the gray felt hat from the chair in the corner. "Here's where you slipped, Rowe," he said. "You might have pulled it. Husband comes home from work and finds his wife murdered. But when you left this morning, you were wearing a hat. This hat. We checked with your office. You wore it at lunch. When you were seen coming home, you were bareheaded, but your hat was inside the apartment. Why, Rowe? Why did you kill her?"

"No," he said. "It wasn't the way you—"

Cross crumpled the gray felt in his hands. "The hat, Rowe," he said, patiently. "Who brought it home? Who put it inside? This guy you dreamed up? The stranger on horseback?"

"No," he said. "It's my hat. It has my initials in it. I wore it today."

Cross loosened his grip, dropping the fedora to the floor. He kicked it once. "Okay," he said. "That's what I figured. Let's go."

HE HEARD the clang of the outer door and the ring of footsteps down the corridor the way he heard all sounds now, with the knowledge that these things, the opening and closing of doors, the sound of footsteps, the brittleness of voices, were the slender links that connected him with a world outside. They were audible evidences that the universe had not shrunk, by some strange inversion, to the grilled door and the three plain walls that housed him.

It was Hannigan. Rowe said, "I'm glad to see you, Sergeant," and he meant the words as he said them. It was a moment in his life now to see even this stocky detective who came in with the outdoor rain on his topcoat and an air of damp freshness about him.

Hannigan sat down heavily on the edge of the bunk, spreading the wet tails of his coat behind him. "It's 'Mister' now. Just plain Joe Hannigan."

Rowe felt that that was supposed to make a difference between them, that Hannigan was no longer part of the law, but the law and the people outside had become fused in his mind. There was himself and what had happened to him, and then everyone else outside and apart from him. He took the cigarette Hannigan offered without saying anything.

Hannigan said, "How's your lawyer, Rowe?"

"All right," he said. "Mr. Jeffers sent him. His name is Rangold."

"Ed Rangold." Hannigan accepted him verbally. "You talk to him?"

"He knows what happened," he said. "You all know what happened."

"Yeah," Hannigan said. "Sure. We got your story. But that's not enough."

Ed Rangold had told Rowe that it wasn't enough. There was nothing for the jury to sink its teeth into. "Reasonable doubt," Rangold had said. "But, man, it has to be *tangible* doubt. There has to be a dark alley somewhere in the picture, some other way it *could* have happened."

"I told him what happened," Row said.

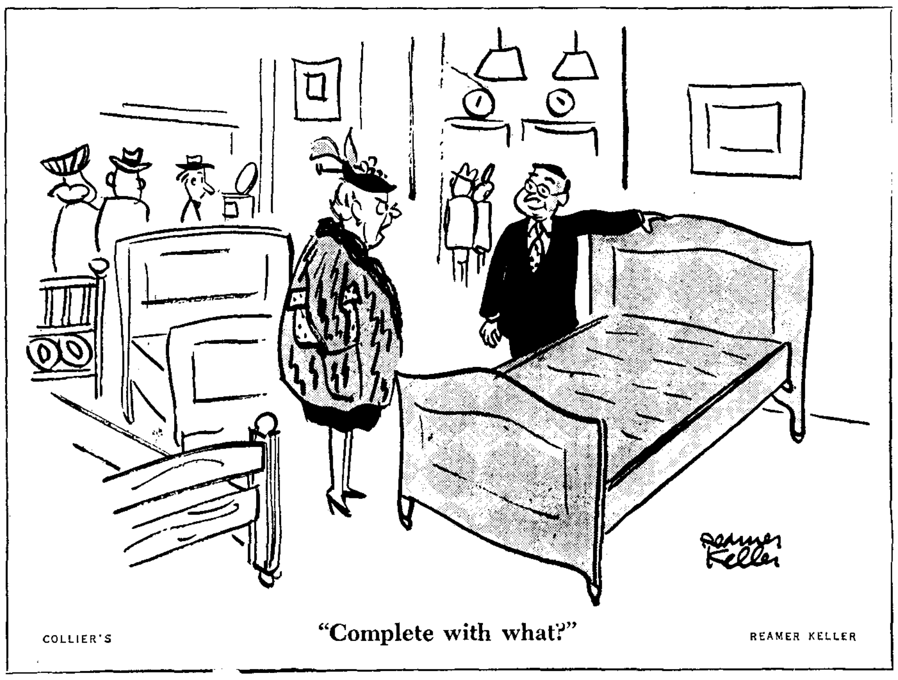
"You ran," Hannigan said, slowly. "You came in and found her that way, and ran. Why? There has to be a reason for that, Rowe."

It came back to that, to the one point where his decision had been wrong. That was something he could not explain, any more than he had been able to explain drawing the knife out of her side.

"I was upset," he told Hannigan. "I wasn't thinking."

"Why?" Hannigan repeated. "Don't you see, Rowe? That's not a normal reaction. You weren't afraid of *her,* were you, Rowe?"

He didn't answer, but Hannigan found his own answer. "If you'd been afraid of her, you couldn't have touched the knife." Hannigan leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "It's things like that, Rowe, little things, that I can't figure. They worry me, Rowe. A guy like you, if he'd killed his wife, giving her a clean book, like you did. That doesn't make sense. A man planning a murder like it shapes up you did—leaving himself without even an out." Hannigan inched over on the bed, talking earnestly. He seemed to have forgotten anyone was with him, to be going over to himself the things that had come up in his mind. "Like you saying you always rang the bell before you opened the door. If a woman is as scary as that, she's not going to let a stranger in when she's only half dressed. But you *gave* us that, Rowe. For free." Hannigan stopped a moment, weighing a thought. "That could be it," he said. "You might figure



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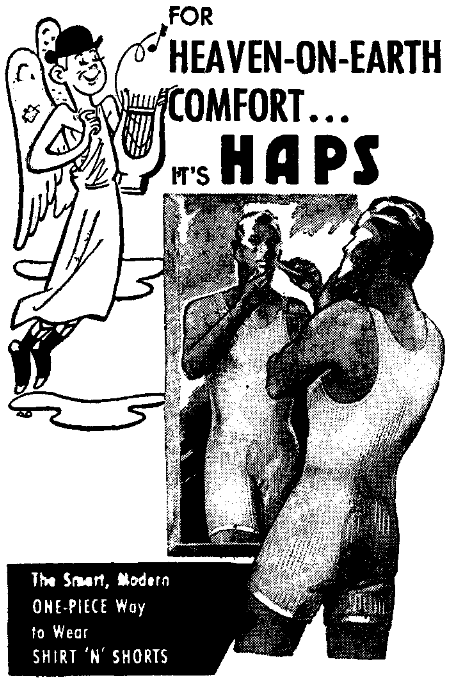
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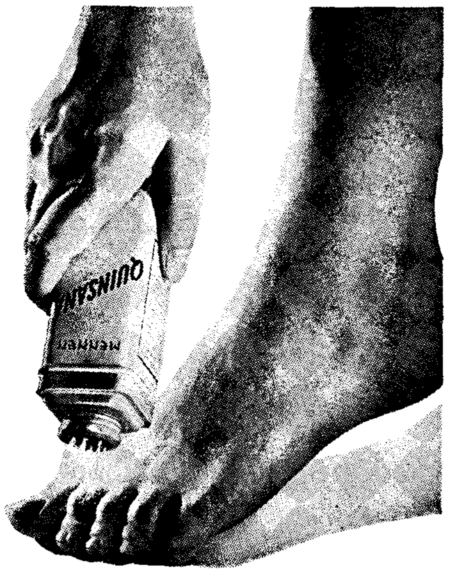

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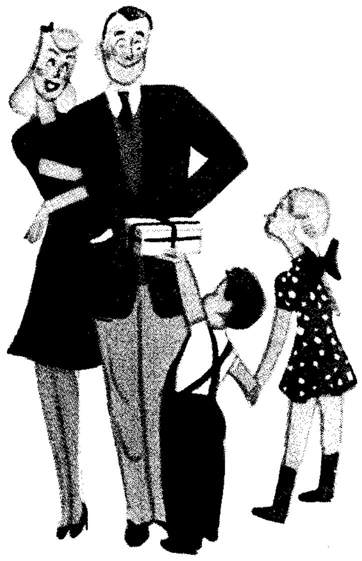

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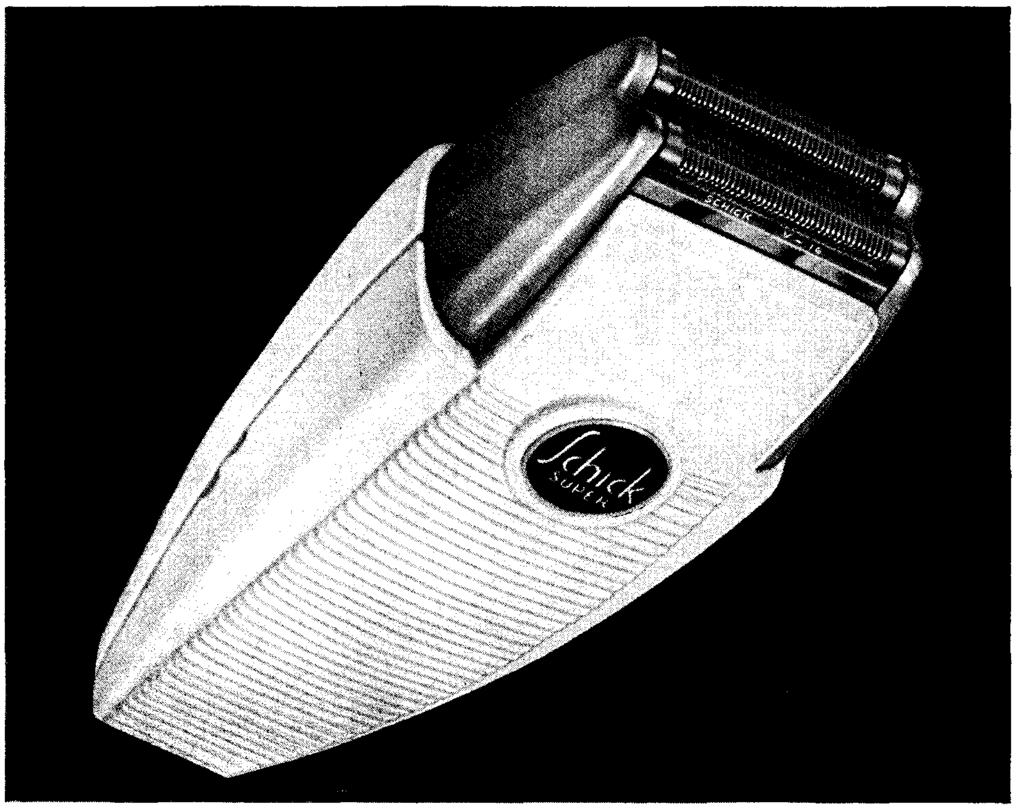

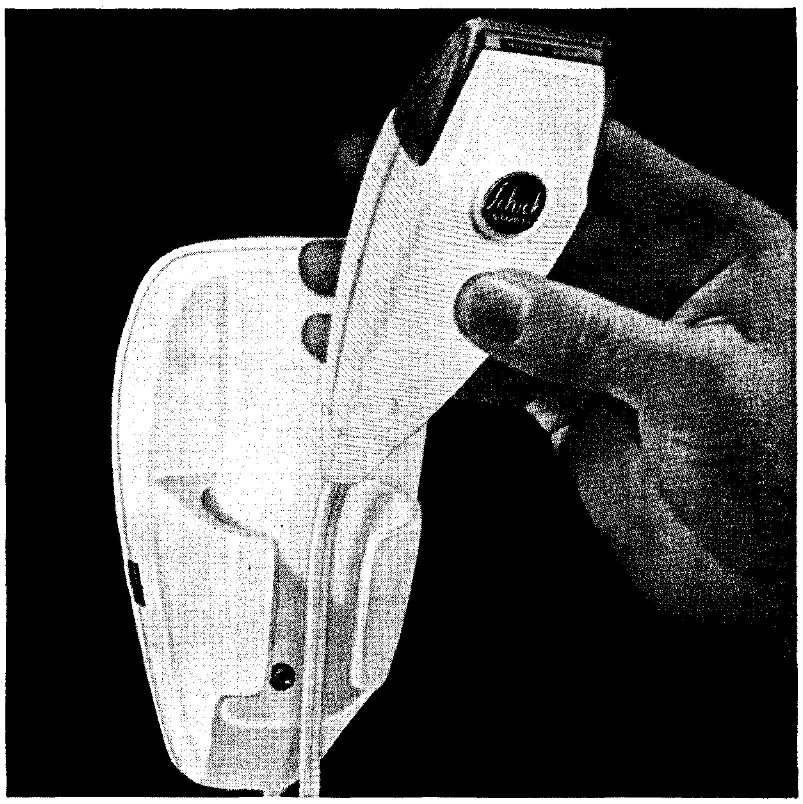

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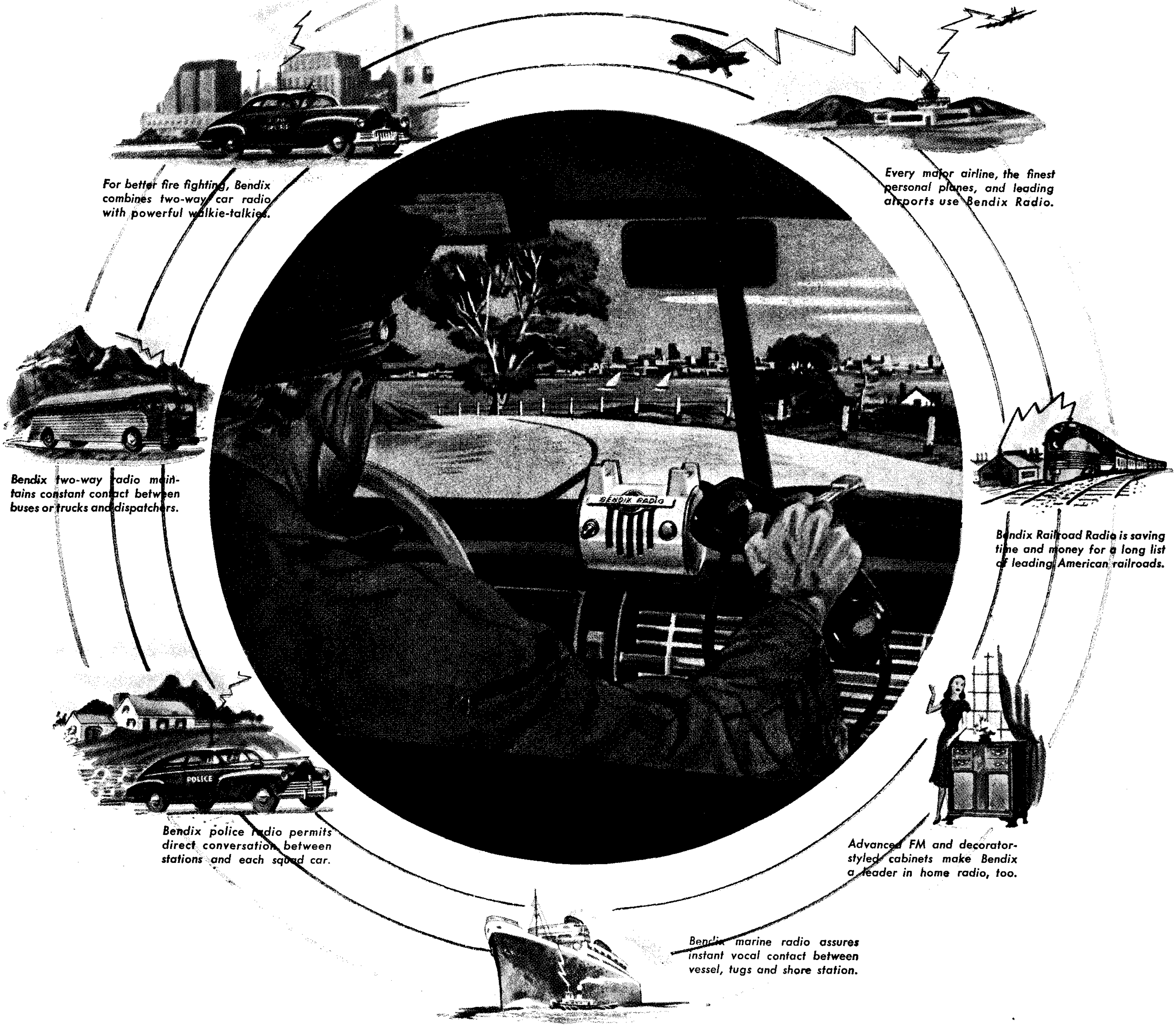

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FIRST IN CREATIVE ENGINEERING

as long as she's gone, your life is over. You might be asking for this, Rowe."

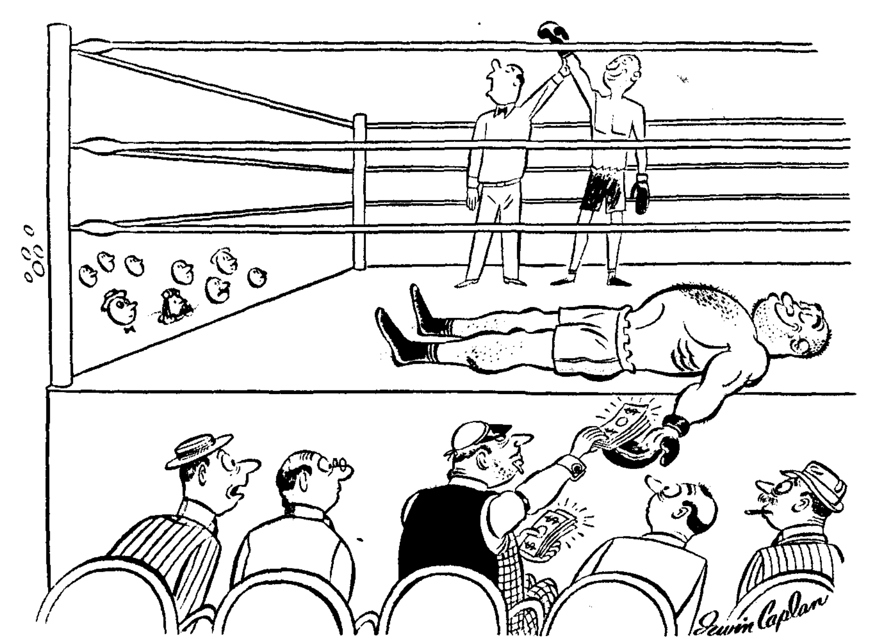
"No," he said. "I don't want to die, Hannigan."

"Nuts," Hannigan said. He got up, pulling his coat around him. "Look, Rowe," he said. "I'm not on this any more. I'm a free man. I'm heading for Florida. I've got twenty years behind me and I never yet worked on a case that went sour. I never had a backfire after we sent a man up. I've got a nice clean slate, and I want to keep it that way."

He understood now what Hannigan wanted. He felt a flash of bitterness toward this man who could balance a life against his own peace of mind, but there was no strength to the feeling. He saw that circumstances had made him and what happened to him a part of Hannigan, and that Hannigan had come to him asking for help. He was aware that he could give that help, by a word or a gesture, without affecting the case against himself. But he couldn't give it.

One thing remained to him: the end of their marriage. Not a culmination of years of fighting, of hate, fear and deceit. He had a right to that, to the honesty of his love for her. His eyes met Hannigan's steadily. "I didn't kill her," he said.

His thoughts stayed with Hannigan in the endless chain of hours that time had become to him. It gave him something to do with his mind, to force it to analyze this man about whom he knew nothing, to attempt to measure the strength of Hannigan's motive. He knew that Hannigan's interest in him was a selfish interest and that he knew vaguely that this fact lent force to it. He considered Hannigan as a man apart from himself, as someone who had become entangled by accident in his life. It was not until the third visit, until the day Hannigan laid the pictures of the knife on the bunk between them, that the feeling of uneasiness took hold of him.



"These gambling syndicates are getting bolder every day!"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

"The police never traced it," Hannigan said. "They figured they didn't need it, so they let it slide. It's not easy to tie a knife to the person who bought it."

Rowe's lawyer had explained that, as a point in his favor; and Rowe had understood that it was a weak point, a straw on the water, but that there was that one slight thing in his favor.

"I may try it," Hannigan said. "I want this thing clean, Rowe. Wrapped up neat. And the knife could do it."

It was then that the uncertainty had been born inside him and he had forced his face to its fixed, set mask. It was at that point that he stopped considering Hannigan as someone apart from himself, and understood that the crossing of their lives had enwebbed them both.

After that visit, after Hannigan had left, he became aware that the outcome no longer rested with his lawyer or with the mood of the jury, but upon the efforts of this man to whom he was nothing. He was suddenly, sharply afraid of this man whose life had been forced into his own.

He knew when they came to release him from jail that in some way Hannigan was responsible for his freedom. He accepted the sympathy of the others, the apologies for the errors that might have been made, and he let his lawyer lead him on a triumphal march to the street, but his mind was on Hannigan and his eyes sought him in the corridors and on the sidewalk. When he saw the bull-like figure in the doorway of a bar opposite, he knew he was being given a choice. He could go along with the others, or he could face this man who had broken his pretenses and saved his life doing it. He shook free from the lawyer's hand and crossed the street to the bar, following the ex-detective to a table.

He looked across the table at Hannigan. He knew that this man understood him now, that Hannigan knew the reasons underlying all of his actions. He was aware that his life, the ten years he had guarded, was open to Hannigan as it had been open to no man in the past. He didn't know what Hannigan thought of him, or how Hannigan judged his actions, but he felt close to him with the knowledge that here for the first time was a man who knew his life for what it had been. He said, "She couldn't help it, Hannigan."

Hannigan said, "It must have been a hell of a life for you, Rowe."

He didn't answer that. There was no answer to it. It had been his life, and she had been his wife and he had loved her. In her way, she had loved him. He was certain of that. It was why he was still there, always, when the others had gone. "She couldn't help it, Hannigan," he said again.

"I wouldn't know," Hannigan said. "But you'd have burned for it, Rowe. That I can tell you."

It had not been fear of that that had sent him into the streets when he first had found her. This thing had happened to her, a thing for which his forgiveness was useless, his understanding meant nothing. It had not occurred to him, at first, that he might be accused of the murder. He had seen the veil torn from their lives—her warmness, her weakness, held up to public laughter. He had been running from himself, and not from the police. He had been unsure of himself, wondering whether he might not, during the trial, scream the truth to the world. He told Hannigan that.

"It would have been too late," Hannigan said. "That's why I tried to show you. You couldn't have waited until you were halfway to the chair, and then shouted accusations at a dead woman. You'd have just cinched it, that way."

He couldn't have done it the other way, either. When Lieutenant Cross had asked the names of "special friends," he couldn't have handed him a list of men and said: It might have been any of these; they're the ones you mean. He felt it was important that Hannigan, who understood him and what he had done, should understand the reason for his doing it. He said again, "She couldn't help it, Hannigan."

"*He* didn't know that," Hannigan said. "He thought she'd divorce you and marry him. When he found out he was wrong, he killed her." His thick fingers drummed the table top. "It was Bancroft," Hannigan said. "Jerry Bancroft, in case you didn't know."

He hadn't known. He wondered now how Hannigan had known, how this man apart from their lives had plucked the name Bancroft out of nothing and said: This one here, he did it. He was the one. The feeling of closeness became stronger in him as Hannigan picked up the thread of his thoughts.

"I was looking for a man," Hannigan said. "The way I saw it, if you hadn't killed her, there had to be another man in her life." He hesitated, as if he were wondering how he could say it. He said it honestly, finally, the way it had happened. "I found too many men."

It was out. The wall Rowe had spent ten years building was down. He kept his eyes on the glass-topped table between them, not looking at Hannigan. He knew that Hannigan was winding it up for him, closing the book, and that Hannigan would go on now until it was finished. He waited it out.

"The rest was routine," Hannigan said. "It was a question of checking where each one had been the day of the murder, of whittling it down. The knife was the clincher. When I traced the knife to him, I had it."

IT HAD been as simple as that. One of them had used the knife, so one of them had bought it.

"For the record," Hannigan said, "it was just one of those things. A man makes a play for a married woman and she gives him the brush-off. So he kills her. The rest doesn't matter. The papers'll give it the once-over-lightly. There's no meat in the story. Cross had it tagged, right from the start, only he didn't know it. For the book, this Bancroft was the stranger on horseback."

Rowe said slowly, "I owe my life to you." He knew as he said it that the feeling that should have been in the words was missing. He wanted to say more, to praise Hannigan's work, but he felt the need to be away from this man against whom he was defenseless. He pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. "My friends are waiting," he said.

"Sure," Hannigan said. "Well, I'll be seeing you, Rowe."

His nod accepted the lie, but he knew that Hannigan was not deceived by the gesture. There was hatred inside him for this man from whose final prying he had failed to protect her. The hatred would be in his eyes for Hannigan to read. He could say again: She couldn't help it, Hannigan; but Hannigan would shrug and say: I wouldn't know about that.

Rowe turned swiftly and walked to the street. He did not look back. When he joined Ed Rangold and old Mr. Jeffers on the corner, his face was a still, fixed mask. "Sorry," he apologized for breaking away. "I had to see that man. I owe him a lot." He steeled himself for the rest of it, the lie that would rebuild the wall. "Because of Alice," he said, quietly. "Even more than myself."

THE END

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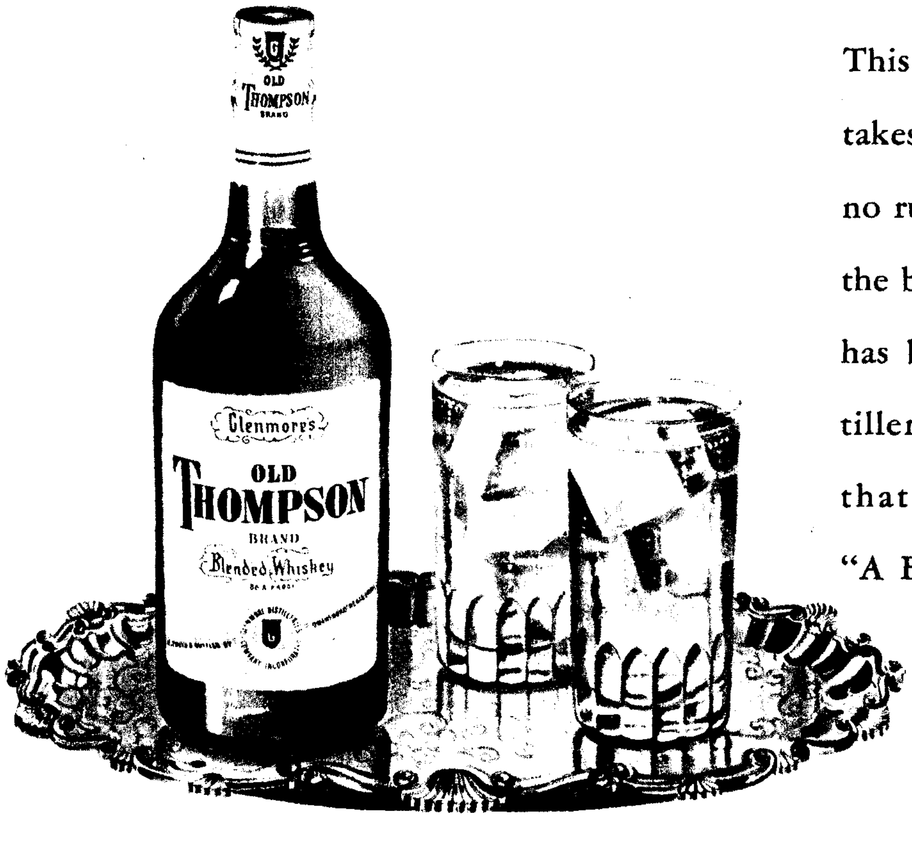

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A PRESIDENT GROWS UP

Continued from page 11

editorials of the past few months have praised a Truman who had the political courage to lambaste John L. Lewis, the sagacity to pick men like George Marshall for top government jobs and the farsightedness to advocate American political and economic intervention wherever dollars and diplomacy can prevent the birth abroad of what the President calls totalitarian "police states."

The man who talked back to Joseph Stalin, plain people reason, isn't the same man who wavered and fumbled before firing Henry Wallace. A year ago cartoonists characterized Truman as a pygmy sitting in a giant's chair. They draw him now as a victorious prize fighter. And up on Capitol Hill those congressmen and senators, old pals or not, who until recently referred to him familiarly and almost impertinently as "Harry," speak of him now as "the President."

Gallup Poll Registers Approval

This new and palpable respect and affection was recently reflected in George Gallup's March poll, which showed that out of every 100 citizens, 60 approved of the way the President has handled the nation's domestic and foreign affairs.

There are outward evidences of the change in the President. There is a new authority in his voice and manner. He smiles as much as ever but no longer grins. He dresses with customary attention to harmony between haberdashery and suitings but escapes being merely dapper. He is cordial, as always, but there is now a final reticence behind which Harry Truman remains, even to some of his most intimate friends, the President of the United States.

The politician has quite obviously given way to—although he has not been entirely replaced by—the statesman. Camaraderie has surrendered to dignity, awkwardness to something approaching urbanity.

"I wasn't briefed for this job," he says, "and I had to learn it from the ground up."

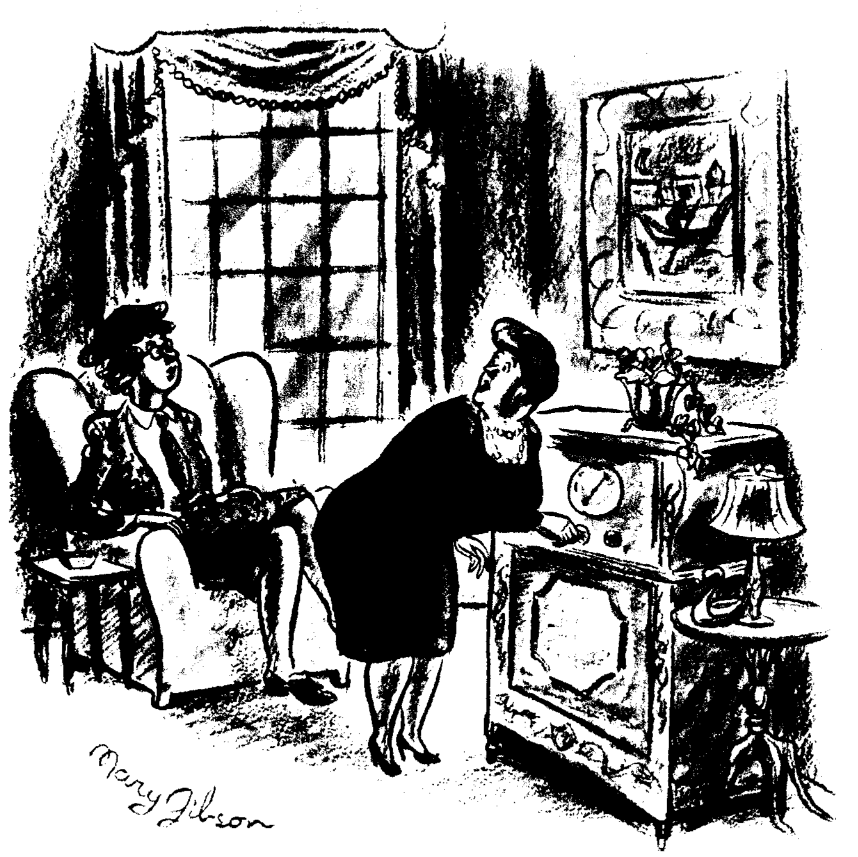
He was obliged to burrow through stacks of papers "that high," he tells you, which contained those secrets of the Presidency which are not confided to mere Vice-Presidents. As a result of much laborious homework, Truman has become what is probably our first two-desk President.

There is one uncluttered desk before him where he sits as the Chief Executive. There is another immediately behind him piled neatly with copies of the Congressional Record—never the favorite literature of Presidents—and with source material on whatever subject happens to be of moment. The man who swings his swivel chair to face the second desk is the former Missouri farmer, the ex-businessman who learned to his financial sorrow that not all haberdasheries can be made to pay, the former county judge, senator and Vice-President trying to learn how to be a better President.

He is no longer Roosevelt's stand-in reading from a New Deal script. He did try playing the part as the maestro might have wanted him to do for a while. But he lacked the maestro's peculiar talents and the act simply didn't come off.

As long as he had a Democratic Congress theoretically pledged to uphold the party's 1944 platform, Truman felt it his responsibility to cleave to the New Deal. He stuck to the script—pressing for price controls, for housing for veterans, for full employment, fair employment practices and seventeen other objectives considered by party leaders to be the minimum goals for staying in power.

The role Truman was called upon to play called for a crusader with considerable endowments of ham. Truman isn't a crusader. He has no noticeable histrionic talent. He sensed the people's boredom with the old Democratic act, but he was powerless to play any other role. He stood helpless while party strategists invoked the New Deal spirit by broadcasting recordings of F.D.R.'s familiar voice during the President's battle with Con-



"I listen impartially to both sides, but of course I wouldn't believe a word those Democrats say"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

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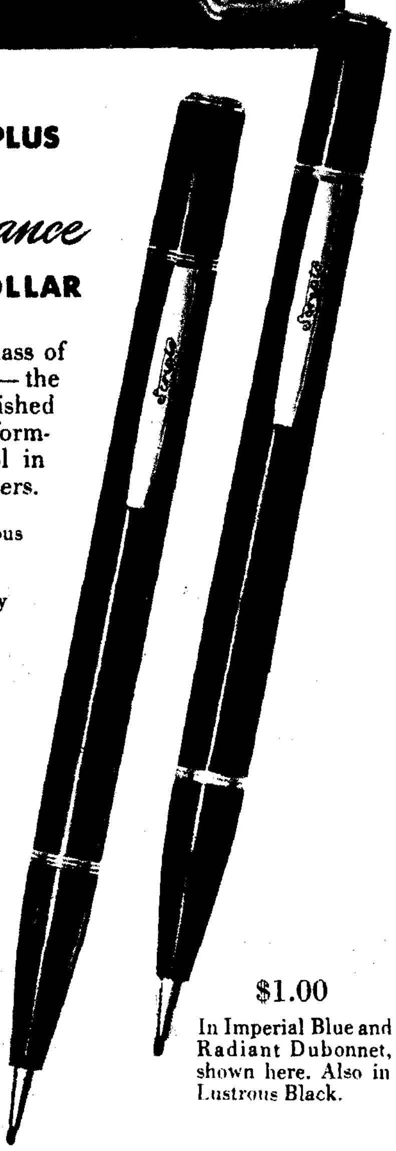

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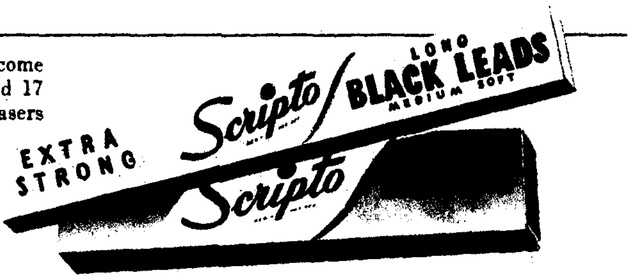
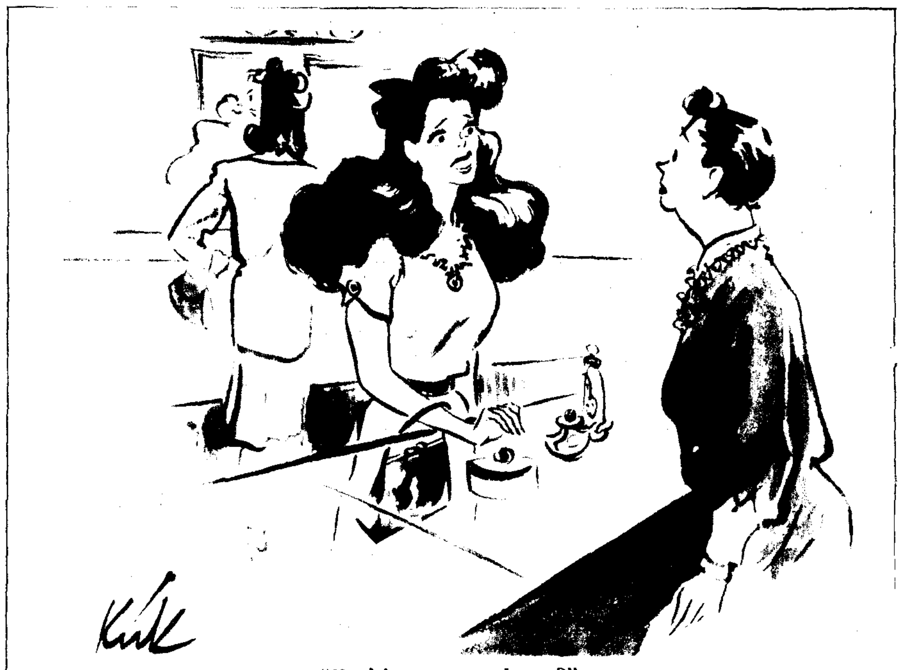




COLLIER'S "Bathing caps, please?" KIRK STILES

gress over price controls. The trick backfired.

And in November the voters proved they had "had enough." But while what happened (a sweeping Republican Congressional victory) was a Democratic party "disaster," it was, actually, the event that liberated Truman. He was free to be himself.

"I shall devote all my energy," Truman announced a few days after the November debacle, "to the discharge of my duty with a full realization of the responsibility which results from the present state of affairs."

The stand-in almost immediately became the President. The stand-in was responsible to his party and to those within it who sympathized with labor to the extent of appeasing Lewis and with the Soviet Union to the point of appeasing Russian imperialism. But in his new freedom the President felt less responsible to his party and its left-wing strategists than to the people who were manifestly tired of being pushed around by Lewis or by Premier Stalin's idolaters.

Personally Truman is (or likes to believe that he is, like his predecessor) politically a "little left of center." But his concern for workingmen's welfare wouldn't permit him to countenance disruption of the nation's economy at a labor leader's whim any more than his expressed adherence to Jeffersonian democracy would allow him to yield Europe to totalitarian domination.

In both cases he took what he calls "calculated risks." He took them, according to those who work with him daily and should know what makes the President tick, largely on his own, after, of course, careful study of the facts involved. He substituted his own common sense for the hunches and crystal-ball gazing of others.

The President won over Lewis, although his contest of wills and policies with the UMW boss is not ended by any means. The labor front is far from quiet. Strikes threaten on every hand. These the President seeks to avoid by keeping prices and the cost of living down. In a free-enterprise system he can accomplish this only by calling upon industry to curb its appetite for profits, avoid monopolistic practices and voluntarily keep prices within the reach of consumers' wages. He appeals to industry to co-operate for its own good.

Whether the President will win his contest with Russian imperialism, however, only time will tell. He appeared to have calculated the risks of opposing Lewis with considerable care. In any case, the man who had seemed to many a weak and vacillating President took destiny by the horns in November when his party's prestige and his popularity were at thei lowest.

He began by manhandling Lewis. Temporarily, at least, he took the bristle ou of the labor boss' brows. On May 29 1946, Lewis had signed a new coal contract at a White House ceremony. H largely got what he had wanted—a pa raise and the welfare fund. But late i October he abruptly announced that unless the government, which had not ye relinquished wartime control of th mines, reopened contract negotiations h would call a strike on November 1st.

The miners walked. The government obtained an order from the federa district court restraining Lewis and th UMW from violating the agreemen signed with the government the previou spring. Lewis was required to withdra the notice to the government that th agreement was ended and to live up t the contract.

A Victory Over John L. Lewis

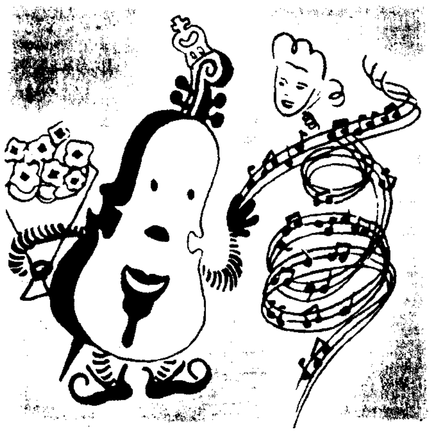
"No contract, no work," shouted Lewi and the miners stayed away from the pit Truman moved fast. The governmen cited Lewis for contempt of court in failing to fulfill the terms of the court orde forbidding the strike. Lewis was foun guilty and the UMW was slugged with $3,500,000 fine. Lewis himself was fine $10,000.

From the moment of his victory ove Lewis onward, there was little doubt i people's minds of Truman's mastery. H had been carrying the horse, now he rod it. His popularity rapidly climbed fror the low of October, 1946, when accor ing to Gallup only 32 per cent saw hi in a favorable light.

Meanwhile, the presence on The Hill almost as many Republicans as you'll fin at a nominating convention caused Tr man far less concern than it did his party assorted strategists, tacticians and propa gandists. "Don't worry, boys," Truma reassured them, "I'll just co-operate t living hell out of those gentlemen u there."

Then in his State of the Union messa to Congress in January there was a si nificant omission. Lacking were any re erences to Roosevelt. It was Truma speaking, in simple sentences and in plain manner—not F.D.R. He won't a low Clark Clifford, his chief counsel, anyone else to put into his speeches a words that are even remotely out character. He reads and corrects the fin drafts of all speeches, and although Pla wright Bob Sherwood and anoth Roosevelt speech writer, Judge Sa Rosenman, are often consulted, Tr man's speeches are as nearly his own it is possible for him to make them.

The sweetest fairy tale ever old on records!



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The public-opinion thermometer registered a rising warmth while the President made a succession of appointments to public offices. Last year the people and the Senate quarreled with appointments like those of Ed Pauley to be Undersecretary of the Navy, and of George Allen as director of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. None could quarrel with the elevation of John Peurifoy as an Assistant Secretary of State, Fred Vinson for Chief Justice and, ultimately, the appointment of George Marshall as Secretary of State. And for the first time in their colonial history the Virgin Islands had a Negro governor, William H. Hastie, former State Department official.

If editorials in virtually every newspaper in the land except the Daily Worker and thousands of laudatory letters and telegrams received at the White House meant anything, Truman hit the popularity jack pot with his March 12th assertion of what has come to be known as the Truman Doctrine. He proposed to give $250,000,000 to Greece and $150,000,000 to Turkey to prevent them from being drawn into the Communist sphere of influence.

Announcement of this doctrine brought storms of protest from the left—which found Greece's monarchist government a long way from democratic—and from the isolationists on the right—who opposed intervention anywhere. So undoubtedly the approbation came from the middle-of-the-roaders of both parties. Undoubtedly the country was in a conservative postwar mood. It liked the way Truman talked back to Uncle Joe.

Some feared war, but Truman did not. He knew that Russia is in no position to fight a war and won't be until it has satisfied the enormous demand within the country for consumers' goods, rebuilt its industrial plants and owns atomic weapons at least equal to ours. Long before that happens Truman hopes to accomplish internationalization of atomic energy on such a basis as to guarantee our security, and everyone else's, too, through the United Nations.

With Marshall in Moscow to continue negotiations for settlement of the future of Germany, Truman's move was considered by most critics a master stroke of timing. It put Marshall in a superb bargaining position. America, the Truman Doctrine clearly implied, was through with isolationism and did not intend any longer to appease the appetite of those imperialists surrounding Stalin who have been pushing Communism's frontiers farther westward in Europe and eastward in China under the guise of security for the Soviet Union's frontiers.

Personally the President is bitter about Russian disregard for the promises at Potsdam of genuine co-operation in the postwar settlement of Europe's political and economic problems. He went to Potsdam, by the way, under protest. He didn't want to go. He felt that whoever wanted to deal with the United States, principal source of political and economic power in the postwar world, should come here. He has no intention of going to Moscow to see Stalin or anywhere else to see anybody. They will have to come to him.

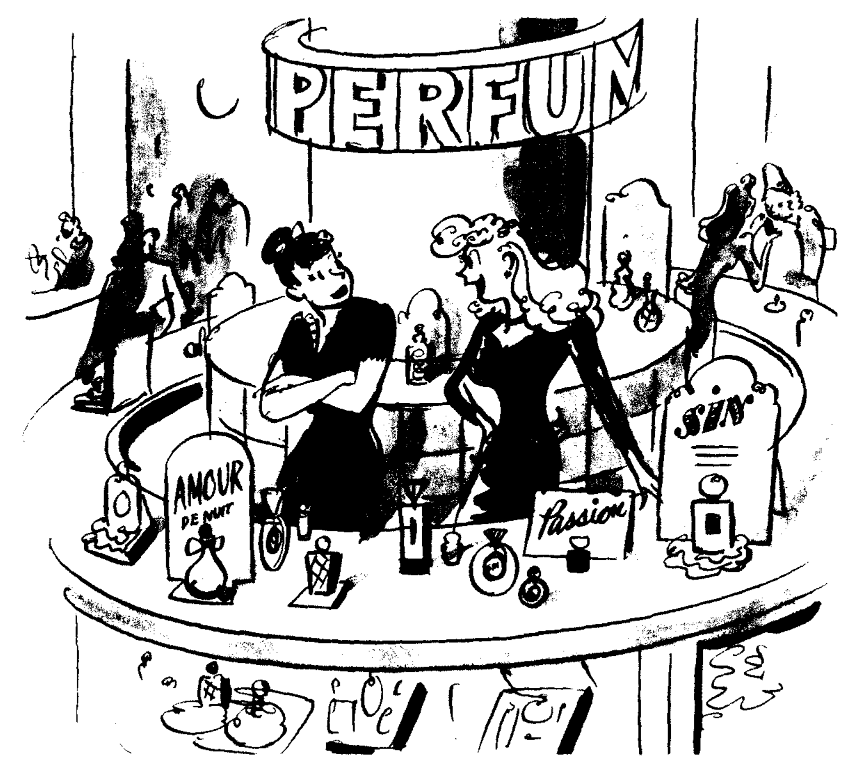
Political Stock Enhanced

Whatever else the Truman Doctrine is or isn't, has done or may do to future relations with Russia and the rest of the world, it had the effect of boosting Truman's political stock at home. His foreign-policy statement and his almost simultaneous executive order calling for careful screening of all government employees to sift out "subversives, Communist or Fascist," took the wind out of the sails of those Republicans who had been attacking the Administration as a pink hang-over from a New Deal inclined to appease Russia.

Most observers agree that the G.O.P.'s political stock has cheapened considerably since the November elections. Victory for the Republicans in 1948 seemed certain then. Perhaps the odds still favor the Republicans. But they will need to operate more cohesively and more effectively in both the House and the Senate than they have been doing. They've been split wide open on every major issue, from cutting taxes to reducing the budget and providing free lunches for children.

The effect of Truman's behavior since he slapped Lewis around last winter has been to cause those Democrats who had written Harry off as a possible candidate in 1948 to change their minds. They believe now that Mr. Truman has a very good chance indeed of winning.

There have been other and even more reliable signs of the rise in Truman's political fortunes. When he visited Key West, Florida, last winter after settling accounts with Lewis, the town's good citizens stayed away from him in droves. But in March, on the day after he challenged Russian imperialism, when the



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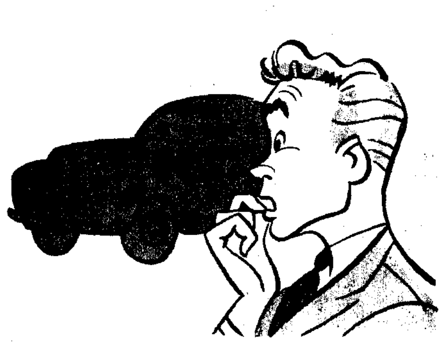
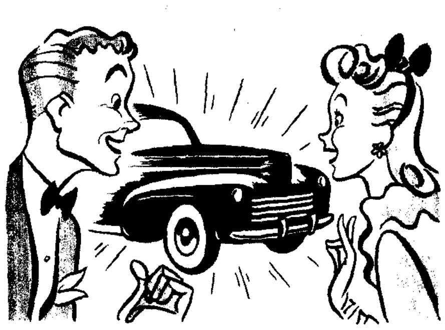
Big date tonight

But car is grimy



It'll shine up quick



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He lets the scraps fall where they may;
But strangely, by the end of day,
They've settled in the three-ring sign,
And his good wife brings the Ballantine!

Great favorite since 1840...
it's America's largest selling Ale

Back in 1840, when his ale was ripe and ready, Peter Ballantine took one drink to judge its PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR, and chose for his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

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BALLANTINE PURITY BODY FLAVOR TRADE MARK **ALE**

President again flew down to the resort town for a brief rest, the townspeople lined the streets to see and cheer him.

Unless signs are completely misread, if there were an election tomorrow he could probably win comfortably. He might still, in 1948, like Calvin Coolidge, "not choose to run." But it is unlikely. He likes his job now, whereas a year ago he did not—and said so. He considered himself, then, a "prisoner" in a White House "jail." He doesn't talk that way any more. He is still a "prisoner," but of his party.

The Democrats couldn't ditch Truman for another candidate even if they wanted to. By doing so, they would confess failure, disavow the whole Democratic Administration since 1944, admit that everything they've done was wrong. They must run Truman and doubtless will.

Gael Sullivan, new managing director of the Democratic National Committee, who has been running things during Postmaster General Robert Hannegan's long illness and may formally take over as committee chairman this summer, has been busy. His campaign plans center around Truman and no one else. Periodically he shows the President, with charts and boiled-down texts, just what must be done to mend those party fences damaged in the November Republican avalanche.

Behind the scenes, an innovation in Democratic party politics is being tried. Every few weeks the President holds what Gael calls a "Truman clinic." The President sits down with the party leaders of four or five states. Together they discuss the local situations, down to the district and ward level, to determine what can be done to swing doubtful districts into the Democratic column. In time, long before the convention is held, the President will have seen every representative, big and little, of every state in the Union.

Who for Vice-President?

The problem which seems to confront the Democrats is not whom they will run for President, but who will be the Vice-Presidential candidate. Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, Senator Scott Lucas and one or two others seem to be in the running. The Republicans, on the other hand, are plagued by an overabundance of Presidential timber. The woods, to coin a phrase, is full of it. At least half a dozen senators, two governors and one former governor are openly or secretly aspirants for the job.

Truman's new proficiency is at least partly attributable to what he calls his new "team" in the White House. Here, too, changes are visible to the visitor. As in the President himself, there are changes in attitude rather than changes in substance. There are, however, some new faces. One of them is Clark Clifford, the President's new general counsel, a former St. Louis lawyer who has replaced the bubbly Allen.

Clifford, more than anyone else, is responsible for Truman's abandonment of the role of Roosevelt stand-in for his new one. He falls in perfectly with the President's notion of wanting to be himself. Even if the President wished to use Groton and Harvard periods in his speeches, Clifford wouldn't let him.

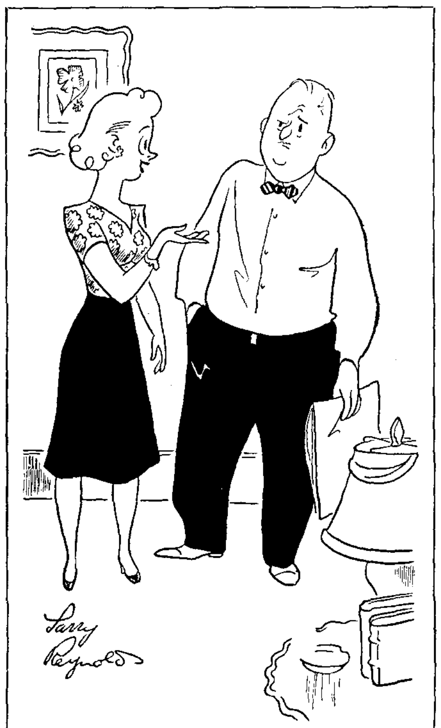
But closest to the President in the domestic and foreign fields respectively are Dr. John Steelman and Admiral William Leahy. Steelman, with markedly liberal leanings (he was personally opposed to the crack-down on Lewis), is the President's right bower, dealing with the 100 or more committees, subcommittees and agencies which should report directly to the President almost daily but physically cannot do so without causing the administrative machinery to clog up hopelessly. The President still makes the decisions, but he doesn't do all of the paper work and interviewing involved. Steelman does it.

Admiral Leahy is the President's confidant and adviser on all foreign policy matters which involve strategic considerations. Leahy largely fulfills the same functions he did under Roosevelt but is probably on more intimate terms and wields greater influence with Truman.

Administratively the White House has never functioned so well. Steelman calls Truman "the greatest administrator" he has ever known. Every morning at 9—by which time the President has had his 120-step-a-minute walk, his breakfast, has read his favorite newspapers and studied the contents of his leather-leafed folder containing papers to be dealt with that day—he receives Clifford, Steelman, Secretaries Bill Hassett and Matt Connelly, and others of his staff.

"You can set your watch," says Clifford, "by when he opens the door."

By 9:30, or at the latest 10 A.M., pending business has been disposed of and every man has his day's work assigned to him. At 10 the President begins receiving callers at 15-minute intervals. He's in bed and asleep, more often than not, by 9:30 or 10 P.M. To relax he reads mystery stories.



"Just for a few days, dear. I'll give it right back soon as I get your pay"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

The President chooses policies rather than makes them. His technique is the old "fact-finding" one he sought to introduce in the settlement of labor-management difficulties. Every man on his staff has the job of digging up the facts pertinent to any problem and of presenting them, in concise, understandable form to the President. Then, when he has heard all the pros and cons, studied the briefs presented to him and done what outside reading might be necessary, he decides what must be done. On the Greek-Turkish policy he consulted for days with Marshall, Leahy, Senate and House leaders, Undersecretary of State Dean Acheson and a host of minor officials before choosing his course.

The policy was not, as appeared at first and as some critics insist on believing still, a hastily conceived leap into the dark. The State Department had worried over the Greek internal crisis ever since the first British efforts to unify the country with restoration of the monarchy had failed more than a year before. In the eight months preceding the President's action, the Department, aware of Britain's dwindling financial power, had begun studying possible alternatives to British withdrawal from Greece.

Russian influence in Greece, however small and indirect it might have been during Greece's occupation by the Germans and up to the time of the country's liberation, had, according to evidence reaching the Department from Ambassador Lincoln MacVeagh and other observers, increased dangerously. The Partisans fighting in the mountains were no longer patriots resisting their own Fascists as they had fought the Nazis during the war, according to this evidence, but had become the tools of Russian imperialism, receiving arms and instruction directly and indirectly from the Russians or their satellites, the Bulgars and the Yugoslavs.

The withdrawal of the British by March 31st, suddenly announced in a note in February, would leave a vacuum in Greece which, the Department reasoned, the Russians would fill. Turkey, with the Russians already on its long northern frontier and with the Russian-dominated Bulgars on the west, would be faced with another Soviet satellite on its flank. Turkey would be unable to resist Soviet pressure for bases in the Dardanelles, eastern gateway of the Mediterranean. It, too, might lose its independence.

Knowledge of History Is Asset

The problem which confronted Truman and his military advisers was one in simple strategy. Truman had read deeply in history and particularly in military history. He was well acquainted with Russia's historic efforts to reach warm-water ports via the Dardanelles, as he was aware of the military problem which the presence of Russian bases in Greece and Turkey would present in the event of another war.

Because the problem was as much a military one as it was political it goes without saying that Truman was largely influenced by his military consultants, Admiral Leahy and General Marshall. But it was he, and he alone, who calculated the risks, and his, ultimately, will be the responsibility for the success or failure of the Truman Doctrine.

The line between diplomacy and strategy, politics and war, is always a thin one. Of this, Truman was keenly conscious when on March 12th, he decided that America's political destiny as the fountainhead of democracy demanded that the nation be willing to undertake whatever military risks might be involved.

"I don't care," President Truman has told friends on several occasions, "what kind of governments nations achieve. They can all go Communist, if they wish, provided that they do so with due respect to law and in free and unfettered elections. But we can't stand for police states imposed on people by armed minorities."

While the President makes—and assumes full responsibility for—his own decisions, he has abandoned personal government for what he calls "Cabinet government." His Cabinet members are drawn into every specific issue at hand. He lunches with them regularly and not only solicits their advice but very often takes it. On business matters, for instance, he wouldn't make a decision without consulting Averell Harriman, the conservative and successful businessman who replaced Henry Wallace as Secretary of Commerce.

Being a simple man himself, with a plain man's aversion to prima donnas, it was a forgone conclusion that individualists and headline makers like Wallace, Francis Biddle, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and others in the Cabinet and the Administration would go. The surprising thing was that some, like James Francis Byrnes, lasted as long as they did. Controversialists and extroverts have either been fired, squeezed out or asked to resign. And where his predecessor often enjoyed a squabble between two or more of his minions, Truman prefers peace and teamwork.

"I've got a good team now," he boasts.

THE END

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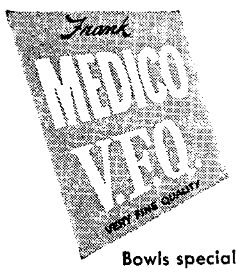

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Medico V.F.Q. with box of 10 filters 2.00
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Only these patented filters have the 66 baffles that absorb juices and whirl the smoke cleaner and cooler into your mouth.

ABSORBENT FILTERS
Frank MEDICO

S. M. FRANK & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22

THE MASSES GO FOR MUSIC

Continued from page 15

Concerto No. 2 played by the composer. But when Artur Rubinstein played the concerto in a small stinker of a movie called I've Always Loved You, a new recording sold in a few weeks four times the number Rachmaninoff's masterful rendition had sold in fifteen years! Oscar Levant's album of George Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue, from the picture of the same name, sold 300,000 copies immediately after the picture was released.

Apparently it doesn't always matter what the music is like. In 1945, Lauritz Melchior appeared in an improbable movie named Thrill of a Romance. In it he sang songs varying from a ditty called Please Don't Say No to Schubert's Serenade. Melchior came happily back from Hollywood and persuaded Victor that the music should be recorded. As Melchior was then an important Victor artist they were persuaded. When the records were being cut the music was so bad the musicians in the orchestra thought it was a gag. Finally convinced that they actually would be placed on sale the conductor insisted that his name be omitted from the label. But the album, released simultaneously with the movie, was one of the most popular ever recorded.

Serious music in successful movies is a recent innovation. In 1915 Cecil B. de Mille made Carmen, with the popular operatic soprano Geraldine Farrar, and the movie scorebook contained Bizet's music. The picture was a great success. But early movies with the great Caruso, Mary Garden and Lina Cavalieri were distinct flops. In 1926, M-G-M filmed La Bohème with Lillian Gish, John Gilbert and Renee Adoree, but fearful that it was too high-brow, at the last minute substituted popular music for the Puccini score. The picture flopped.

M-G-M made another try in 1930, signing Grace Moore to play Jenny Lind in a picture titled, for reasons now obscure, A Lady's Morals. Only a few people could be enticed to see it. For some years thereafter producers balked at suggestions of music heavier than Victor Herbert or Franz Lehár, and when tenor John McCormick made Song o' My Heart he was permitted to sing only the most popular Irish ballads.

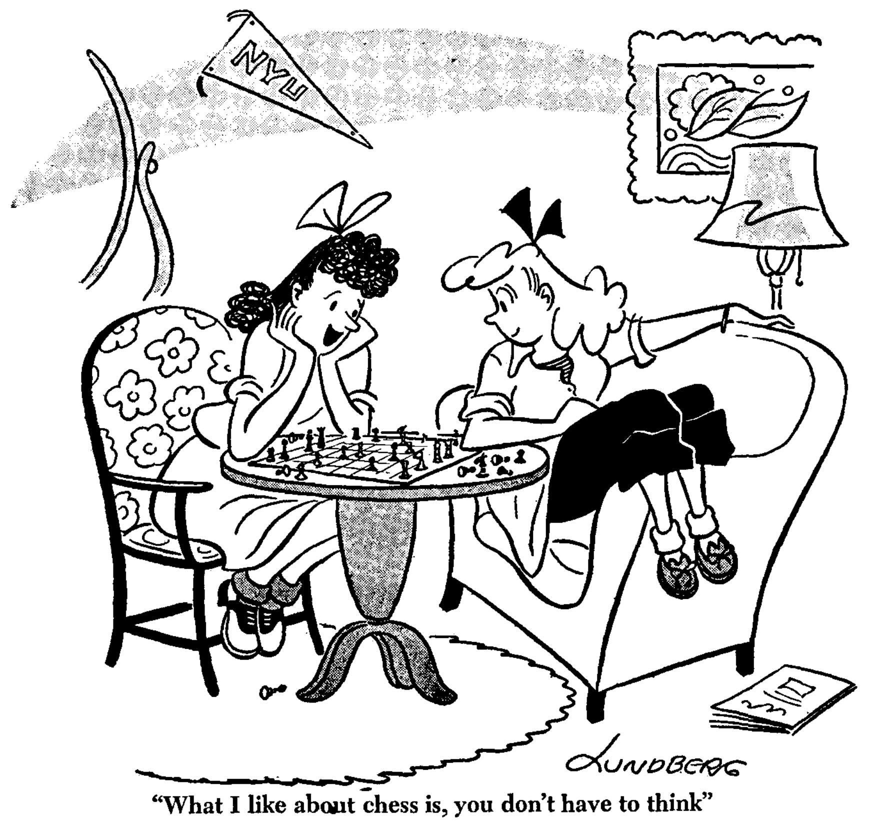
But in 1935, Columbia Pictures took the plunge with One Night of Love, in which Grace Moore sang selections from Lucia, Carmen, Traviata and Butterfly. Studio kibitzers computed the probable losses at upward of $500,000. The picture was a tremendous success and soon Lily Pons, Nino Martini, Lawrence Tibbett and temperamental Jan Kiepura were making with opera for the films. Deanna Durbin was a smash hit in 100 Men and a Girl, in which Leopold Stokowski conducted a full symphony orchestra playing Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody. Even Jeannette MacDonald, a light-opera voice if ever there was one, began combing grand opera for suitable material for her pictures.

Coming—a Supermusical

M-G-M is now putting the finishing touches on the supermusical of them all, A Song of Love, which will feature everything in music but Jimmy Durante and a tissue-paper comb. The film is based on the lives and music of not one but three composers, Robert Schumann (Paul Henreid), Franz Liszt (Henry Daniell) and Johannes Brahms (Robert Walker).

As extra attractions the picture will have a 100-piece symphony orchestra, a mixed choir of 95, a children's choir of 60, and Katharine Hepburn. Although the picture won't be released until fall, one record company has been working for several months on an album to be released with the picture. "It should sell 500,000 copies," a record-company official predicted the other day, with only a slight rubbing together of hands.

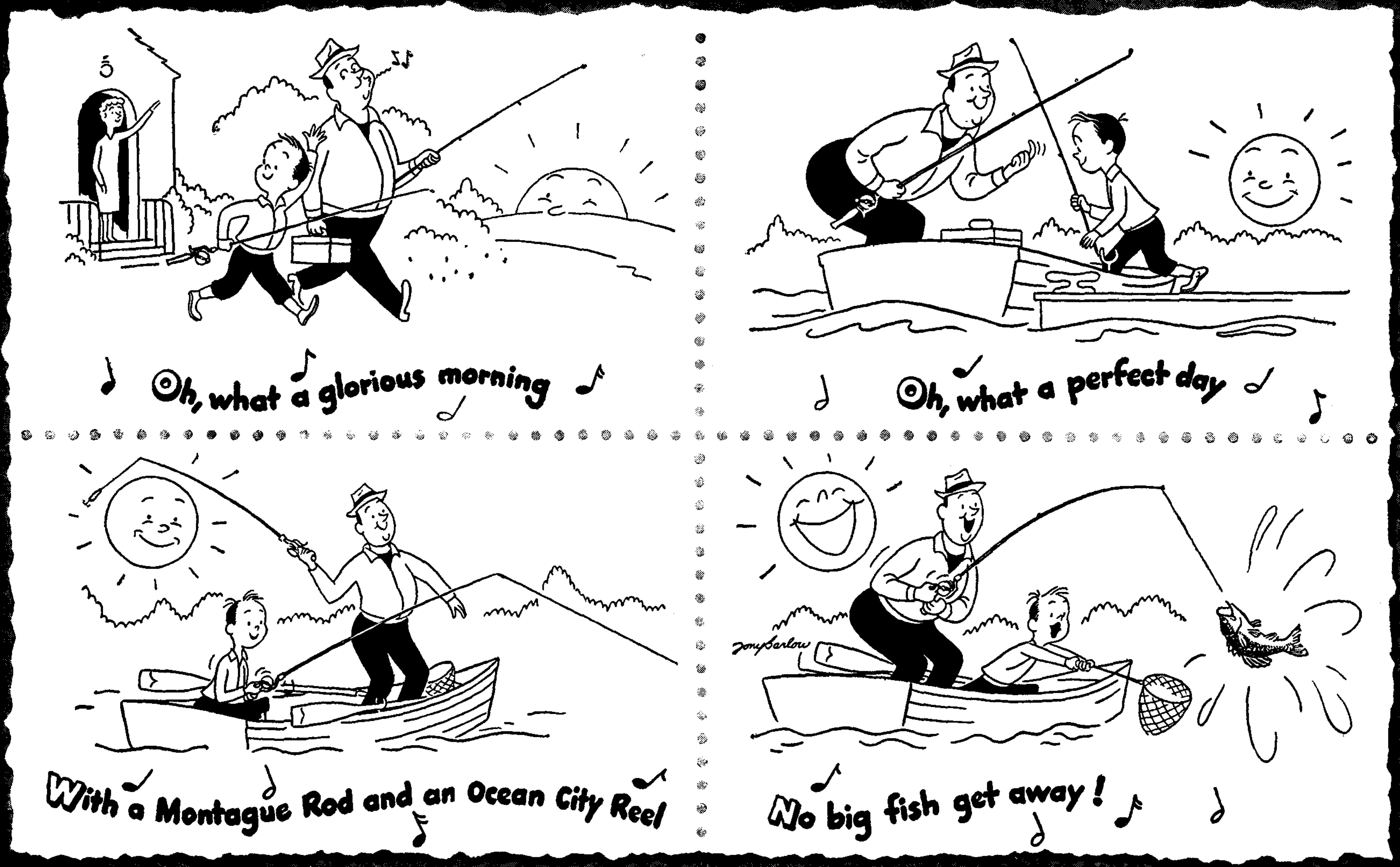
The concert business, pronounced dead fifteen years ago, has revived with startling vigor. More concerts are now given in a month than used to be given in a year. About 1,000 cities and towns annually subscribe to cash-and-carry, chain-store concerts, and one major organization, Community Concert Service, will shuttle its big and little artists about the country next season for audiences of more than 3,000,000. Today more concerts are given in the Middle West than in New York or Boston, and even sprawling Los Angeles is bidding for top posi-



"What I like about chess is, you don't have to think"

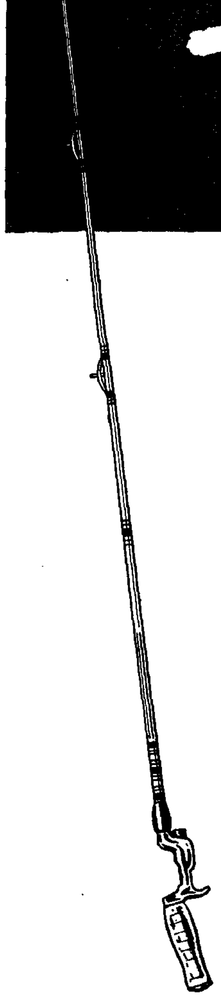
COLLIER'S

GUSTAV LUNDBERG


Oh, what a glorious morning
Oh, what a perfect day
With a Montague Rod and an Ocean City Reel
No big fish get away!
Tony Barlow

There's no fun like fishing!

(AND NO TACKLE THAT GETS 'EM LIKE MONTAGUE RODS AND OCEAN CITY REELS)



Ever plop a plug beside a lily pad where a big bronze-backed bass lurks? *Try it!*

Ever feed a fly downstream to a deep pool where the daddy of all trout lies? *Try it!*

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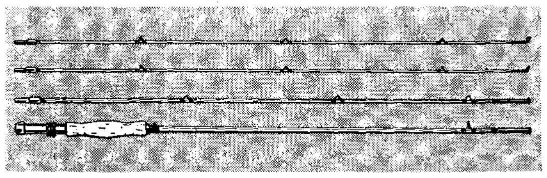

ABOVE: RAPIDAN 3-piece Fly Rod, with extra tip. Montague-selected flame finish split bamboo stock. In 8½ ft. or 9 ft. lengths. Many fine fly rods, $10 to $35

LEFT: Hollosteel TRAIL Bait-casting rod. One-piece detachable grip. Flashy "Naturalcast" action. This and other models in 4½ ft., 5 ft., 5½ ft. lengths, $10 to $20

Beginner or vet, you've got the thrill of thrills coming up! Particularly when your tackle is a Montague Rod and an Ocean City Reel.

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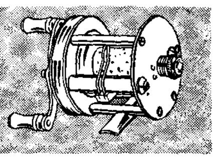
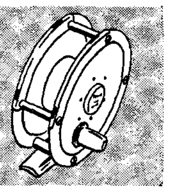
SMOOTHFLITE Bait-casting reel No. 970. Anti-backlash. Aluminum spool, permanent cork arbor. Quadruple multiplying, 100 yd. line capacity, $7.50. Other fresh water reels $2.75 to $8.50.



PLYMOUTH Fly Reel No. 76, with Ocean City's patented Silent Adjustable Drag. Split-second take apart feature for quick cleaning. 60 yd. capacity, $5.50. Others $2.50 to $7.00.



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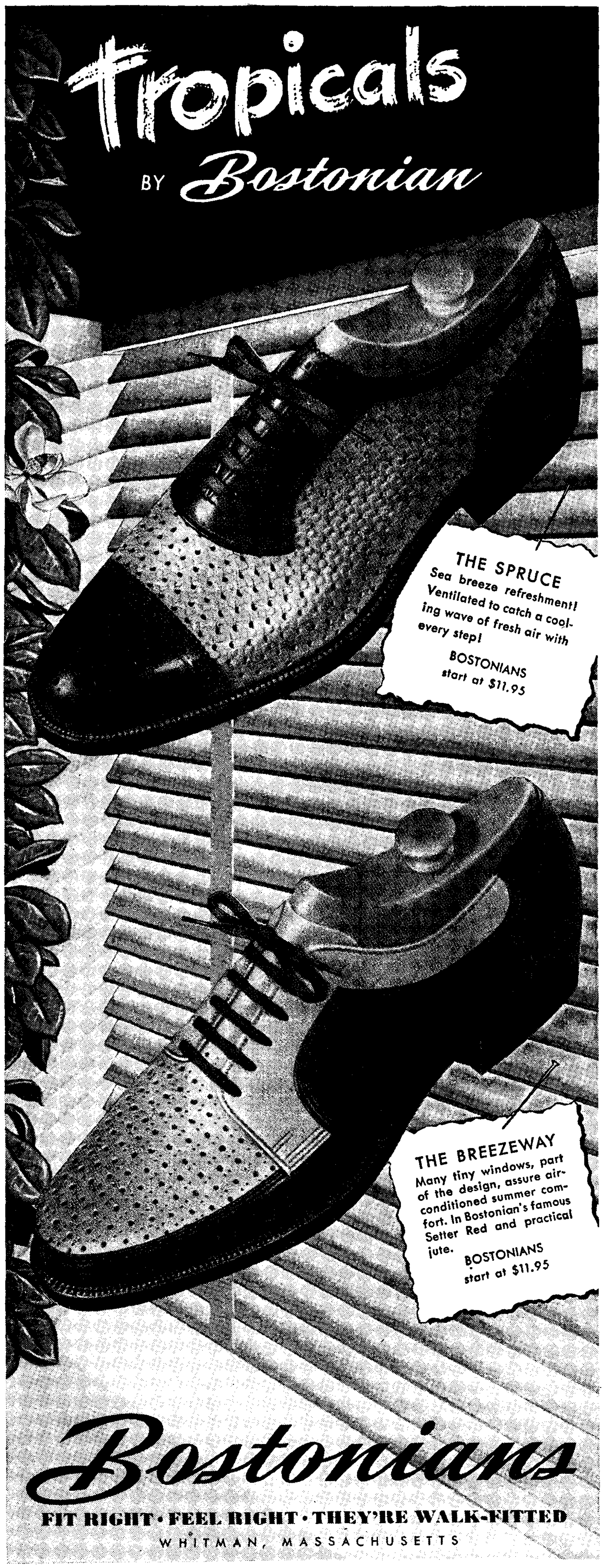
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THE SPRUCE
Sea breeze refreshment! Ventilated to catch a cooling wave of fresh air with every step!
BOSTONIANS start at $11.95
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Bostonians
FIT RIGHT • FEEL RIGHT • THEY'RE WALK-FITTED
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

tion in the culture parade with a new $40,000,000 building program, including an opera house seating 6,000 citizens.

The boom in the concert business, like the boom in breakfast cereal, has been largely due to smart merchandising. Back in 1920 young and lively Ward French was trying to drum up business for the mildewing Redpath Chautauqua Bureau. French heard of the success of another Redpath operator, Dema Harshbarger, who was peddling a side line of concert artists. In musically unresponsive Michigan, she built an audience by organizing a membership drive which produced 900 paid-in-advance subscribers at $5 a head. Such success was extraordinary and after investigating, French teamed up with Miss Harshbarger. In the following season they sold their plan to 12 Michigan and Indiana communities.

Out of this grew the singularly successful Community Concert Service, of which French is president (Miss Harshbarger is retired), and at least one successful imitator, National Concert and Artists Corporation's Civic Concert Service.

Community Concerts have revitalized music in many towns. In 1930, for example, the Music Club of Phoenix, Arizona, folded with $4,000 in debts. The next year Community Concerts initiated a campaign and since then Phoenix has spent over $90,000 for concerts without a deficit. Scranton had abandoned local musical enterprise when Community Concerts stepped in. Now Scranton has not one but two series of concerts with a capacity membership of 2,000 for each series. A music group in Elmira, New York, lost money trying to present independently attractions costing $800 a season. Today they spend more than $8,000 a year on Community Concert artists.

World War II reduced French's crew of traveling salesmen to seven. Today he has forty professional organizers who sell his plan from town to town and who direct each local membership campaign. Three years ago they were happy to collect $800 for a minimum package of three concerts. Today they ask and get a minimum of $1,700 for the same package and the trend is constantly higher as artists demand more money. Success has made some concert managers a little heady. French is harassed but accessible. But reporters asking information of his publicity department—or that of rival Civic Concerts—are asked to submit questions in writing, after the manner of sensitive bureaucrats in Washington.

Instrument Demand Is Great

Sales of musical instruments have also skyrocketed. Even the piano, considered extinct fifteen years ago, sold 100,000 last year. The public will buy as many as can be made in 1947. Even zithers. In 1945, seventeen-year-old Susan Reed was called, on two hours' notice, to fill in for entertainer Imogene Coca at New York's palace of boogie-woogie, Café Society. Miss Reed walked out on the dance floor carrying an improbable-looking stringed instrument and announced, without lisping, "This is a zither."

For an hour she played and sang old ballads while pins went crashing to the floor throughout the audience. It was sixteen months later before Café Society patrons finally permitted Miss Reed to go on a profitable tour. But meanwhile a manufacturer who had received no request for zithers in ten years got two hundred orders a month for that obscure instrument, and in Syracuse, New York, an enterprising manufacturer started a new business making zithers and Irish harps, which Miss Reed had also popularized.

Opera, too, is prospering. On shaky underpinnings for years, the Metropolitan is now enjoying the biggest audience in its history. In a two months' tour this spring the company gave a record fifty-six performances in fourteen cities, a 300 per cent increase over the average of fourteen performances in three to four cities from 1930 to 1940.

In ten years with the Met, General Manager Edward Johnson has done a lot. He broke up the old star system which featured one or two singers and to hell with the rest of the cast. He has built up and developed a company largely American. He even won a temporary victory over the opera chorus union (unions influence the quality of Met opera more than any other factor) by forcing them to give management responsibility for picking choristers. But the chorus union's double closed-shop system, which enabled it indefinitely to perpetuate over-age singers, is again being advanced and Johnson will have to fight a return engagement.

Practically all of the country's more than 200 symphony orchestras are enjoying their greatest seasons, from the plush Boston, New York and Philadelphia Orchestras to amateur and semiprofessional groups which give only two or three concerts a year.

Sevitzky's Success at Indianapolis

Take Indianapolis for example. Ten years ago Fabien Sevitzky took over the local semiprofessional symphony orchestra against a background of ignorance and bad taste. When Sevitzky arrived in Indianapolis he was told that his audience wanted to hear only compositions like the overworked Poet and Peasant Overture and The Blue Danube or other waltzes by Johann Strauss. This gave Sevitzky, a distinguished musician, what he describes as a sickness in the stomach. But in ten years he developed his orchestra into a major 85-piece symphony with a budget of $235,000 and has taught his audiences to demand *Richard* Strauss in place of Johann.

It wasn't easy. Tall, dark, energetic Sevitzky insisted on starting his concerts promptly and one banker who came late complained bitterly to his wife: "See, they don't even wait for the audience to arrive." When Sevitzky announced that he would present the works of American composers on every program, many of the orchestra's financial backers walked out. They thought it was "kid stuff." Most have since returned—meekly.

Sevitzky sniffs at the idea that American composers are simple. Last February he presented Morton Gould's new composition, Minstrel Show. Ordinarily Sevitzky memorizes a score entirely merely by rehearsing it two or three times with the orchestra. It took him three weeks to memorize Minstrel Show. "Kid stuff indeed!" he said.

Much of the spread of music appreciation is due to its instruction in public schools. From 1934 to 1941 the Carnegie Corporation spent $735,000 to provide instruments and records in 305 colleges and schools. But before that the so-called "Magna Charta of Public School Music" was signed in Dallas, Texas, in 1927. At a meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association (including public-school music supervisors), the National High School Orchestra performed. Comprised of 225 of the most talented school players in the country, the orchestra created a sensation. The educators were moved to pass a resolution demanding that music be given equal support and consideration with other basic subjects in our public schools.

From that time music departments ceased to be begging stepchildren; they became a lusty and tax-supported enterprise and are responsible today for the instruction of 3,000,000 children in instrumental music, another 3,000,000 in vocal music, and still another 8,000,000—students below the fourth grade—in elementary music, which is a foundation for later serious study. These youngsters comprise the personnel of the more than 32,000 bands and 45,000 orchestras playing in our schools. Only a lack of instruments, which weren't manufactured during the war—almost none are available for beginners—prevents those numbers from growing to 100,000.

There has never been so extensive a musical movement anywhere in the world. Our public schools teach more music today than those of the rest of the world put together. Music publishers report that they choose their music with great care and skill, picking only the best editions of masterworks. They are also buying extensively of contemporary music—evidence of a developing taste.

As a result of this and other interest an enormous creative activity has been stimulated. There is more good music being written in America today than anywhere, including Russia. There are even a few serious composers able to live on their music royalties—a possibility which was once considered as remote as the discovery of a functioning Aladdin's lamp.

Municipal bands, too, are flourishing, partly because of the energy of George W. Landers of Clarinda, Iowa. Landers, a bandmaster himself, saw the institution of the town concert band dying on its feet. To save it he went to Des Moines and asked the state legislature for a statute permitting towns and cities of less than 40,000 to levy a local tax "for the maintenance or employment of a band for musical purposes."

Before the legislature adjourned it passed Landers' law, and immediately more than 100 towns in Iowa voted for such local taxes. In the next eight years three fourths of the states passed laws based on Landers' model Iowa legislation and thousands of municipalities put their bands on a sound financial basis.

Music in schools and municipalities has been truly national. In 1943 the Ross Federal Research Corporation made a survey for C. G. Conn, Ltd., world's largest instrument manufacturer (7,000 a month), and discovered that one out of every two homes has a musical instrument not counting harmonicas. One home out of every four has a band or orchestra instrument. Eight of ten wind instruments are purchased for playing in a band or orchestra but three of four string instruments are bought for individual use. In cities of under 25,000 the band is the major incentive for buying.

Making the Master Record

Substantially different processes and substances are used by Victor and Columbia to manufacture their Masterworks and Red Seal records—each of which is said to be vastly superior to the other. But recording techniques are about the same in every studio. Engineers sit in a glass-enclosed control room and delicately adjust dials to maintain the precise tonal balance desired. The master record is cut on a turntable in the control room and is transferred to a wax-coated disk—this is the only wax used in record making—which is chemically treated and then used to make the molds from which are stamped the final records.

The slightest mistake or noise in the studio during a record-cutting session requires a remake of the side being cut, and sound engineers declare that only a miracle can prevent a remake of at least one side in recording an album. On one occasion a mysterious sound appeared repeatedly in the playback of the master record. The engineers were baffled. They readjusted the podium. They tested all the chairs for loose joints. Finally they located the noise. The shoes of Conductor Leonard Bernstein were squeaking. He finished the symphony conducting in his stocking feet.

When Victor recorded the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra's version of Tschaikovsky's Piano Concerto with Artur Rubinstein, they selected as a studio the Northrop Auditorium of the University of Minnesota. Unfortunately they picked for the recording a Saturday afternoon when Iowa was playing its annual football game with Minnesota in a stadium five hundred yards away. As Rubinstein began the First Movement, the university fife-and-drum corps marched past the auditorium, playing with all the power it could summon. A playback of the master record indicated clearly that the corps was not playing Tschaikovsky.

After the band had reached the stadium and the recording was resumed, a Navy plane power-dived overhead, an effect which Tschaikovsky had not conceived as part of the Concerto.

When a remake was begun, another plane power-dived. In all, five attempts to record the movement were ruined before the orchestra director phoned the near-by Navy base asking them to call off maneuvers for the afternoon. The recording then went forward without incident until the last side was being cut, when the university fife-and-drum corps returned from the game and marched in undiminished glory—but again not Tschaikovsky—past the auditorium.

Outstanding Recording Is Selected

Sometimes an emergency has surprising results. The last-minute substitution of Albanese and Merrill for scheduled principals in a recording of the duet from La Traviata, Ah! Dite Alla Giovine, was selected by the Review of Recorded Music as the outstanding operatic recording for 1946.

One time Pierre Monteux was endeavoring to record Stravinski's Rite of Spring with the San Francisco Orchestra. First a musician's cough ruined the side. Then a sheet of music fell to the floor. Another unexplained noise appeared and ruined a third side. After several hours of painstaking effort they finally progressed to the last few bars of the composition and there was still another cough. Monteux finished the piece, listened to the playback with its muffled interruption and said, "Let it go. It's more natural that way. Every piece of music has a cough in it somewhere."

The public has a vote in what records are made. They can and do write letters. A hundred letters may provide a sufficiently strong indication of public demand to cause Victor to schedule a recording. But they must be genuine letters. Naïve artists are constantly urging their friends to write record companies requesting a new album featuring the artist. This type of letter can be spotted at once. They are usually from an artist's home town or if he is on tour, follow in his wake. Once when tenor Allan Jones made a record, only the musicians, company officials and Jones himself knew that it had been made. But Victor was quickly deluged with requests that the recording be released at once. Jones' press agent had needled his fan clubs.

The possibilities of using music to make store customers happy, to soothe people in bars or restaurants (and make them drink more—or less) and to step up factory production have been explored by the Muzak Corporation which, through franchised operators, sells scientifically selected musical programs in 150 major cities. Muzak and competitor World Transcriptions provide the dulcet music that makes drinking a pleasure in cafés and grills where patrons refuse to tolerate a juke box.

With a research staff headed by Director Richmond L. Cardinell and assistant Ernest M. Werner, Muzak has probably made more musical surveys than any other organization. They have discovered that monotonous sit-down jobs can be ameliorated by soothing music, some of which can be vocal. But in a stand-up

SWING HIGH...SWING HANDSOME...

Relax in Slax*

THE BOSTONIAN WAY!
Handsome air-vented Dobie in brown calf. Also two-tone desert and suntan calf. Bostonian Slax $10.50

Swing into a carefree summer—at ease. More fun, more gol'durn relaxation in SLAX. Colorful complement to leisure clothes!

THE MANSFIELD WAY!
Up to the minute Nor-Moc Slax. Leisure favorite in smooth luxurious brown calf. Mansfield Slax $8.95

BOSTONIAN Slax*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SLAX FOOTWEAR, INC., NORTH QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

It can't be that much!
VALUE OF YOUR HOUSEHOLD POSSESSIONS

Add 'em up AND FALL OVER!

by don herold

You're richer than you think . . . in household possessions.

They grow on you.

They mount up on you in value week by week, year by year.

Have you recently . . . or ever . . . taken a pad and pencil and added up the value of your furniture and clothes and other things in your home—room by room, closet by closet—shelf by shelf?

Do it, and you'll get the shock of your life. It's usually staggering!

All of us who have houses or apartments accumulate these things *slowly*—but we can lose them all mighty *fast* in a fire.

How much would it cost you to replace everything in your home—and start all over from scratch right now?

PROTECTION IS DIRT CHEAP

Fire insurance on household possessions costs so little that we are foolish to go on as ludicrously underinsured as most of us are. You read about plenty of fires these days. You, too, can have a pip of a fire *any minute.*

So make a list today of all your household possessions and call your America Fore agent or broker and get covered quickly—and adequately. Keep the list at the office or somewhere else—not at home.

America Fore is a big, strong group of big, strong insurance companies who write fire, automobile, accident, liability, property damage insurance, bonds, etc.—practically everything but life insurance. Thousands of their agents or brokers all over America can place your insurance with these companies. Let one of these local America Fore men do your insurance worrying for you.

THE CONTINENTAL • • NIAGARA • •
FIDELITY-PHENIX AMERICAN EAGLE
(FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES)
FIDELITY AND CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Bernard M. Culver, Chairman **Frank A. Christensen, President**

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

"fatigue" industry where demanding physical labor is required, vocals give workers a pain where they can't sit down.

Muzak reports that interest in the classics is increasing everywhere. In a fatigue industry surveyed over the past two years, the rating of classics advanced from 18.3 to 22.0 and the semiclassics from 35 to 43. But another Muzak survey among office employees of a large insurance company—the worker group which most favors classics—revealed that 63 per cent actively disliked classical music, considerably more than those expressing aversion to hillbilly music.

Strong claims are made for the power of music to increase production of factory workers. In England, where music was first introduced into war plants, an increase in production of 11 per cent is claimed. U.S. war production was hypoed by an average of 7 per cent, some authorities say. Muzak has charts to prove a production increase as high as 16 per cent in a piecework laundry.

But plant managers who have observed music programs in factories are less sanguine. They didn't object to it during wartime, when the government paid the bills through cost-plus contracts, and when nothing was too good for our $1.25-an-hour war workers. But now that the profit system is again in operation they are more cautious. Said one hard-boiled superintendent of a major rubber plant: "If it had been my money I'd have thrown that music out long ago."

BLESS OUR HOME

"Please, Pa, give her another chance. Remember, the furniture is all hers"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

In thirteen plants of a large glass company where music is used, no production increases have been noted but morale is improved by relieving the monotony. After some years' experience, and a survey of many plants, one industrial relations counselor reported: "If management and labor trust each other, music can be beneficial. But if they don't, workers resent it as just another attempt of management to get more work out of them. Without mutual trust Paderewski, Mendelssohn and Liszt could play trios all day with no good effect."

There is no doubt, though, that music stimulates business in stores, bars and restaurants and in certain business offices. Surveys in a Louisville store showed that customers spend up to ten minutes longer in a department where music is provided. And they don't just stand there; they buy things. During the past year Muzak's service to offices, stores and banks has more than doubled.

The growing army of music zealots hails all this Euterpean upsurge as proof of a vast spontaneous mushrooming of American culture. A love of good music is generally regarded as an important symptom of advanced civilization. But detractors point out that last year's most popular classical albums were Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2, Tschaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite, a special Chopin album, Rhapsody in Blue and Tschaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 (with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony an all-time best seller), none of which could be called ponderous. The most popular single classical records were Clair de Lune, Polonaise, Jalousie, Ave Maria, Warsaw Concerto and the Lord's Prayer, works which are becoming a little shopworn even to grammar-school students.

There is another catch, too, that detractors like to mention. We listen more to names than to music. The name is what gets fees of $3,000 a concert for a Nelson Eddy and less than one fifth that amount for a lesser-known but musically outstanding baritone such as the new Metropolitan artist, Arthur Kent.

Marian Anderson has had a magnificent voice for many years, but she was unable to get people in this country to listen to it. She went to Europe, scored a great success and was finally booked for a Washington concert. But she was refused permission to sing in Constitution Hall. Overnight she became a national figure and her voice gained almost universal admiration.

The spectacular career of Marion Talley began with her Metropolitan debut, which doubtless would have passed unnoticed had not some publicity-wise adviser arranged for a special train of home folks from Kansas City to attend her performance with considerable fanfare. Within a week she was the farm-girl darling of the nation and could have sold out any concert hall in the country.

Publicity doesn't always have to be favorable. When Austrian Fritz Kreisler returned to this country after World War I, he was the target of a huge anti-German demonstration. Immediately his scheduled performances in New York, Boston and Baltimore were sold out.

Not only does the public have difficulty judging for itself the merits of music, but the critics do also. Boris Morros, co-producer of the new musical, Carnegie Hall, tells of a quartet scheduled to play a radio program from Hollywood using Stradivarius instruments. Four Stradivaris on a single concert is news, and critics and public alike anticipated an outstanding performance. But in rehearsal the sound engineers were dissatisfied with the tonal effects of the Stradivarius and at the last moment ordinary violins were substituted. No announcement of the change was made. The critics were unanimous in their praise of the unusual quality of tone—the Stradivarius tone, they said.

The only substitute for a name for a concert artist is a batch of good critical notices from New York critics. To secure such notices most elaborate and expensive preparations are necessary. New York's Town Hall is rented—a year or more in advance—and desperate efforts are made to round up a sufficient number of friends to give the Hall the look of being comfortably full. The payment of admission to hear a debut is practically unheard of but the government requires that tax be paid on every ticket distributed. Luring first-string critics requires delicate maneuvering, but isn't often successful as they are adept at avoiding social invitations likely to end up at a newcomer's concert.

Music enthusiasts frequently cite as evidence of the improved musical taste the wartime demands of men overseas for good music. A survey by Armed Forces Radio Service showed a desire for classical music of 8 per cent and light concert of 10.8 per cent of soldiers polled. Light concert included Strauss waltzes, Gilbert and Sullivan and Victor Herbert. The classics were almost entirely the tried and trite Dance of the Hours, Scheherazade, Flight of the Bumblebee and the Firebird Suite.

In the overseas camp shows, Heifetz, Grace Moore, Andre Kostelanetz (whose 3,000,000 records a year pay him around $150,000 in royalties), Lily Pons and Paul Robeson attracted huge G.I. audiences. They were the headliners and could play and sing what they pleased. But the bulk of the "serious" music was taken overseas by nameless artists. The audiences they attracted indicated more that the men were starved for any entertainment than hungry for good music.

Concert Units Serve Overseas

Some fifty-six concert units were in the USO camp shows and served six months or more overseas. Most of these which attempted high-brow repertoire were quickly brought down to earth and thereafter served music like Clair de Lune and Star Dust, Holiday for Strings and Smoke Gets in Your Eyes. When a thousand men wrapped in overcoats sat through a concert in an empty Korean hangar at 20 above zero, what made them stand up and cheer at the end was not Beethoven's Eroica but the nostalgic and symbolic Ave Maria, the most popular "classical" piece among men overseas.

One result of this musical tidal wave has been the wide-eyed enthusiasm of many good ladies serving on local music committees for what they call "the power of good music." The ills of the world, admittedly of some proportions, will, they feel, quickly respond to the remarkable restorative effects of good music if enough of it is played.

It is conceivable that in a meeting, say, between the Secretary of the Interior and John L. Lewis, a little background chamber music would endow the participants with an attitude of benevolence and generosity. But it isn't *very* conceivable and antagonistic negotiators who wish to retain firm control of their emotions are no more likely to split a cadenza together than they are a bottle of bourbon.

The full joy of music is for the common man who hasn't much to lose if he does let himself go a little. He can hear Heifetz or Rubinstein at a movie or a concert and come away inspired to be a good neighbor—if not a great man or at least a better one. He can indeed be like the Negro woman who saw A Song to Remember and then sent a letter to Columbia Pictures, maybe the first she ever wrote, and told them, "I work at night cleaning a building. The work is hard and I wanted to quit. But one day I saw your picture. Something happens. I came out singing. I said, 'No matter what it takes, my children are going to study music.' I say it over and over. Now my work isn't hard any more."

THE END

PREFERRED STOCK
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BEER
SMOOTH AND MELLOW

Preferred
for mellow moments

We'd like to plant these few thoughts with you today—
HAMM'S is the smooth and mellow beer preferred by millions for their mellow moments. It's been this way for 82 years. And this is the year—this is the day—to order HAMM'S smooth and mellow beer.

THEO. HAMM BREWING CO., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

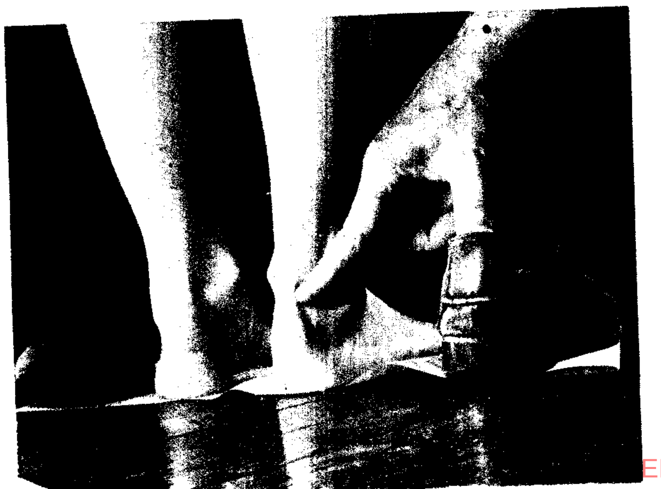
Hamm's
Smooth and Mellow Beer

Complying with state law sponsored by State Senator Charles G. Miles, himself a physician, children of William McKinley Grade School, Rockland, Massachusetts, line up for yearly foot examination by physician, Dr. H. J. Hulse. Since 1943 this check has been added to examination of eyes, ears, teeth and general health. Recommendations are sent to parents. Improvement has been noted in yearly re-checks

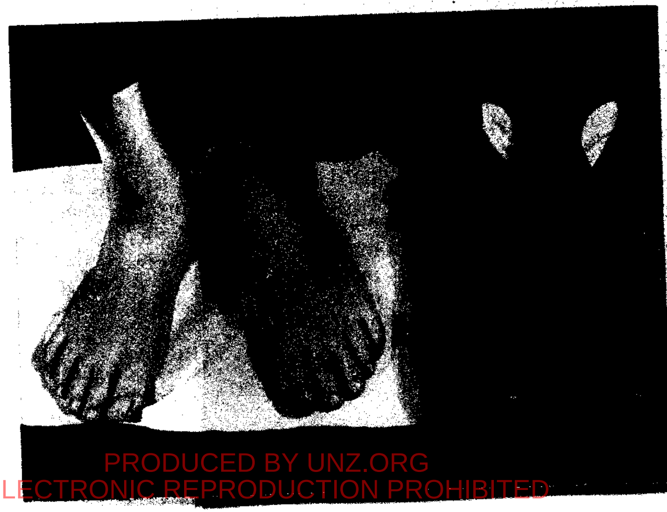
TROUBLE AFOOT

BY RUTH CARSON

Doctor points to heel tendon out of line on foot of ten-year-old girl, due to wearing soft moccasin shoes with no counter in the back to hold heel firmly. Notice run-over heel of shoe, unevenly worn, and turned-up toe, showing shoes do not fit properly and are too short. As a result this girl walks with her hip bones out of line. Back pains later in life are frequently traceable to shoes like these. Doctors blame plenty of bad posture and fatigue, as well as most foot trouble, on badly fitted shoes



Seventy-five per cent of school children suffer from weak foot, a condition which is the forerunner of flat foot, generally due to improper shoes. Chief sign is bulge under instep, the foot swinging weight inward instead of balancing it evenly over heel and balls of small and large toes. This ten-year-old boy developed weak foot by wearing sneakers most of the time. Canvas shoes, the doctor says, do not give enough support through instep, should be used only for gym or on sand or grass; rest of time wear leather



Feet should be measured every time new shoes are bought, re-checked every month on chart parent can take home. (Or make your own chart at home.) Always fit the longer foot. There are three sizes to the inch. As your child's foot grows past first measure, make sure new shoes are bought in time. New shoes should have extra growing space at the end of the toe equal to the width of adult thumb, and should be discarded before toes crowd this space. Watch socks and stockings—allowing half-inch growing space at toe. Tight socks or stockings frequently do as much harm as tight shoes

IT'S no joke, getting shoes for baby and for baby's growing brothers and sisters, as any parent knows. But, according to the findings of foot specialists, parents aren't buying enough shoes for their children. Eighty per cent of school children have foot trouble, and most of it is traceable directly to wearing outgrown and badly fitted shoes.

Alarmed at our ignorant crippling of children's feet, a group of podiatrists and chiropodists, with a special advisory board of pediatricians and general physicians, founded the National Foot Health Council—a voluneer organization whose objective is to get at the root of our foot troubles, which is children's feet. "We accept no fees, we have no sponsors," says heir chairman, Dr. Joseph Lelyveld of Rockland, Massachusetts. "We are an unprejudiced advisory group."

The greatest accomplishment of the council to date is the passage three years ago in Dr. Lelyveld's home state where most of the pictures on these pages were taken) of a law that all chool children's feet should be exmined once a year. Other states now have similar bills pending.

The council has gathered some ineresting figures to drive home the need of what they preach. Ninety-five per cent of us, they say, are born with perfect feet. Yet 8 per cent of one-ear-olds have foot trouble, and 22 er cent of two-year-olds. By the me children are five, 41 per cent of hem have foot trouble, and more han half of our ten-year-olds are so fflicted. At the age of twenty, when eet are fully grown and set for life, 0 per cent of them are plagued by oot difficulties. Thirty years later, he toll is 90 per cent.

Outgrown shoes are the worst ffenders. Look at the average rate f foot growth, and see if your chilren get new shoes as often as their eet require them:

ge	*Size changes every*
2 to 6 years	4 to 8 weeks
6 to 10 years	8 to 12 weeks
0 to 12 years	12 to 16 weeks
2 to 15 years	16 to 20 weeks
5 and over	6 months and up

New shoes every one to six months or fifteen long years or more? arents howl with understandable pain at this idea. In families of more than one child, hand-me-down shoes offer a solution. Doctors howl with pain over this idea. A child's foot is malleable, they want parents to realize. Neither the muscles nor the bones are developed—they will go any way they are pushed. Put on a shoe that has taken the shape of another child's foot, and you can see what happens.

Here are a few pointers from Dr. Lelyveld on the style and fit of children's shoes. Everyday shoes, he says, should be leather Oxfords four to six eyelets high for support, have cloth lining to absorb moisture, flexible leather sole that bends with the foot, a firm counter at the heel that hugs the foot, be foot-form in shape and with enough ease across the toes to permit the leather to be humped up slightly with your fingers. Balls of large and small toes should fit into the broadest part of the shoe.

Dr. Lelyveld frowns on popular loafer shoes. They give no support through the instep, which does not develop strength before the age of twelve. The same for one-strap slippers, which are all right for parties but not for everyday. And never, he says, let your children run around the house in bedroom slippers, especially when they are convalescing from illness, when the muscles have been weakened by inactivity.

We asked the doctor about the sure-footed Indian in his moccasins, and what about going barefoot?

The Indian, he points out, in his native habitat walks on grass and sand, never on the white man's floors and pavements. And he cites the case of his Blackfoot friend, who came off the reservation to lecture in schools. "He tried wearing his moccasins," says the doctor. "But at the end of the first school period his feet were aching. He had to switch to white man's shoes."

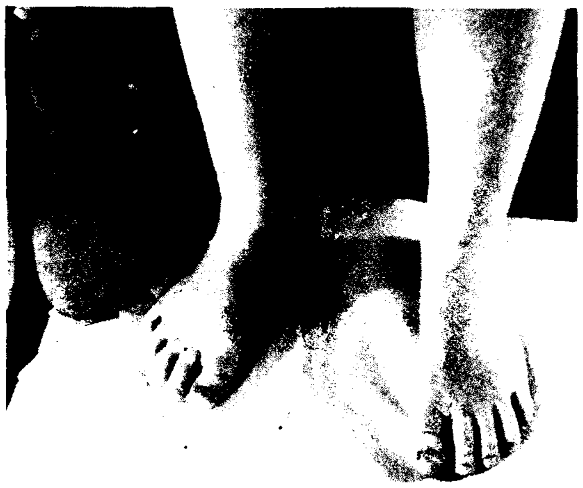
The same holds for going barefoot. Let your children run barefoot in the sand and on the grass, where they have a resilient surface to grip with their toes. That's good exercise for their feet. But protect them from hard surfaces with the right kind of shoes that fit.

There's no reason why we can't raise a generation whose feet aren't killing them. ★★★

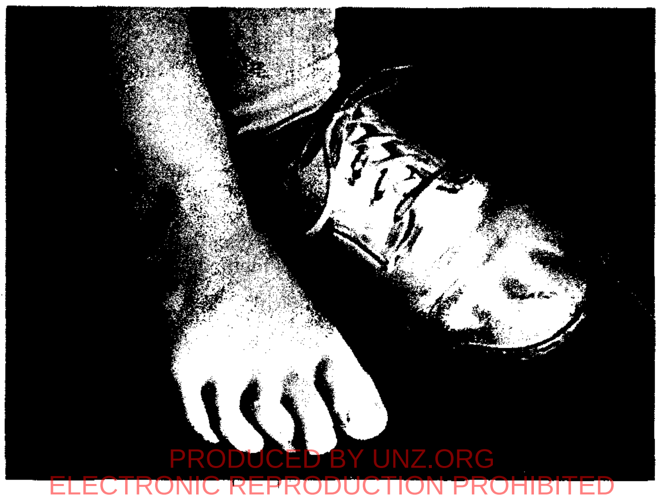
Five seven-year-olds toe the line on a chart that is rolled out from schoolroom wall. Walking with toes pointed straight ahead helps to prevent weak foot. So do exercises like these, which are part of remedial work in some Massachusetts schools: Picking up pencils and rumpled towels with toes. Standing on a fat book and bending toes down over edge. Walking around room on outer edges of stocking feet. It should be possible to clench your toes as well as you can fingers

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

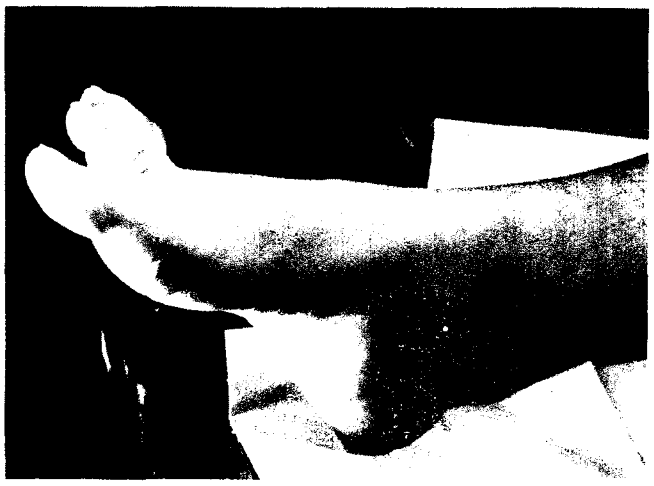
This six-and-a-half-year-old girl has good feet with fair arches and straight toes. But her nails are cut too short and should not have had the corners clipped. This is a common fault. Ingrown nails frequently result. Nails should be cut straight across, extend to tip of flesh. Girls' shoes are good Oxfords with flexible leather soles and firm counters at heels. The fact that soles and heels are evenly worn shows she is walking well. Some doctors advocate high shoes to about size eight (around age three), after that low shoes to allow ankles freer play; others say start with low ones



Twisted, bent toes on six-year-old girl, due **to too narrow shoes.** Bunions are seldom **seen before the age of eighteen, but the foundation is generally laid** for them by too short, **narrow shoes that bend bones,** form enlarged **joints that adult weight** and fancy shoes ag**gravate. Too small shoes** misshape toes and **cramp whole forefoot** so that it cannot grip **and bend freely to allow** easy, springy step **that promotes** good carriage, prevents fa**tigue. Tired, cross children** are often suffer**ing from too small or too** stiff and heavy shoes



Hammer toes on a twelve-year-old girl, due to cramping by too short shoes. She also has corns. This picture and the one at left were taken at Foot Clinic of Long Island University's First Institute of Podiatry in New York City, where effort is being made, on volunteer basis, to help school children. With cooperation of City Health Service, 30,000 have been examined; rechecks will be made yearly. Institute reports children suffering chiefly from outgrown and hand-me-down shoes, a common fault in big families



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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

DOUBLE-TALK

Dear Sir: In your column (Apr. 19th) you describe the beautiful scene on the cover as an idyllic spot of the Sierra Nevadas.

The scene is in the Sierra Nevada. It is never ever written or spoken of with the plural "s," to be correct. Sheep are sheep, one or many, as is Sierra Nevada.

Albert R. Nepper, San Francisco, Cal.

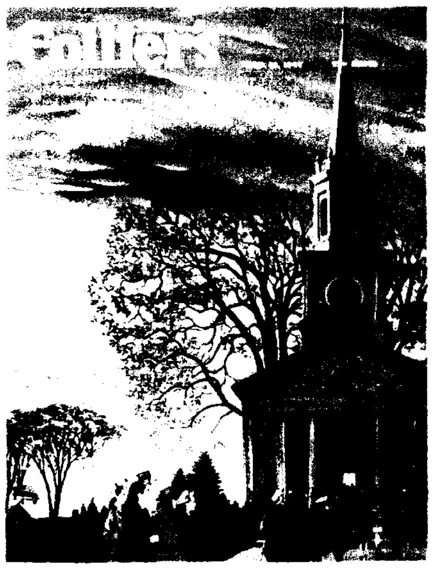
The editor was sick when he wrote it—suffering from pluralsy.

CLOCKEYED COVER

Dear Sir: Re your Easter Cover (Apr. 12th), never have I seen the sun rise in New England at 2:30 A.M.

Or did the sexton forget to wind the clock after marking the end of his Lenten abstinence by drawing a few from that keg of cider in his cellar?

George E. Hamilton, Philadelphia, Pa.



. . . No doubt you are being lettered to death by people wondering what church has services at 2:30 in the afternoon. In case you can't answer logically: The church is in Denver but the minister, being a New Yorker, keeps his clock on Eastern standard time, or two hours later than it actually is in Denver. That makes it really 12:30 in Denver. It is a long sermon this day: "How far off is peace?"—and the minister is still trying to finish it. The congregation, anxious to get back home to Sunday dinner, is backing out, so as not to seem impolite to the parson.

Sorry, but can offer no explanation for the hour hand being closer to 3 than to 2 nor for the sunset at 2:30 in the afternoon. However, the sexton who trimmed the top of those trees must have been a very tall man.

Colonel Stoopnagle,
South Norwalk, Conn.

Artist Francis Chase knows what time it is, Colonel. Had he wished it to be 2:30 A.M. or P.M., he would have placed the top hand between 2 and 3. All critics are suffering from smartibus alectibushwa, *or acute optical illusion.*

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION!

Gentlemen: In the April 12th edition, Herbert Asbury, in America's Number One Mystery Man, refers to Mr. Costello as a member of the Pomenok Club, which is incorrect. It should read Pomonok Country Club.

I was the manager of the Pomonok Country Club during 1941 and 1942, when Mr. Frank Costello was a member. I wish also to say that Mr. Costello was one of our best members and liked by all.

Charles J. McMahon, New York

Always the gent!

THROWING MONEY AWAY

Dear Sir: I would like to call the attention of Mr. R. M. Kauffmann of Chevy Chase, Maryland (The Week's Mail, Apr. 5th), to the fact that if Washington *did* throw a dollar across the Rappahannock, and not the Potomac, the incident is supposed to have taken place in 1738. At this time George was but six years old, and I doubt if he had the pitching arm. Furthermore, the U.S. Treasury itself admits the dollar wasn't coined till 1794. Besides, isn't it an inflationary practice to throw dollars across rivers?

Mrs. J. C. Moodey,
San Bernardino, Cal.

HIPS! HIPS! HOORAY!

Editor: If regarding my diet
I had more religion
I would be I am sure
Much less callipygian.

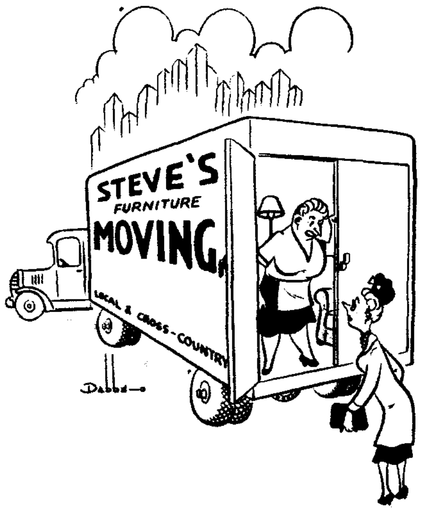
Dorothy Farrell, Honolulu, T. H.

ROLLIN' HOME

Dear Editor: Below are thirteen (13) errors in one cartoon in your April 19th issue:

1. No license tag. 2. No clearance lights on side of unit. 3. No markers. 4. No lower or upper rub rail on unit. 5. No reflectors. 6. No I.C.C. lights. 7. No directional signals. 8. No rear lights. 9. No mirrors on tractor. 10. No split panels on unit—one metal sheet too large. 11. No I.C.C. numbers painted on side of unit. 12. No props or dolly wheels on trailer. 13. Last but most important mistake is the differential or drive housing under rear of the trailer. It should be under the tractor.

B. D. Johnson, Lansdowne, Pa.



RAY E. DABBS

Not only that but: 14. No address on truck 15. No phone number. 16. No bottom t buildings behind. 17. No first name of artist. 18. No girdle on woman in truck. 19 No lamp cord. 20. No use going further

GREENE MT. MAN

Dear Editor: In Vermont Goes Radica (Apr. 19th), William Gilman states tha Warren Austin won the Washington pos left vacant by Senator Theodore Greene who was accidentally killed by a bulle meant for a fleeing bootlegger. Senato Greene's name was Frank L. Greene. H was editor of the St. Albans Messenger, an I worked on the Messenger at the time.

Charles A. Young, Hackensack, N. J

BLUSHING PRIDE

Gentlemen: Today, after thirteen hours o grueling labor in my small one-man printing shop, I resorted to Collier's for an hou or so of relaxation. Each thing I read intrigued me. At 11 P.M. I simply had t quit reading and hand you a vote o thanks for having issued, on April 12, 1947 the best magazine that has ever been sen through the mails of the U.S.A.

H. S. Van Burkleo, Dallas, Tex

THE HUSBAND REALLY PAYS

Continued from page 19

ound nude in her apartment in the com- any of another man. The court rejected er claim entirely. The second wife peti- ioned for $150 a week and $1,500 in fees. he got $25 and $500. The third sug- ested $200 a week and $2,500 in fees; he received $75 and $750. The fourth oman was trying to collect $1,750 a eek from the alleged wealth of her usband. This dispute was turned over o a referee.

If there are children, divorce usually eparates the father from them, at the ost of considerable injury to his natural aternal affection. Though he may be ble to support a good home for them ith their mother or elsewhere, the ar- angement seldom is one that satisfies im. He is excluded from the domestic ircle, perhaps seeing the children only nder conditions of sufferance or hos- ility. His influence over them wanes nd, since he is likely to be out of sym- athy with their mother, he must toler- te an upbringing for them that is not hat he would have chosen. It is not ncommon to find a man suffering a radual and persistent alienation of the ffections of his children.

Some Custody Awards Unwise

The almost automatic practice of warding the custody of children to the nother does not work out on the side of isdom in all cases. Just a few weeks go the newspapers reported the case of divorcée to whose care her two young hildren had been entrusted over the rotest of their father, who also had ought custody. When one of the chil- ren, a 14-year-old boy, wounded three ersons with a stolen gun, the facts came light. Police said that the mother, an ttractive divorcée, frequented various ars and neglected the children.

Although the ex-wife received $20 eekly alimony, she kept no home of er own and turned the children over to er stepmother. Left unsupervised, the oy had been staying away from school nd sleeping in cellars and hallways. So onspicuous was the parental negligence this case that the court cited a seldom- nforced law and charged the woman ith having contributed to the delin- uency of the boy. She now is serving a ear in jail for her errancy.

To these handicaps to the well-being of e ex-husband must be added the threat f an aggrieved woman's hostility. It ems to be customary for wives to blame eir husbands for a major share of their isfortune and, when divorce comes, e woman is likely to focus her agitation d resentment upon the man. Experi- ced spouses need not be reminded of e infinitely varied and exquisitely trou- lesome forms in which this antipathy ay be expressed.

In arranging the terms of separation, fixing alimony, in deciding the future f the children and in all the other ex- ting minutiae of cloven wedlock, the an may find himself confronted and nfounded by a subjectively impelled oman intent upon not simple order and stice, but revenge and retribution. Make him pay. Make him suffer," she mmands her lawyer. And the lawyer, dging from innumerable cases, often quite willing to join in the vindictive nspiracy against his fellow man. Many herwise kindly and reasonable women rmit themselves to be dominated by e hostile possibilities of the law to gain much as possible.

The victimizing of men in such cases ustrates the adroit aptitude of some omen for transposing lost affections to ready cash. For example, one some- nes hears of extreme pressure brought bear on the husband by means of threats to expose secrets learned from him in confidence during the prior period of intimacy. Some women have been known to wring extravagant and unjust conditions from men through such threats, which, if fulfilled, might jeopardize the man's social or economic standing. So the man pays, or else. . . .

The penalization of the man in divorce is not the outgrowth of feminine hostility alone, but the result partly of society's peculiarly complicated and irrational attitude toward divorce. The treatment of the divorced man originates deeper than the scruples of middle-class morality or the shibboleths of religious dogma. It is intimately connected with tradition, mores and philosophy focused upon the institution of marriage—the multiple-buttressed guardian of the family.

The system of marital conduct that anathematizes any deviation from the family code has been built up through the age-long accretions of customs and taboos. It is devised partly to channelize the potentially troublesome element of sexual activity within the sanctioned confines of family life. The tribe—that is, society—still looks askance, with scorn and disapproval, on an act, such as divorce, that increases the responsibility of the group toward the individual or his offspring. This is true in an economic sense, but especially significant when the problem enters the sexual sphere.

The divorced man represents a newly liberated, unchanneled sexual activity of which society is suspicious and fearful. The freed husband becomes a sexual potential that will seek release. The displacement of society's emotional security results in the focusing on the male of distrust, dislike and social discrimination: Because of his greater sexual aggression, the liberated male is viewed as a greater menace to the organized community than is the divorced woman.

The woman is placed in a different category; she receives favored, deferential treatment. Logically, there should be a female threat to social equilibrium corresponding to that of the male, but society, to neutralize it, chooses to look upon the divorcée with sympathy—from the fictional standpoint that the woman has been greatly wronged. We take her in and are kind to her in the hope that she will not turn on us.

Some Clever Maneuvering

Women have more to do with the making of marriages than they are ordinarily credited with. Many a youth who thinks he has proposed has merely been maneuvered into a matchmaking situation by a girl who knew quite clearly what she was about. Generally, women are much cleverer at this subtlety than are their intended prizes; so much so, in fact, that the proportion of genuinely aggressive male proposals is perhaps surprisingly small.

Since women are not always the passive or submissive marriage partners that they like to picture themselves to be, their share of responsibility for the failure of marriage is greater than they usually acknowledge. When connubial storms arise and the resentful wife cries, "Why did I ever marry you?" she implies that, like her primordial ancestors who were abducted into marriage, she played a minor part in the decision. She often betrays her self-deception by exclaiming in her next thrust, "Think of the other men I could have had!"

Self-deception seems almost to be natural for women. "Love begins by involuntarily deceiving oneself and ends by deceiving others," the cynical remark goes. It asserts itself on the practical side when the wife seeking divorce magnifies

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her grievances to justify maximum demands upon the man. And it manifests itself unconsciously on the emotional side in the fantasies of love. Most normal women reveal in their dreams and fantasies that they wish to be swayed, overwhelmed and mastered by their men. If the man is not sufficiently strong-willed, virile and assertive to carry out this role, the woman often conceals the deficiency by imagining or pretending that the opposite circumstances prevail.

Nature seems to have provided for this contingency by endowing women with a great capacity for wish fulfillment in daydreaming. Many otherwise unpromising marriages are kept alive by such self-deception. But when the discrepancy between the mystical ideal and gross reality becomes too great, disillusionment asserts itself and overshoots the mark in recession, reminding one of the legend of the dying god.

Students of anthropology are familiar with the important place in our culture of the legend of the dying god—the custom, which recurs in the history of many civilizations, of regarding the death of a symbolic divinity or an actual king as a convenient means of purging the populace of its sins, fears and ill luck by transferring them to the departed spirit. One finds in divorce a similar symbolism, with a strong suggestion that the departing husband assumes in the woman's life the role of an emotionally dying god—a scapegoat for the acerbities associated with her emotional displacement.

Isn't it a further evidence of self-deception that women believe they suffer more by divorce than men do?

What the Woman Suffers

Let us examine fairly their grievances. Loss of prestige in the community; financial restriction; emotional frustration; the responsibility of rearing children alone; disruption of accustomed existence; sexual abstinence and lack of the comfort of a male companion.

How many of these complaints are genuine? It is true, of course, that some remnant of social odium still clings to divorce. But a large segment of intelligent and liberal opinion today accepts the dissolution of marriage, where it is advisable or necessary, as a reasonable safety valve for the complications of a modern society.

Is the divorcée financially restricted? The chance that she will be should be no greater than it was during marriage. If the husband failed to provide for his family during the marriage, he will be compelled to do so by the court after divorce. Therefore, the situation should be improved.

Emotional frustration is not necessarily the lot of the divorced woman. If she has no children, she can form new ties and build a new life. If there are children, she can lead a full life through them, finding satisfaction in being a good mother.

If sole responsibility for the rearing of the children is onerous, the father should be given as much opportunity as the mother to see the children and continue to contribute to their emotional development as well as to their financial support.

Is the celibacy of the unmarried state a burden? Do the prying eyes of the community's self-appointed censors make it difficult for the divorcée to relax? One can only observe that, despite the proverbial vigilance of the community, divorcées have managed to acquire a benign reputation for gaiety.

The marriageability of divorcées, even if they have children, is not greatly impaired if they are sufficiently attractive. Children do not usually constitute a practical obstacle to remarriage, since their support by their father ordinarily continues even though alimony may be terminated. Nor is the woman justified in forswearing marriage for the sake of the children; her own welfare usually is reflected in them, since a stabilized, emotionally secure mother, even with a stepfather, certainly is preferable to a frustrated, embittered and disgruntled one. Narrow sexual prejudices have gone by the board; fewer and fewer men consider a woman less eligible for marriage because she has been married before.

Isn't it time for women to re-examine the idea that they suffer more than men in divorce, and to rid themselves of a superstitious mental quirk that invests divorce with outworn and ill-fitted attributes? No woman would think now of wearing grandmother's bonnets or *fin-de-siècle* sealskin coats; why, then, should we cling to outmoded social conceptions if not merely to extort love and affection from the group?

The real canker is the overt greed that comes from the fancied wounds and traumas of the previous marriage. When will women recognize that life itself, inside or outside of matrimony, bruises everyone? It is not justifiable to project on one's conjugal partner even after divorce the bitterness of an unfulfilled dream. If a marriage fails short of the ideal, perhaps it is because aspiration has vaulted to unrealistic heights, perhaps because it is based insecurely on the conception that the bliss experienced in courtship will continue and even increase during marriage.

Marriage, in the greatest number of cases, is the culmination of the romantic tide that engulfs youth. As the tide recedes, however, it leaves on the beach unsightly personal differences, economic responsibilities, the rigors of household administration and the monotonous sand of daily routine.

It would be impossible, of course, to measure the extent to which the Hollywood influence and the growing flood of "escapist" literature have affected the divorce rate. Yet it would seem to be obvious that the great intensification of the fantasy-life of women, brought about by these means, has in some degree had two results: It has imposed upon women patterns of aspiration and conduct for eign to their natural bent and it ha diluted their native ability to resolve dif ficulties by facing them realistically.

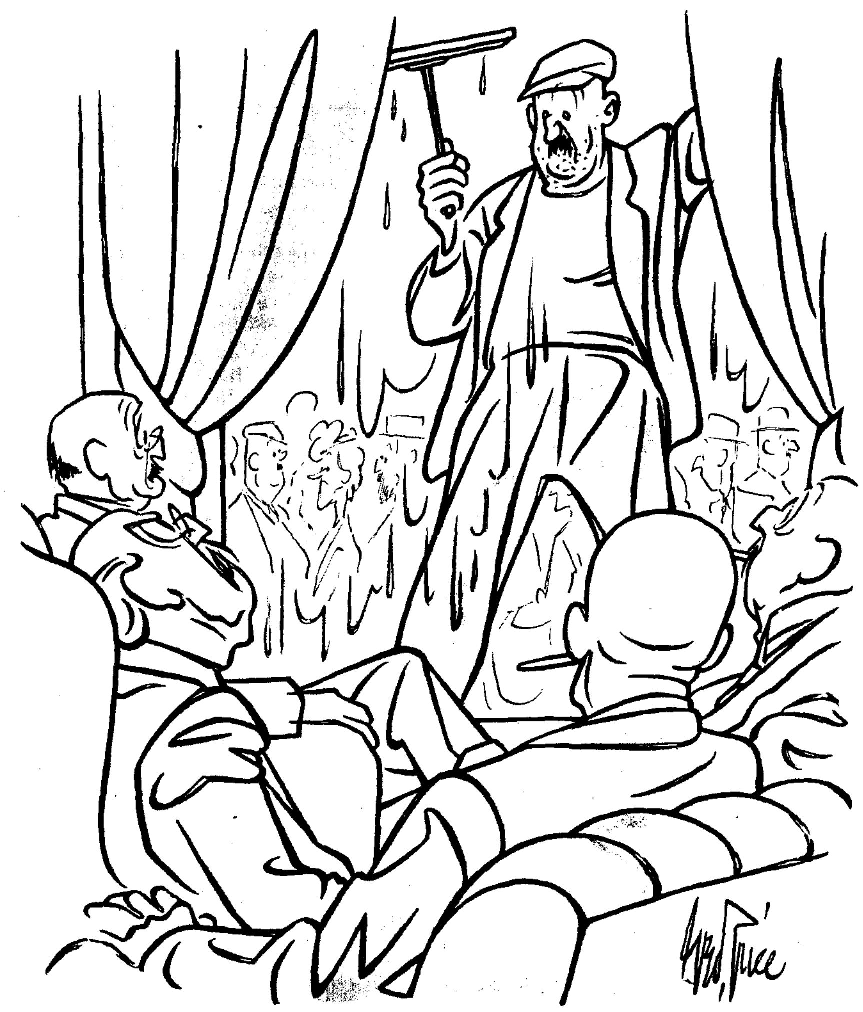
In justice to the purveyors of escapisn it should be said that romantic films an lurid stories probably make humdrun marriages bearable for many women b providing an enjoyable release throug daydreaming. Yet it must be recognize that there are susceptible women whos *dissatisfaction with their domestic lif* has been brought to the point of divorc through fanciful ideas inspired by th tinselly glamor of Hollywood and the r mantic miasmas of printed or radio-dis pensed fiction.

Modern women now should strean line their status in marriage as well as i divorce. They are not more hurt tha their counterparts in marriage; in fac from the materialistic viewpoint, the are often freed, whereas men are enslave in divorce. Women's emotional and phy ical appeal is worthy of better capitaliz tion than a reversion to narcissisti pleasure and fatalistic acceptance woeful, complaining, maladjusted, an parasitic existence.

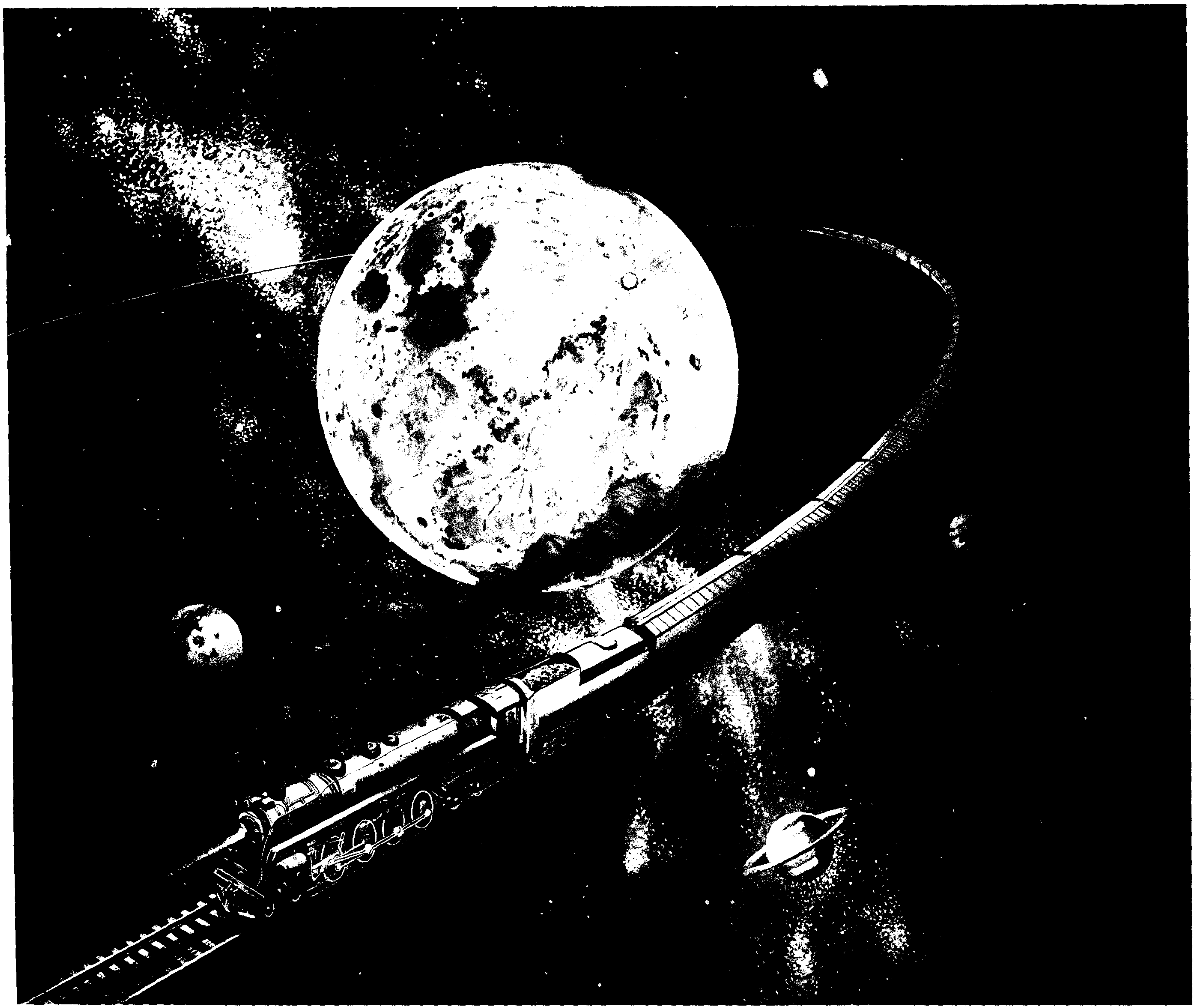
The need for better divorce laws widely recognized: When improved sta utes are fashioned, they should equaliz the status of men and women, but n laws ever cured a social problem, an divorce is no exception. The idealizatio of women must go first in order that w shall have better relationship betwee the sexes. The story of Mrs. Jekyll an Mrs. Hyde is yet to be written! Blamin the man for the troubles of marriage an afterward will only result in retort "All are good maids but whence con the bad wives?"

Fair and objective assessment of r sponsibility between men and wome will help. Divorce is an outgrowth poor selection and poor adaptation life, and needs to be divested of the ho tile taboos of the individual. It also nee to be dissociated from the punitive id which concentrates moral and econom responsibility chiefly on the male.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Be quick, man! We'll miss the entire noon-hour rush!" GEORGE PRICE



Round Trip to the Moon

A ton of freight to the moon and back! hat's one good way to measure the freight oved by American railroads in 1946 for *each* the men and women on the railroads' payroll. Working alone—with his bare hands—each ıe of these railroaders would have accomished little. But working together and uipped with the right tools — cars and locootives, tracks and stations, signals and shops the immense job was handled efficiently and pendably. And it was done at a cost to the nation's shippers averaging only one cent for hauling a ton one mile.

To provide these essential tools, there has been invested nearly $20,000 per worker, furnished almost wholly by private funds. To improve these tools, there must be still more investment — which cannot be expected to continue unless railroads have a chance to earn reasonable profits on these funds.

But during the past twenty-five years—through boom years, depression years and war years—the railroads have averaged a return on their net investment of only 3¼%.

In 1947, even with the increased rates recently authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission and with freight traffic continuing at its record-breaking peacetime level, railroads will probably earn only about half the 6% return which nine out of ten people think is no more than a fair profit, and which is necessary to attract continued investment in these essential railroads.

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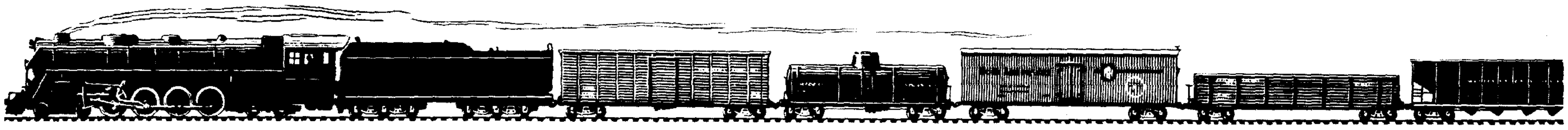

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BEASTLY NIGHT ON MADISON AVENUE

BY SY GOMBERG

MR. GERALD PITNEY walked up Madison Avenue toward the bus stop with his hands deep in the pockets of his trench coat and his head bent slightly before the driving, windswept rain. Since the five-o'clock whistles had blown, the steady all-day drizzle had somehow become a full-fledged summer storm. Now the strong gusts were rattling windowpanes, and a rising stream of water gurgled in the gutter.

By peering out from under the downturned brim of his slouch hat, Mr. Pitney could see the hurrying figures of other home-going workers rushing past him toward the dim lights of the subway entrances. They were all intent only on getting out of the open. The expressions on their strained faces showed their obvious distaste for the fresh, bracing blasts of wind and rain.

Mr. Pitney looked at each one of them, hoping to find a kindred spirit who was also enjoying this exciting change from the stale eight-hour-day air of office or shop. But it was no use. As usual, he was alone. Shrugging his shoulders, he turned into the doorway of a shuttered tobacco shop near his bus stop. A large awning kept the doorway dry without obscuring the view of the street. It was a favorite spot of his on such evenings.

Leaning comfortably against the door, he stuck an empty pipe between his teeth and enjoyed the falling rain. He gazed fondly at the bright drops spattering on the sidewalk under the street lamp. He listened happily to the squishing of automobile tires on the gleaming pavement. Best of all was the rain song on the awning above him. It reminded him of an old Leslie Howard picture he had seen five times, years ago. Similar sound of rain. Similar night scene. Howard had been a detective in that one, tracking down a dangerous killer. At the thought, Mr. Pitney's eyes narrowed. Automatically, he edged farther back into the shadows and began inspecting each passer-by closely, suspiciously.

If the staff of the Eastward Importing Company, where Mr. Pitney was in his twentieth year as foreign correspondence clerk, could have seen him now, they would have been stunned. To them he was a shy, fortyish office fixture with a balding head and narrow shoulders—a Milquetoast who wore dark Homburgs and dull overcoats and never smoked. Since none of them had ever suspected anything when he arrived very early and left late on rainy days, no one on the staff had ever seen him in the trench coat, which loaned him wider shoulders, or the slouch hat, which gave him a quite rakish appearance. And if someone had discovered that Mr. Pitney, thus attired, went out dreaming "adventures" whenever it rained, the effect on the office would have been atomic.

By the time the third bus had passed (he would have to take the next one or miss dinner at his boardinghouse), Mr. Pitney's mind was almost ten thousand miles from New York. Mysterious, romantic and rainy Singapore—Ronald Colman had once adventured there in a picture—was steaming before his eyes. Dark alleys. Beautiful women. Danger in the tropical downpour. His teeth gripped the pipe more tightly. He stared, slit-eyed, dreaming . . .

"My goodness! Did you ever see such a storm?"

MR. PITNEY snapped back to Madison Avenue. A woman, about thirty, had run under the awning for shelter. She was shaking the water from her purse and smiling at him in a friendly manner. Electricity ran up his spine. Wasn't this how Ronald Colman had met his love in the picture? Could it be that this was to be *his* adventure, at last?

"Rahther beastly tonight, isn't it?"

The way this came out astounded, and then excited Mr. Pitney. He had spoken just like Colman! The woman looked a little surprised. She reached up and pushed a lock of hair under her moist bandanna before speaking again. He waited tensely.

"Uh . . . are the busses very crowded tonight?" she asked.

His heart pounded: he must have sounded good. He plunged on.

"I hadn't noticed, really," he answered, clipping his words. "I've been waiting for my car." He looked at his wrist watch. "I'll never make that appointment at my club now."

"Oh, that's too bad."

The sincere regret in her voice thrilled him. He studied her from under his hat brim. Nice face. Warm. Tender. Lovely eyes. Like Olivia de Havilland's. Not flashy, either. Shy, maybe, but quite mature.

"It's not important. Really." He waved the pipe in a Colman gesture. "Reminds me of Singapore, this storm. Came up like a tropical squall, by George."

Her brown eyes widened. "Were you there in the war?"

He chuckled. "African malaria put me on the shelf. Kept me out of the whole show, dammit." He gestured again. "No. I always stopped off in Singapore before going into China. Foreign correspondent, you know."

"Oh." Her lips had parted now.

He sighed. "Quite a wild place, Singapore."

"It must be, from what they say about it."

"As a matter of fact, chap I knew named Reynolds had quite a go there one rainy night. Stout fella, Reynolds, but it seems—" He stopped, and smiled apologetically. "It's a long tale and I shouldn't bore you with it."

"Oh, please go on! I'd love to hear it. Honest."

His blood racing, he started a story he knew well. A Hemingway story, laid in Spain. Mr. Pitney transferred it to Singapore, coloring it with facts gleaned from fiction, from many movies. Yet even as he was telling it, part of his mind was racing beyond its conclusion. His wallet held twenty dollars. Enough for taxis and for dinner. Ronald Colman always took his women to dinner. But how would he ask her? And would she accept? He stole a quick glance at her. The way she was looking at him and listening made him feel tall, strong, dangerous.

Even though she was listening, Ruth Fulton—that was her name—was also thinking beyond the story. The prospect of eating alone again in her small apartment was dismal. If only she dared invite this interesting man to her apartment.

Her stomach fluttered at the thought. Other women did it, didn't they? And she had two steaks. She could light those red candles. Then, after dinner they might listen to that program of good music that came over the radio—he might like that. Maybe it would be a pleasant change for him. . . .

". . So that night Reynolds left and I never saw him again," Mr. Pitney finished. "Never."

Ruth shook her head in awe. "He certainly was brave. What happened to him after that, do you know?"

He shrugged. "I heard he got his at Malta."

"Oh. Poor man."

Silent now, they stared out into the rain. "Go ahead. You've waited a long time for this," a voice inside Mr. Pitney urged. "Ask her!" He moistened his lips. But a worry chilled him. How long before she would see through his masquerade?

SUDDENLY she leaned forward. "There's my bus." It was only two blocks away. Yet she kept her face turned toward it. If only he weren't so worldly, so rich. His car. His club. Why kid herself? He'd probably be insulted if she—

"Yes. Looks like it." He was trying to bolster his nerve. She wouldn't find out, not in one night. Still . . .

The bus was slowing to a stop near them. The traffic light was red. He had a few seconds more. He licked his lips again.

Ruth looked at the bus. She started to say something, but stopped. "Well—"

"Well." He couldn't bring himself to say more.

"Well, goodby." She turned and ran into the bus.

He watched her through the steamed windows. He couldn't see much. But as the bus started, he thought she waved. He waved back, anyway, then watched the taillights fade in the rain. He felt sad and empty. This might have been it, the adventure, the love he had dreamed of so long! His stomach tightened with remorse. Why had he depended on a false personality? Why hadn't he been himself? Maybe she wouldn't have minded. Maybe . .

"Darn! I missed my bus!"

A woman ducked into the doorway, a woman about thirty-five and out of breath from running. Her handbag slipped and fell to the ground. Mr. Pitney reached down and picked it up.

As he handed it to her, she smiled. Quickly he took the pipe from his mouth and gestured, à la Colman, toward the rain.

"Beastly weather, what?"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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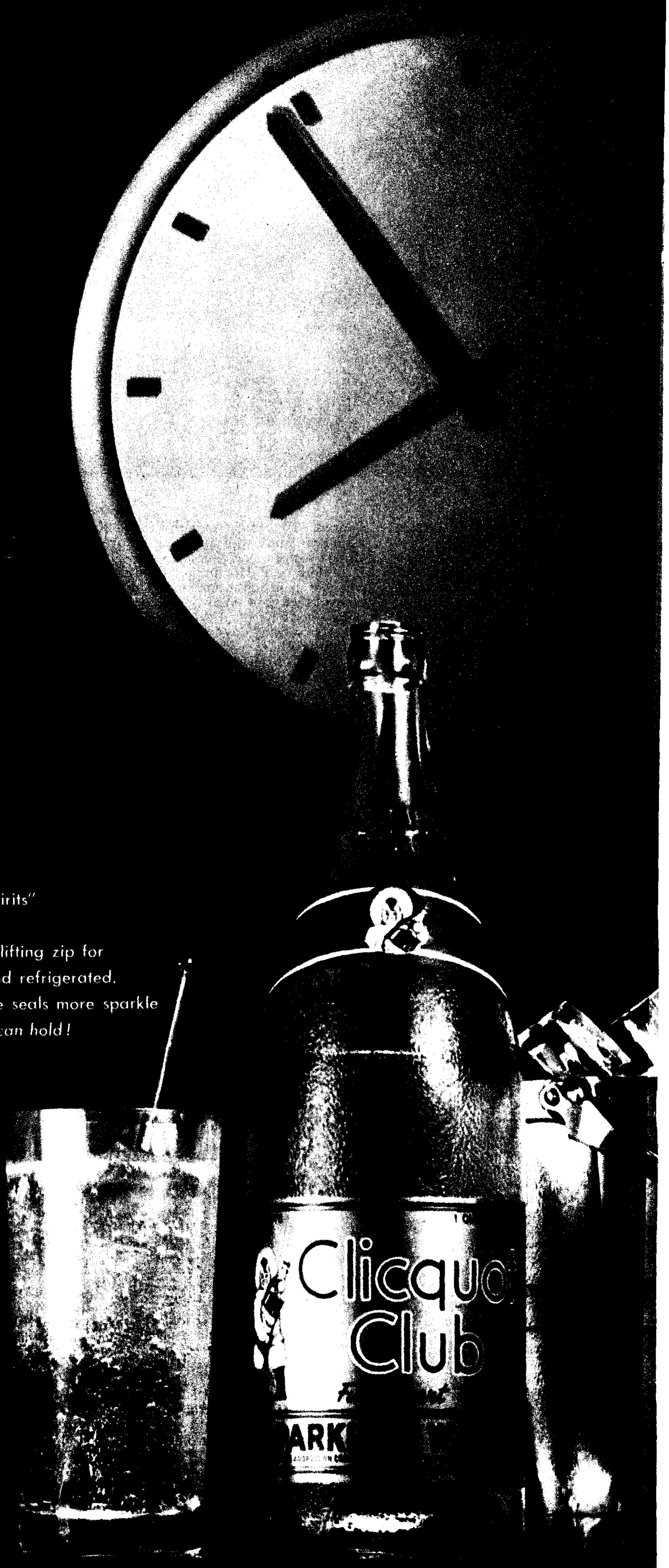

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TERROR IN TEL AVIV

Continued from page 23

answered hotly. "We are fighting for our existence. Reluctantly we have come to the conclusion that force is the only weapon we have left. We only want a home for the Jews."

They also tried to indict the British for the Nazi extermination of six million Jews in Europe, by the strange argument that if there had been free immigration to Palestine during the war, all the victims could have been saved.

It gradually became clear that these men implicitly believed everything they were saying. Here were the zealots at work. This little interlude had not been specially staged for me. This was the way these men thought and lived, in a darkened room, with the half light of reality seeping in only through the holes in the shutters. "Victims of a cellar psychology," a high official of the Jewish agency had told me. "They work underground and see only the feet of people passing by. They have lost their sense of proportion."

Yet the work of a relative handful of terrorists like these men, talking calmly over a desk top while remnants of a fresh outrage lay somewhere outside their shaded window, had driven the British government to another extreme. The only answer London seemed capable of contriving was a kind of terrorism in uniform. This served to alienate a majority of the Jewish community and consolidate he underground, with the adhesiveness of shared risks and martyrdom.

In general there are two kinds of Jews n the Irgun. The first are boisterous, fearless kids in their teens, native sons of Palestine nurtured on a passionate naionalism and a love of excitement, who have broken the bonds of parental conrol in startling similarity to the arrogance of the Hitler *Jugend*.

The other day a 15-year-old boy told his mother he was "going out for a little while." He was gone for three days, presumably on a mission with the underground. His mother was afraid to say nything.

The mixture of coolness and fanatiism in these youths is hard to penetrate. Picture if you can a scholarly looking oy who has just come from a philosphy class at the Hebrew University in erusalem. He is crouched on a hillside, idden in the underbrush, holding a ush button in his hand. A military ruck approaches on the highway below. He squeezes the button, and a mine blows the truck into scrap metal. The boy scrambles away to safety. He'll still get some homework done tonight.

(It's not just a lust for adventure that bites these boys. A father, a German Jew, told how his son had been picked up by the C.I.D. for allegedly distributing antienlistment leaflets during the war. He was held for 72 hours and given a bloody third degree. A civil court finally cleared him. "But how much did his innocence mean then?" the father asked. "How could I convince him of the folly of revenge via the underground?")

The second type of Jew in the Irgun is the seasoned guerrilla who has escaped from the gas chambers of Europe by wit and courage. To such men cunning and treachery have necessarily become the trade-mark of survival. Menahem Beigin, a Polish Jew in his late thirties and leader of the Irgun, is one of these. His family was wiped out in the war. (He is married now and has one child.) He came to Palestine with General Anders' Polish army but was released in 1943 to work among Polish refugees. He went underground a year later. The police have little on him because he's never been arrested. They have neither his fingerprints nor an accurate photograph.

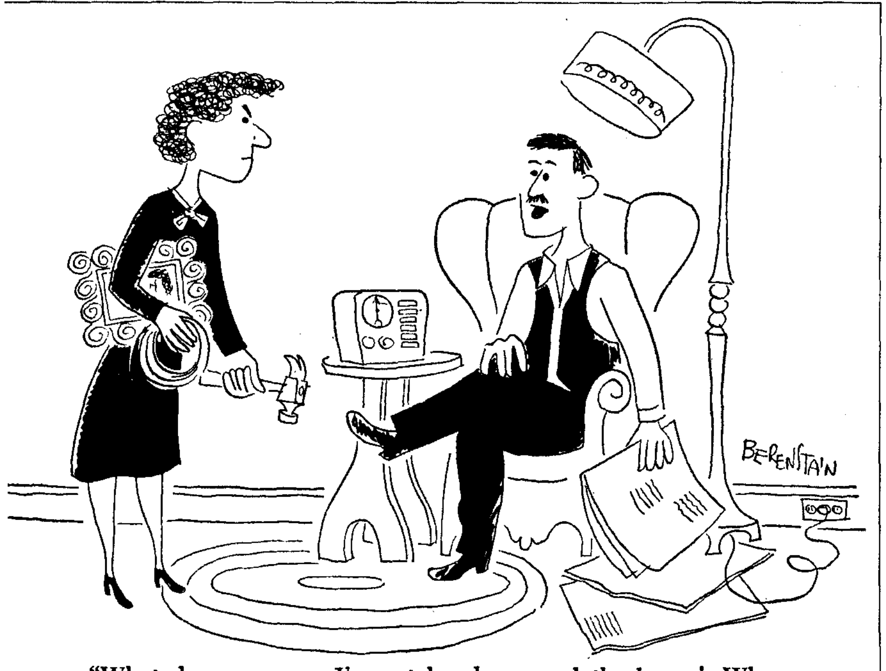
Leaders Pass Screening

It's never been confirmed, but the story goes that when the British army literally locked up the city of Tel Aviv for four days last July after the King David Hotel bombing and screened 100,000 Jews in "Operation Shark," both Beigin and Nathan Friedman-Yellin, chief of the Stern Gang, passed the screening with fake credentials.

Beigin, a smart chess player and a bookworm, is said to have sent his men to see the movie For Whom The Bell Tolls to study how Robert Jordan blew up the bridge. Like Hemingway, Beigin favors small parties for sabotage.

As the interview with Beigin's men wore on, my mind kept spinning back to the scene at the grade crossing. Was it possible, I asked, that they were so well organized that they could evacuate busses, divert traffic and get an ambulance on the scene *before* something happened? They wouldn't say what had been done or who had done it.

But it seemed clear that even if this were a Stern and not an Irgun job, they had been tipped off in advance and that



"What do you mean, I'm not handy around the house! Who was it called the electric company when the fuse blew out?"

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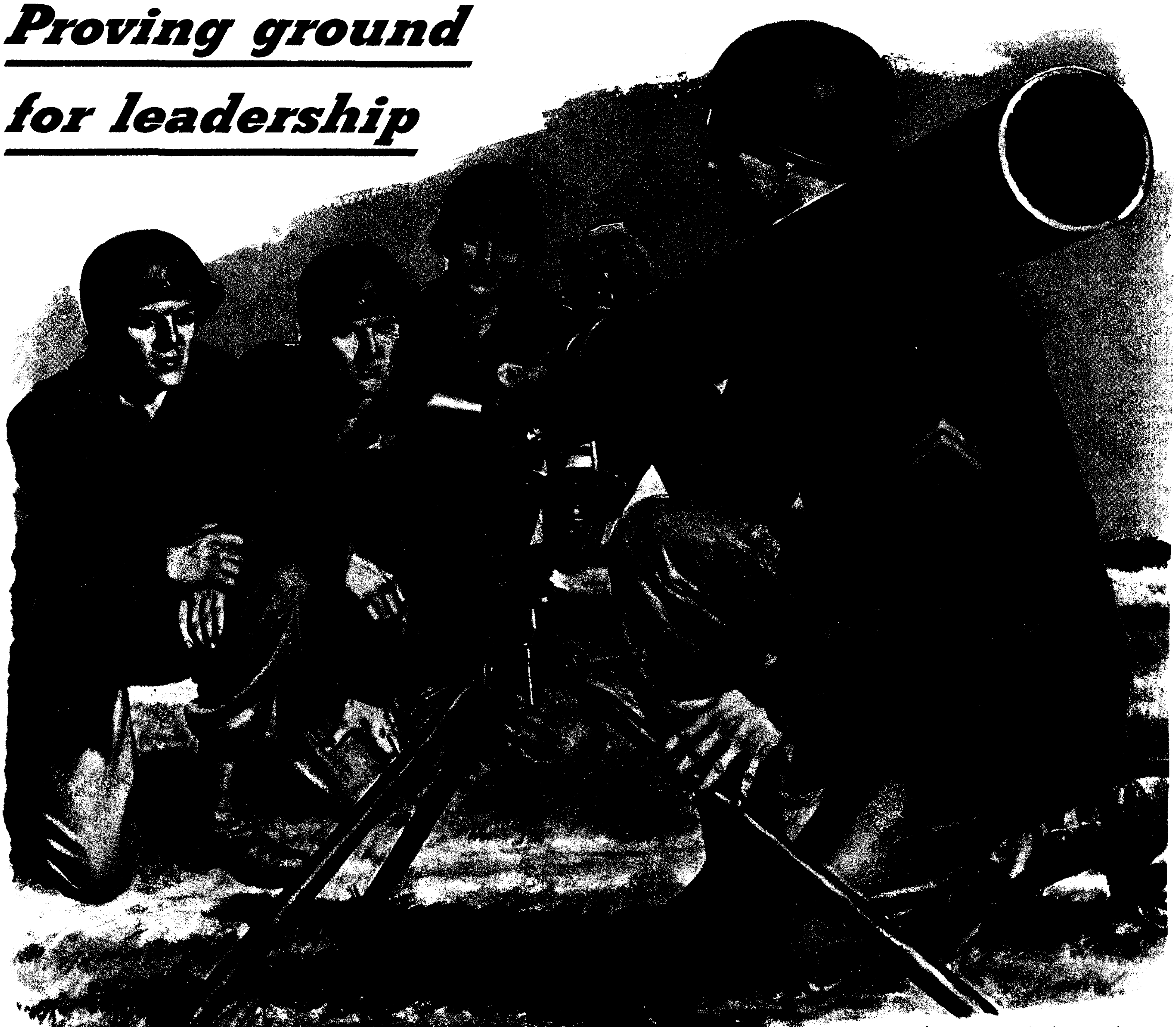

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David had timed our arrival at the crossing deliberately for my benefit, although taking care to remain a safe distance from the main action—whatever it was. "We take as many precautions to safeguard civilians as we can," they said. "The lives of British officials, however, do not matter to us. They show no consideration for us and we show none for them."

We had talked nearly an hour and a half and I was late for an appointment with a Jewish newspaperman I'd nicknamed Big Ben. I thanked them for the interview. David, who had said nothing the whole time, rose, exchanged a few words in Hebrew with his superiors, clicked his heels in salute and showed me out. I found a taxi back to the hotel.

Stern Gang Takes Its Toll

"I was beginning to worry about you," Ben said. "The Stern Gang has been blowing up the town." From fragments of information we pieced together the main story. At 8:10, four terrorists dressed as British soldiers got out of a axi in front of the Food Control office on Jaffa Road. They opened fire on the office guards, killing an Arab constable, while a second taxi disgorged four more errorists who ran down Nechushtan Street at the side of the building toward he home of the area intelligence officer, arrying a heavy charge of explosives.

Someone on the balcony of the house ngaged them with a tommy gun but they managed to plant the charge inside the ouse and then all eight terrorists escaped. The blast, which tore the house in two, was what David and I had heard at the rossing. There had been diversionary ttacks with scare bombs on railway ridges and level crossings at scattered oints through the city, without damage. The intelligence officer, a British major, nd his Rumanian wife were believed to have been home entertaining another fficer, but it was not yet certain what had happened to them. You could uess.

"There is sure to be a curfew," Ben said. Almost as he spoke an armored car rumbled up the beach drive. An fficer with the blue cap of the Palestine police force stood in the cockpit. His voice came over the car's loud-speaker like ice cubes rattling in a bucket. "Hello! Hello! Hello!" it said. "Curfew! Curfew! Everybody off the streets at once. Get inside. Shut your doors. Do not move. Hello! Hello! Hello!" The warning was repeated in Hebrew.

A fleet of three-ton trucks rolled up to the curb, and platoons of British Second Parachute Brigade troops tumbled out and into formation for sentry duty. Their fixed bayonets gleamed in the streaming moonlight. Their maroon berets blossomed above their khaki desert battle dress like some strange cactus flower.

The streets were swiftly cleared. An angry sergeant major barked commands to his men. "Get those bloody bastards off the balconies," he said. "They'd just as soon shoot you in the back as look at you. Get 'em inside." A young couple, clasping hands tightly, scurried around a corner, heading dutifully home. A door slammed. There was a sound like the rattle of a machine gun. A Tommy on the corner gripped his carbine and wheeled around. Then he relaxed a little and swore softly to himself as he watched a Venetian blind fall across a window.

Inside the hotel the proprietor and his wife, a kindly couple who had left Breslau in 1932 ("a year before Hitler," he sometimes liked to recall), sat staring mournfully around the lobby.

"This is not good," he said. "Ninety per cent, no, ninety-five per cent, of the Jews in Palestine are against violence."

Then why didn't the community crack down on the terrorists?

"The British make it almost impossible," he replied. "As a matter of fact the Haganah lately has moved to stop outrages against the Jews themselves, extortion, robbery and that sort of thing. But how can the Haganah take reprisals against the Irgun or the Stern Gang for attacks on the British when London sticks to the 1939 White Paper policy restricting immigration? The British don't seem to understand we can't turn informers under those conditions. Give us a real hope for the future and then the *Yishuv* (Jewish community) can deal with terrorism."

There was a loud banging at the front door. The proprietor unlocked it cautiously and a young redheaded American burst into the room.

"Well, I had a hell of a time at the road blocks but I made it," he said. He was the station manager of an air line at Lydda. "Get Jenny up, will you, and tell her to get her clothes on. I'm taking her back to the airport tonight. Got to have my staff with me. This curfew may last four days. A lot of damned nonsense. But if they think they're going to put a hitch in the operation of a world air line, they're crazy."

He picked up the phone. "I want R.A.F., Lydda," he shouted. "Give me the duty officer . . . Look, this is Mason, station manager, World Airlines. Look, I'm coming through with my staff. In a white jeep. Will you please radio your patrols to let us pass? . . . Yes, I'll drive slowly. A white jeep. We're coming through. Right away . . . Thanks."

Jenny, the secretary, had come down but said honestly she was afraid to go. "We've no passes," she said. "And even if the soldiers don't shoot, the terrorists might. Besides, I heard the roads were mined. Let's wait until daylight. You can sleep here."

"Nothing will happen at all," Mason said, impatiently. "This thing will get tighter in the morning and I've got an air line to run."

"Please don't go," she said. But he did. The problem of Palestine, in all its delicate complications and twisted pattern of violence, was nothing but a business proposition to a U.S. citizen, whose white jeep and green passport would, by God, get him through any man's road block or he'd know the reason why.

Alcohol for Soldiers Is Taboo

A soldier appeared at the side door and asked politely for a glass of water. "Give them anything they want to drink," the proprietress called to the night boy. "Anything except alcohol. Don't give them any alcohol."

"What's happened this time, mate?" the soldier asked me at the door.

"I was just going to ask what you knew," I said.

"They never tell us anything," he replied.

Twenty minutes later, Mason came back. "Okay," he said with a sheepish grin. "I've had it. I'll take that extra bed if you've still got it. They wouldn't let me through. Tanks on the road."

The telephone rang. It was for Ben. I could see the blood drain from his face as he listened. "Is that all?" he said. "Thanks," and he hung up.

He sank into an armchair and brushed his hands nervously through his kinky hair. "The major is dead," he said finally. "He was the one who fired the machine gun from the balcony. He ducked back inside just as the charge went off and the roof fell on him. His wife and the other fellow are badly hurt.

"He was a good friend of mine, you know. The hell of it is, I saw him earlier in the evening and was going to ask him out, thinking we'd come around and have a drink with you later. But I knew he was busy packing so I didn't bother. His duty was up and they were going back to a farm in Surrey next week."

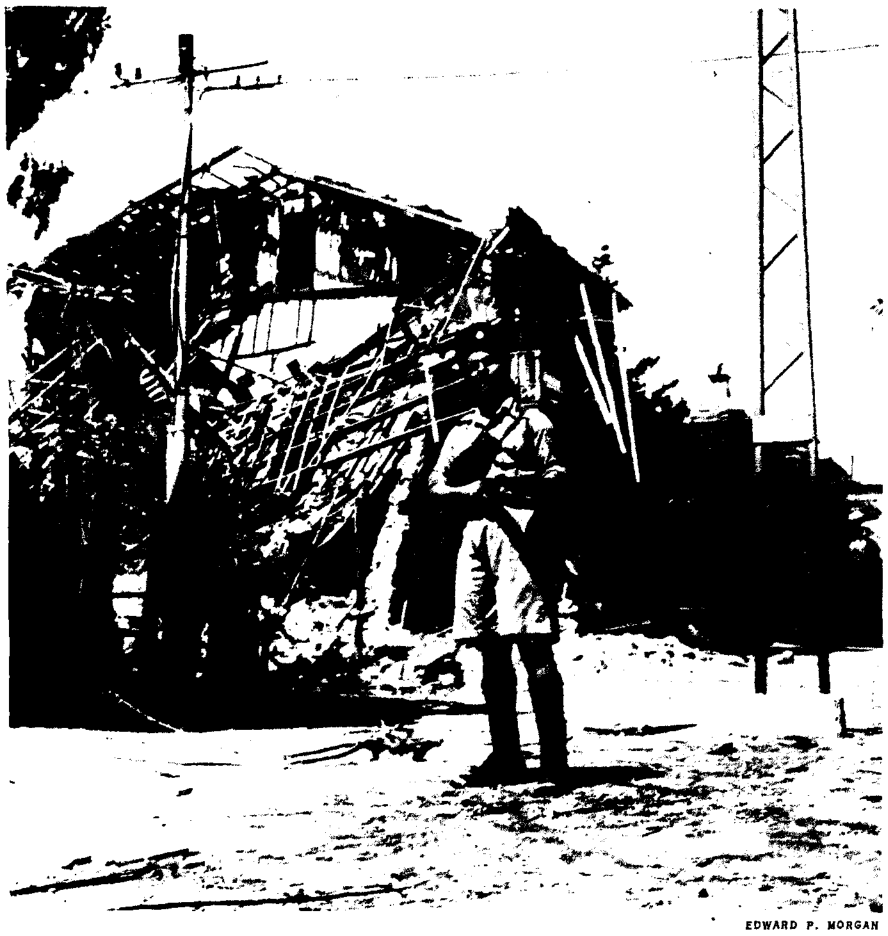
Everybody had a round of brandy and then Ben and I went out into the street. A jeep was parked on the curb and a British captain stood beside it, brushing a flashlight over a map of the city. Ben held out his green Palestine press card.

"Sir," he said, "if you're going anywhere near Rothschild Boulevard, could you give me a lift? I've got to get home."

The captain looked at the press card and then took us in with squinting eyes. He nodded.

Ben climbed into the back and the jeep drove off, its taillight bleeding a crimson reflection onto the pavement.

THE END


EDWARD P. MORGAN

An Arab constable guards the ruins of a British intelligence officer's house, blown up by terrorists. In the blast the officer was killed

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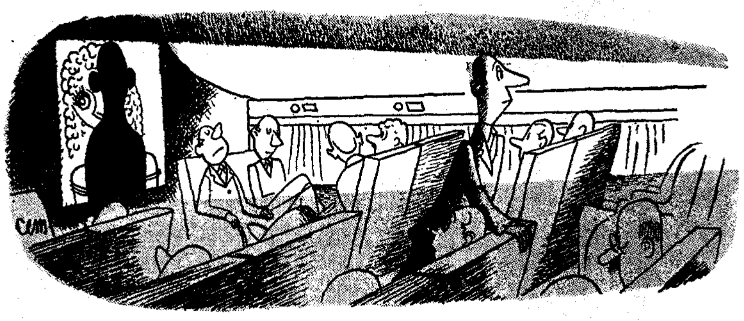


A première is started over Kansas but abandoned over Missouri

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

300-PLUS

THE drawing-board dream of a plane capable of carrying half a hundred passengers comfortably three and a half miles above the near- st housetop at nearly eight miles a inute became a reality March 29th hen a new DC-6, wearing United Main- ner 300 colors crossed the continent in ttle more than 400 minutes.

The distance was 2,476 miles, the aver- ge speed 364 miles an hour and the fficial time—from the standing start at ong Beach, California, to the roaring nish over La Guardia Field's control wer—6 hours, 47 minutes, 13 seconds. he resulting newspaper headlines of larch 30th are cold now but the record not.

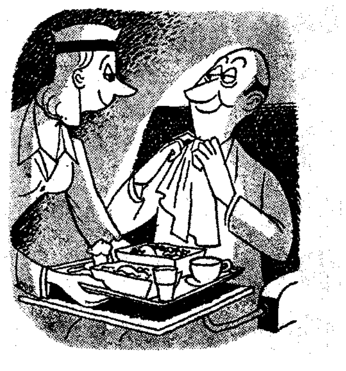
This is a report by the Collier's occu- ant of soft seat 14-A in that 52-passen- r plane, christened Age of Flight, and is being made because the customarily nservative promises published in this lumn for March 1st by Editor Neely nder the title, Big Six, were more than lfilled. As he told you then, the DC-6 a postwar Douglas Aircraft develop- ent, the luxurious son of the four-en- ne DC-4 (the C-54 hastily converted for vilian use) and the handsome grandson the twin-engine DC-3 (the C-47 war rse) that has carried most of the orld's commercial air traffic for 12 ars.

Both American Airlines and United ir Lines put the new sky giants into rvice about three weeks ago and you ay have already experienced a sched- ed flight at the advertised cruising rate 300 miles an hour. If not, count your- lf a passenger on this record run. Take is vacant seat, 14-B, and put those bun- es under the seat: there's lots of room. ot a map and pencil?

You're in the aft, 16-passenger section d the back of your seat rests against e outside wall of the girls' room which, Mr. Neely described here on March t, has a full-length mirror, sofa, dress- g table, fluorescent lighting and flush let. He forgot to mention the clothes ush. The buffet and the hat and coat department separate you from the 32-passenger main section but you can see through the doorway. You like it better where you are because the outside view is devoid of engine nacelles and riveted wing surfaces.

It's 8:25 A.M. Pacific Time by your watch when the huge transport begins to roll; and as the 89,000-pound load of plane, gasoline, passengers and cargo leaves the runway you're elated by the surge of the four Pratt & Whitney engines that will lap up 3,566 of the 4,200 gallons aboard before we touch a La Guardia landing strip. Nine hours, they tell you it might take. The long climb to 19,000 feet (where you'll ride all the way) keeps the cabin slanted for 25 minutes and by the time the ship levels off, Long Beach is 100 miles behind, and the Grand Canyon will be visible in 10 minutes.

"The cabin is kept at sea-level pressure," Editor Neely wrote in this column, "when the airplane is flying at 9,000 feet. Even when it has to go as high as 20,000 the altitude in the cabin rises to only 8,000." The altimeter hanging over the big clock at the forward end of the main section registers 19,000, but the interior pressure is the equivalent of 7,500 feet. You have sensed no change, but you realize with relief that the old ears aren't stopped up.



The tray-on-the-pillow-on-the-lap deal is passé

"Other passenger fatigue eliminators (quoting Neely again) include cabin ventilation with fresh, clean outside air-conditioning units sufficient to serve a 20-room house." On the other side of the double plastic rectangular windows the temperature is eight degrees below zero, but in here the temperature, humidity and airflow are being automatically regulated. Heat radiation from walls and floor keeps you uniformly warm. This cabin does not feel like a wind tunnel nor does it smell like a cigar-store telephone booth.

Somebody starts a pool. For a dollar you're entitled to predict what the elapsed flying time will be. The occupant of 14-A, having listened to some of the aviation writers aboard, thinks of his telephone number (658) and rashly writes down a flat 6 hours, 58 minutes. (Not a bad guess, but no prize winner. The $40 was finally snagged by a Denver man, who was only a few seconds off the nose.)

From the three loud-speakers attached to the ceiling in our section comes the information that we're over Kingman, Arizona. By our timing we've been in the air 57 minutes. Some of the Western newsmen aboard are rehearsing the conversations they'll have with their offices over the mobile telephone experimentally installed up forward in the men's lounge (which, incidentally, has inlets, outlets and connections for everything except a steam razor). The reporters will reach a radiophone ground station by lifting the instrument from its cradle and using the code, "This is Chicago. I want—" The door between the men's room and the flight deck is equipped with a combination lock, but today it's open house. In the navigator's section Captain W. E. Larned checks the course. In the pilot's seat is Co-captain Warren D. Williams.

Gazing ahead through your window you see the red, white and blue propeller tips form a glistening rainbow in the sunlight. The town below is Cortez, Colorado, 38 minutes east of Kingman, according to the man in 14-A. The speed is exactly 6 miles a minute, according to more reliable sources.

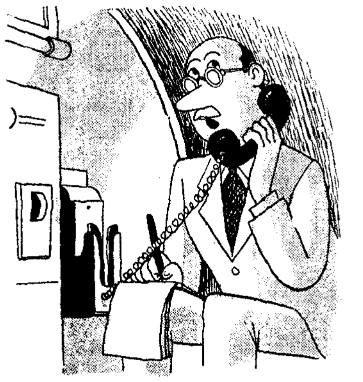
Soon you watch patchy clouds brushing the snaggled white teeth of the Rockies, and your seatmate tells you that only day before yesterday, when he flew west over these mountains at 7,000 feet less altitude he had to don an oxygen mask to fight off fatigue.

Pueblo, Colorado, appears. It has been 62 minutes by the unofficial wrist watch since Cortez faded and 335 more miles have slipped away by our wholly unscientific estimate. The loud-speaker says the average speed has been 329 mph. For a while there was a 45-mile head wind.

Half an hour east of Pueblo comes Garden City, Kansas, and the plane is traveling 332 mph, with no wind either to help or hamper. Kansas passes flatly for the next 61 minutes, and we're looking at St. Joseph, Missouri. That would be about 40 miles northwest of Kansas City, and Kansas City is 1,100 air miles from New York. We don't know it at the moment, but we're going to cover that distance in only two hours and 40-some minutes.

Although the Western newsmen have talked to their offices and the Eastern correspondents have drawn numbers from a hat for a turn at the phone, we're going so fast that ground-control stations are getting out of range before connections can be completed. Nice try, though. A movie projector is set up, window curtains are drawn and a world *première* gets under way. It is never finished. Hollywood's wares can't compete with the mounting excitement in this space-eating airplane. Thanks, anyway.

Peoria, Illinois, floats past; 23 minutes



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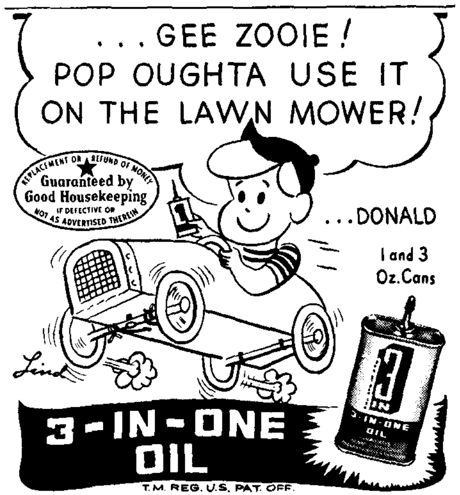
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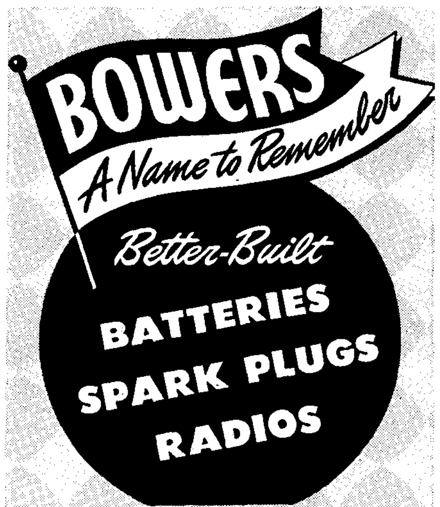

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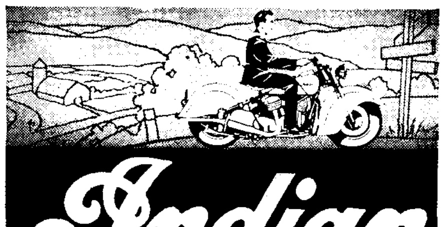


Indian
WORLD'S FINEST
MOTORCYCLE
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

later there's Peru, Indiana. We've picked up a tail wind and the ground speed has passed the 400-mile mark. Stewardesses Myrta Sawdey and Ann McGowan are passing out shrimp cocktail, *filet mignon* and ice cream. The complete meal is set on a wooden tray fitted to the arms of your seat, and you don't mourn the passing of the tray-on-the-pillow-on-the-lap deal.

You finish your ice cream over Akron, Ohio, and absent-mindedly cram the brand-new Irish linen napkin into your pocket, hoping the motion was undetected. Now the tail wind is giving us a free boost of something like 150 miles an hour. The ground speed is 474—a mile every seven seconds—and you get the impression that Akron and Youngstown, 45 miles apart, are twin cities. You see both within the same five minutes.

The state of Pennsylvania is spanned in about an hour, and we're unaware of the plane's rapid letdown as the stewardesses unshuffle the hats and coats. New Jersey appears spasmodically through the overcast. No smoking. Fasten Seat Belt. Manhattan's Central Park flashes below just in time to prepare us for the 347-mile-an-hour streak 500 feet over La Guardia's control tower. All other traffic is at a standstill. It's the end of the fastest coast-to-coast flight ever made by a commercial air liner.

But the important thing is that while regularly scheduled DC-6 passengers will cover your route in the more leisurely time of nine and a half hours, with a stop midway, your ship hung up its record using only 1,300 of the possible 2,100 horsepower from each engine. That means, at last, the possibility of absolute and dependable air-line schedules.

GURNEY WILLIAMS

HEAVY, HEAVY OVER HEAD

Continued from page 25

Clean and Jerk at 338½. Fiad has the record for the latter event in the featherweight class, doing 288¾.

We must explain these terms to you before the confusion becomes general. Thus, to wit:

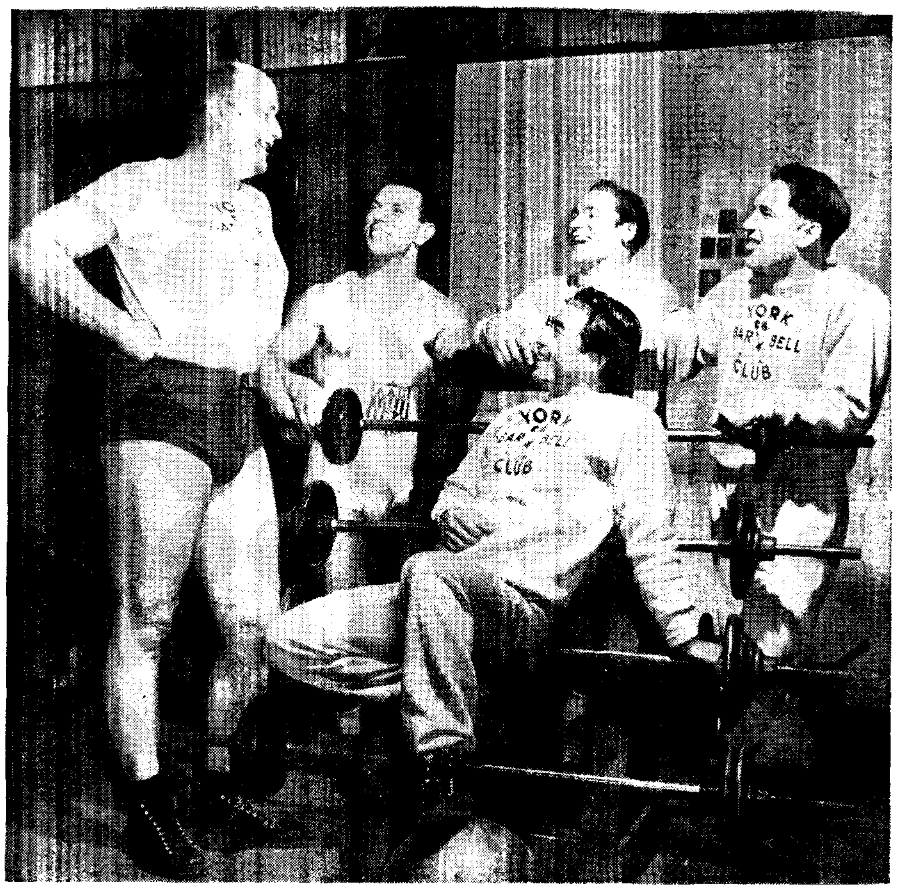
Two Hands Press, better known as the Military Press: The lifter brings the weight aloft and rests it on his chest, neck or anywhere he pleases. He stands with his toes touching a line and must retain a pose of military erectness throughout. Thus handicapped, he raises the weight to full-arm's length aloft. This is the toughest of the three tests.

Two Hands Snatch: Pull the weight from the floor to overhead in one motion and hold it there for two seconds.

Two Hands Clean and Jerk: The bar is "cleaned" by being brought from the floor to a position on the chest. At a signal from the referee it is "jerked" to a position overhead.

In most cases, of course, it doesn't get overhead and that is where the fun comes in. If after repeated failures a lifter manages to get the bar aloft for a new record the auditorium threatens to collapse. The enthusiasm is as great as anything ever seen over a last-minute touchdown. It has about it something earthily fundamental: Man against Gravity, Man against Nature, Man against Fate.

Novak, the Russian, was the sensation of the Paris meeting. He is a light heavyweight standing only five feet three and being about as broad as he is long. What captured the Parisians was his habit of accompanying each successful lift with a triumphant laugh. They considered this mighty human of Novak. He was superhuman in his lifting, pressing the fantastic poundage of 303¼. Kutsenko, the Russian heavyweight, lost to John Davis in the Internationals but later broke all records for the Clean and Jerk in a match at the Velodrome, doing 377 pounds.


MYRON EHRENBERG

The champs. Standing are Bob Hoffman, Frank Spellman, Stan Stancyck and John Terpak. Seated is Emerick Ishikawa

Bob Hoffman says Davis could break every record in sight if he cared even a little damn, but John lifts to win and never does any more than he needs. He takes the matter casually, trains little and slept through most of the finals in Paris. He got off his cot for his first lift when the weight reached 280 pounds. "Then he got up, yawned and stretched himself, put a little chalk on his hands and bumped that bar up as if it were a curtain rod," says Hoffman, proudly disgusted.

But Stancyck is the white-haired boy at York. They talk about him with bated breath and expect him to break all existing records in the next year or two. They figure records on a weight-for-pound basis in the sport, meaning that a featherweight capable of 800 pounds in the three events would be considered a better lifter than a heavyweight who did 950 pounds. They work it out by a formula devised by Bob Hoffman. The weight of the contestants is vitally important and the ability to lift varies directly with the bulk of the lifter. A lightweight can lift more than a featherweight: a middleweight more than a lightweight.

The only exception is the fabulous Novak who, as a light heavyweight, has totals in the heavyweight class. They managed to get seventeen pounds off Stancyck so he could enter the lightweight division at Paris. It almost killed him and there was some doubt about his ability to lift anything at all after that torture of reducing, but he came through with the championship.

The theory that weight lifters are muscle-bound lunks also dies hard. Bob Hoffman has stopped some of that in athletic circles by offering to bet that his lifters can defeat any other group of athletes in any ten events they want to pick.

"They can take anything they want," says Hoffman. "Baseball, football, boxing, wrestling, swimming, track, volley ball, golf. . . . We'll lick 'em easy."

Anybody seeing the York strong men fooling around in their gymnasium will be inclined to believe him. These muscled gentlemen spend their time doing handstands and acrobatics. These require agility and a delicate sense of timing, something impossible for the muscle-bound. We may as well destroy the last illusion by saying that the weight lifters are an intelligent, alert group, quite capable of running a business that grossed $1,500,000 last year.

The chances are slight of weight lifting becoming a national craze but we have looked hard and can find no harm in it Anybody who wants to strain his back lifting those silly iron bars has our permission. You would think they might be fanatics about keeping in condition and there for once you're right. They manage to get in a little bar-bell and handbal work every day but they also drink and smoke and get down to labor work only when a match is coming up. They got a little overtrained at Paris and fixed tha neatly by throwing a party for themselve two days before the tournament and putting away twenty bottles of champagne at M. Hoffman's expense. I seemed merely to elevate them.

Host to Foreign Talent

The United States is acting as host fo another international meeting this fall possibly at Philadelphia, and we're goin to be there getting a look at the foreigners. We want to see Novak and Toun and Ferrari, the French champion who i a barber at Montpellier. Most of all w want to see the Koreans, if they get here During the war, John Davis was stationed in Korea and looked up some of the lifters whose records have been seeping bac to this country through the years.

"If they ever get here," says Davis "you'll see the greatest upset in liftin history. Anderson of Sweden won i Paris with a total of 705½ pounds. Th Korean featherweight, Juitsu Nan, ha made 765 pounds. I saw him myself and I can tell you there is nobody even clos to him."

We went down to York with the notio that perhaps a little ridicule wouldn' hurt the place and came away wishin age hadn't done such a harrowing job o us. In the past we have lifted nothin heavier than a fork but we feel convince that with a little training and the assistance of a block and tackle we could d a hundred pounds in the Clean and Jer with no trouble. In no time women woul be following us on the street and ther would be a job open at the York Barbel

We don't particularly want to fee better; we want to look better. We wan to look like Steve Stanko, with thos shoulders, those rippling muscles an that washboard middle. It would be great comfort for us this summer at th beach if people lifted an astonished brov at our appearance instead of makin themselves ridiculous with smirks an the customary catcalls.

THE END

More Fun than a circus!

Better than a game!

Johnson INDOOR TARGET GUN

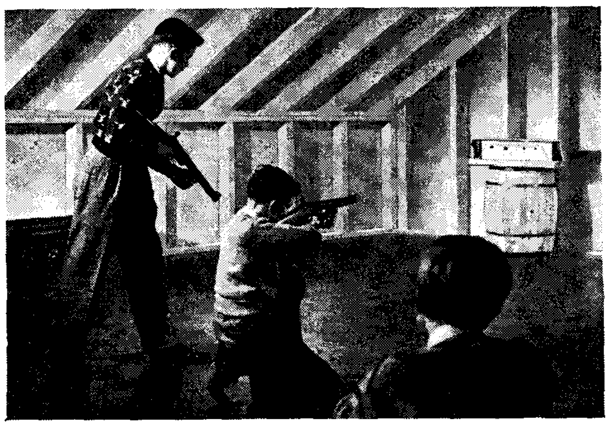
IT'S THE NEW

Johnson INDOOR TARGET GUN

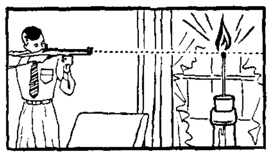
NOT AN AIR RIFLE . . . NOT A FIREARM

Amazingly accurate ★ Unusually safe

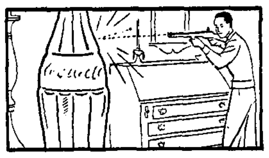
PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Dad—what a kick you'll get teaching your son or daughter how to be a "straight-shooter" with the Johnson Indoor Target Gun. And he-man hunting and shooting fans can practice actual shooting in any season!



FUN FOR THE KIDS. What a thrill for a youngster to own! It looks like a real gun, shoots as straight as a die—yet it's harmless and noiseless. At last—the answer for what to do on a rainy day.



AMAZINGLY ACCURATE. So accurate, in fact, it is possible to light a kitchen match across the room. True rifle accuracy right in your own home.



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IT'S NEW—IT'S NEWS! It's a new gun invention! The Johnson Indoor Target Gun brings you a new indoor sport for the whole family to enjoy. Invented by Melvin M. Johnson, Jr., famous military arms designer, it's made for target shooting at short distances. As thrilling to shoot as a real gun, virtually as accurate as a fine target rifle — yet the "shots" travel relatively slowly so as to be harmless.

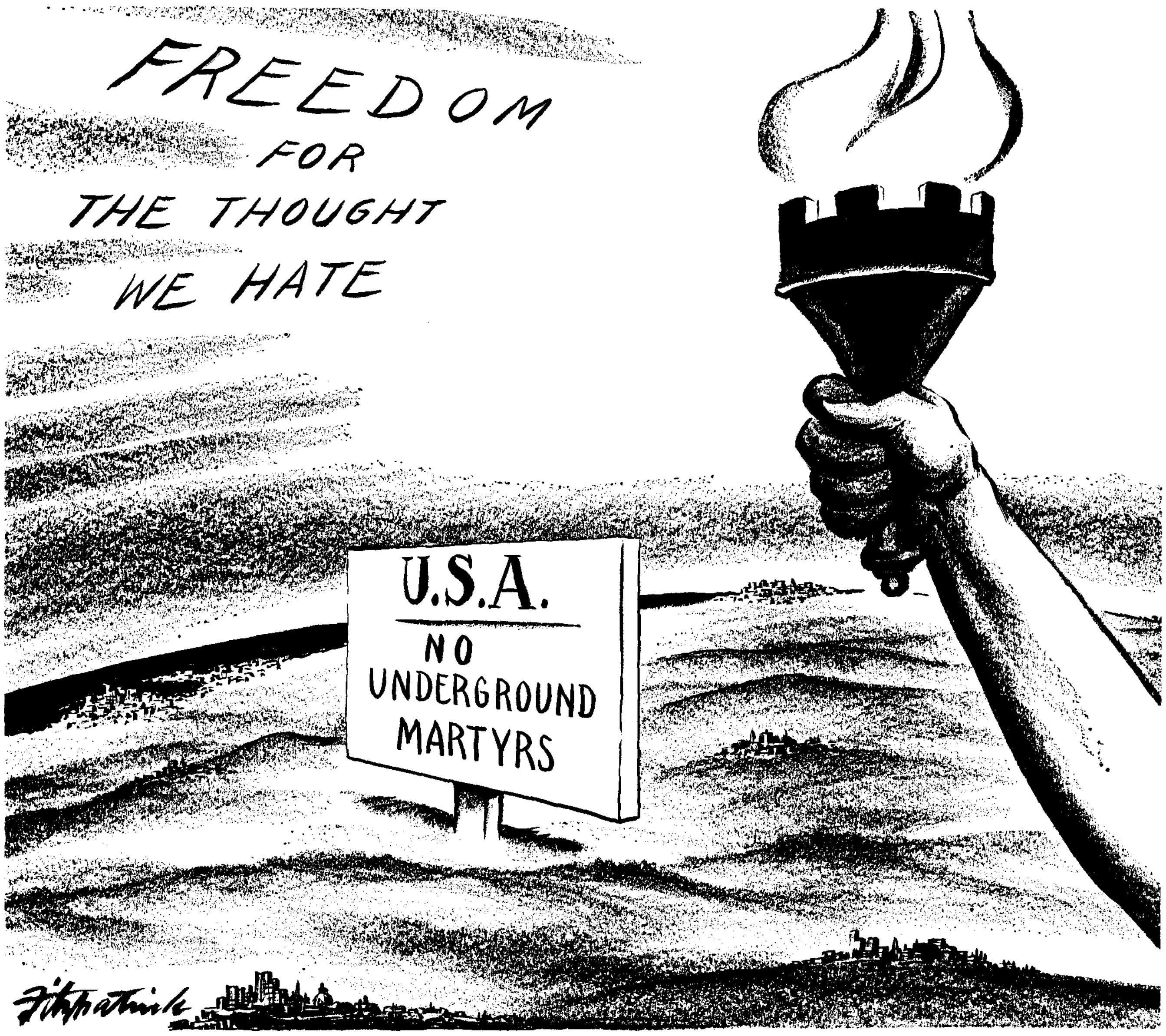
IT'S THE HIT OF THE PARTY! A new idea for rumpus room round-ups, you can use it in your living room, porch, cellar or attic. It's packaged to include a complete home shooting gallery. Adjustable front and rear sights — all metal parts are fine blued steel—rugged stock of highly polished plastic. Get a gun today . . . get the gang in tonight!

Nothing extra to buy! Every package a novel indoor target range—with re-usable Johnson Micro-Match Precision Pellets, extra propulsion unit, "Shot-Saver" backstop. Only $15.00 complete—slightly higher West of the Rockies.

Remember — it's a Johnson product and sure to make a hit!

On sale at leading department and sporting goods stores throughout the country. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to
Johnson Automatics, Incorporated, Dept. C-1, 84 State Street, Boston 9, Mass.

Sure to make a Hit



OUTLAW THE REDS? BUT WHY?

WE SUPPOSE that proposals to outlaw the Communist party in the United States will be cropping up off and on for some time to come. Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach started the trend with such a suggestion a few weeks ago, and bills to put the idea wholly or partially into effect have been introduced at this session of Congress.

We can't see much sense in any of these proposals.

Not that we're fond of Communism; we aren't. We despise it, here and abroad; cherish the enmity of the U.S. Communist party; feel set up and complimented whenever the New York Daily Worker, New Masses or any other Red publication takes a crack at us; would feel seriously worried if any of these sheets should ever say a kind word about us; and are in favor of anything that will really take any starch out of the U.S. Communists or their fellow travelers.

What we don't like in these proposals to outlaw the American Reds is that we think that such a step, far from weakening them, would help them and strengthen them in several ways.

As the Wall Street Journal, not exactly a friend of the Reds, remarked editorially a while ago, the Communists already are experts at underground work, and if they should drive them underground by law they would probably flourish like the green bay tree.

For another thing, the Communists love to have martyrs, and they labor manfully to blow up every little injustice to some American proletarian into a Grade-A martyrdom.

By outlawing their party, we'd make alleged martyrs of the whole estimated membership of 74,000 at one crack; and boy-oh-boy would they love it and go to town with it!

The best way to keep these professional troublemakers in their place, we are convinced, is to go on compelling them to operate in the broad daylight, as other U.S. political parties have to do; not give them the protection and stimulation of legalized darkness in which to carry on their traitorous conspiracy.

We should, of course, keep remorselessly after Russian spies in this country, as the F.B.I. and Secret Service have long been doing. Congressional committees, the press and other agencies should persistently expose Communists and Red-front organizations in all their activities. Any Commie caught breaking any of our laws against murder, mayhem, arson, etc., should be prosecuted to the limit.

But as regards legal measures against the Communist party in this country, we think, as of now and until the situation changes pretty radically, that these would do more harm than good.

COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
WALTER DAVENPORT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

NAVY WEEK – MAY 18-25

THE United States Navy is to be widely and vigorously publicized during the week of May 18-25. We'll hereby wish Navy Week every success, particularly from the angle of attracting large numbers of young men into the Navy, the Organized Reserve, the Voluntary Reserve, or the Marine Corps.

There are numerous inducements connected with each of these branches of Navy service—college courses, yearly cruises, vocational training, commissions as Navy ensigns or Marine second lieutenants. and various others. If you're any kind of veteran of World War II, or are a healthy male nonveteran aged 17 or 18 or 30-39, better ask for detailed information on these subjects at any Navy recruiting office.

PROF. DR. INGRID BERGMAN

INGRID BERGMAN, noted Swedish stage- and movie star, has now qualified, we think, as a professor or doctor capable of telling U.S. movie makers some of the things that ail their products. Miss Bergman turned this trick in her recent extemporaneous speech on the subject of "Films as Ambassadors," at a New York Herald Tribune forum for high-school students from the Western Hemisphere nations.

She said in part:

> And I'll tell you, when I came to America the firs time, I thought the Americans were either millionaires or gangsters. That was what I learned from the American movies. Everything was the biggest in the world, the fastest, or the most money, or gangsters. I had my child with me. I was very worried all the time. I was sure she would be kidnaped the minute I let her out of sight.
>
> And then I discovered that it wasn't so—that the people here were very much like my own people in Sweden. I also discovered that America knew very little abou Sweden.

We don't think Miss Bergman meant to suggest and certainly we wouldn't urge for a moment, tha U.S. producers quit making gangster pictures, or supercolossal Westerns, or films whose characters emote mid such luxurious surroundings that the audience sits there and drools. These pictures are enjoyed by tens of millions of Americans. Our film producers have to play to the domestic market primarily, and they have to stay solvent.

But when one of these films is exported, wouldn' it be feasible to dub into the export copies somewhere, somehow, an emphatic warning that foreign audiences should take the picture as romance or melodrama or straight entertainment, and not as a realistic portrayal of life in the United States?

It can't do us much good to have exaggerated ideas of this country peddled around the world Especially can it do us little good at a time when most of the world is busted, and statesmen and citizens in many other countries are far too prone to believe that we are made of money which we can and should share with them.

FOUNDER BLATZ BREWING
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"There is as much satisfaction in the Brewing of a good Beer as in the drinking of it."

Ideals of the Founder **VALENTIN BLATZ**, 1826-1894
Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers

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EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

IT'S TRUE IN DIVING...
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!
...AND IN SMOKING TOO. THE CIGARETTE FOR ME IS CAMEL!

From the simple forward dives off the low boards to the intricate spins and twists off the high boards and towers, Mildred O'Donnell mastered them all to win New York's Metropolitan diving championship.

"In diving, you practice and try until you find the particular forms and styles that suit you best," explains Champion Mildred O'Donnell.

Mildred O'Donnell
DIVING CHAMPION

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

YOUR 'T-ZONE' WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Yes, experience during the shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

DIVING Champion Mildred O'Donnell hasn't forgotten the war shortage of cigarettes. "I never realized there were such differences in cigarettes until the shortage," she recalls. "That's when I really learned what cigarette suits me best—Camel." Millions of others had the same experience, and reached the same conclusion—with the result that *today more Camels are being smoked than ever before in history.*

But, no matter how great the demand: *We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*

IT WAS NO FUN, the cigarette shortage; but it was a real experience, smoking a lot of different brands. That's when millions of smokers learned the meaning of the phrase, "Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T.'"

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According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*